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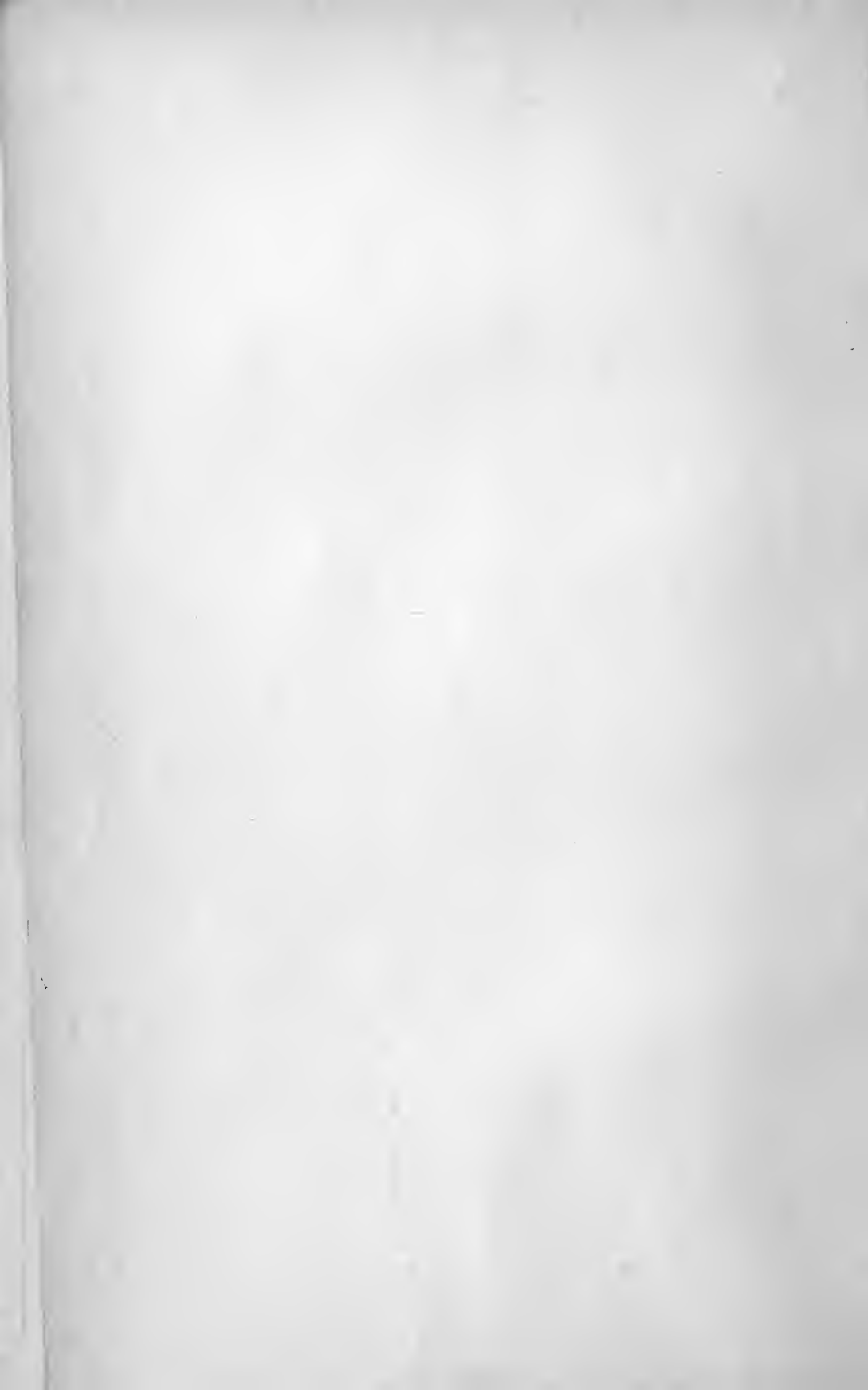
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10 President Woodward
With the Kind Regards of
A HISTORY OF TAHITI

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A HISTORY OF FIJI

PAPUA, WHERE THE STONE-AGE LINGERS

THE MEN OF THE MID-PACIFIC

THE ISLANDS OF THE MID-PACIFIC

JAVA, THE EXPLOITED ISLAND

BY

DR. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

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A HISTORY OF TAHITI

BY DR. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER
CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

L YING far to the southward of the paths of trade and exploration. Tahiti remained unknown until in 1767 Wallis saw its splendid peaks in the course of his voyage around the world in the English frigate *Dolphin*. It is true that Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, a Portuguese captain in the service of Spain, was credited with having discovered Tahiti on February 10, 1606, but the narrative of his voyage convinces one that the low-lying atoll upon which he landed, vainly seeking water, was probably Anaa, or possibly some other island of the Paumotos, for, like his predecessors, he sought the full favors of the tropic breeze and was borne to the northward of the most beautiful island groups of the Pacific.¹

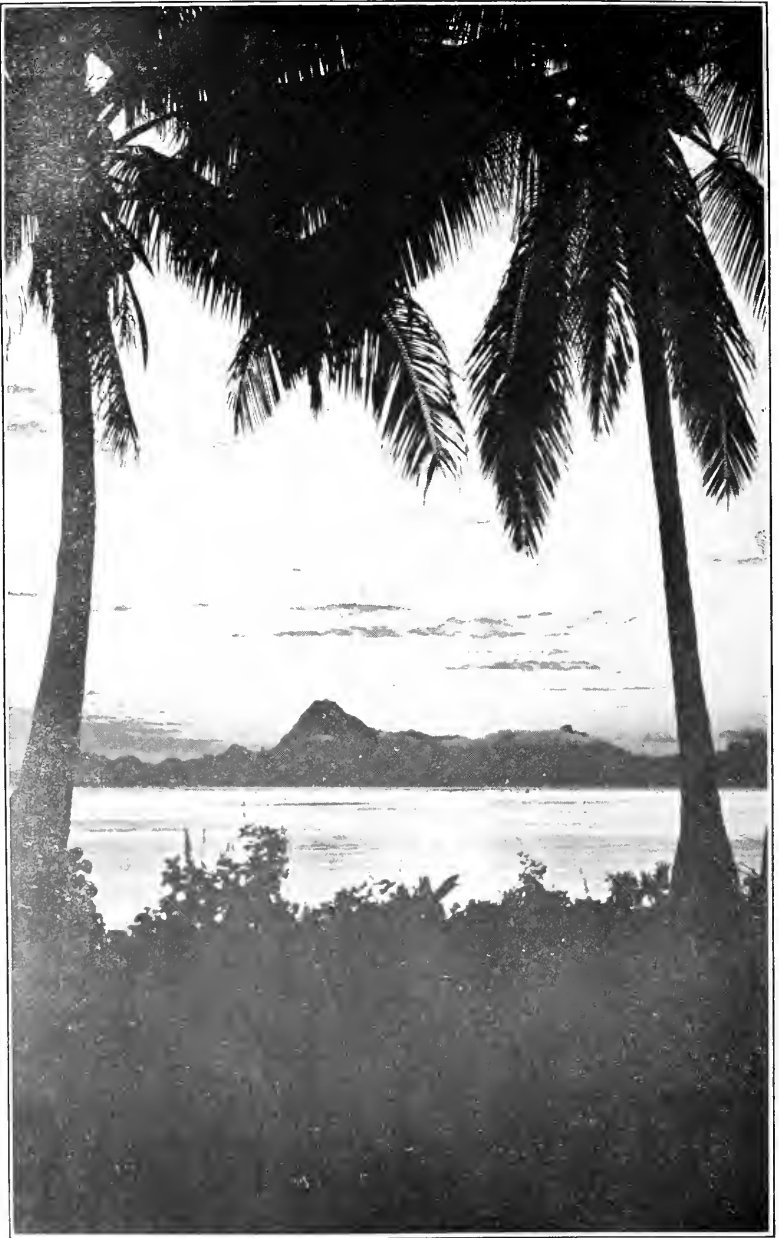
Even to-day, sad as she lies while her native race is dying, Tahiti epitomizes the charm of Polynesia. The missionary Ellis gives us a vivid picture of his impressions as in 1817 he gazed for the first time upon the varied picturesque and beautiful scenery of this most enchanting island.² We had beheld successively as we sailed along its shore, all the diversity of hill and valley, broken or stupendous mountains and rocky precipices, clothed with every variety of verdure, from the moss of the jutting promontories on the shore, to the deep and rich foliage of the breadfruit tree, the Oriental luxuriance of the tropical pandanus, or the waving plumes of the lofty and graceful coconut grove. The scene was enlivened by the waterfall on the mountain's side, the cataract which chafed along its rocky bed in the recesses of the ravine, or the stream that slowly wound its way through the fertile and cultivated valleys, the whole surrounded by the white-crested waters of the Pacific, rolling their waves of foam in splendid majesty upon the coral reefs, or dashing in spray against its broken shore.

And in speaking of the Tahitian valleys, Ellis says:

There is the wildness of romance about the deep and lonely glens, around which the mountains rise like the steep sides of a natural amphitheater, till the clouds seem supported by them—this arrests the attention of the beholder, and

¹ See "The Voyages of Pedro Fernandez de Quiros," 1595 to 1606, translated and edited by Sir Clements Markham, Hakluyt Society Publications, London, 1904.

² See, "The Voyages of Pedro Fernandez de Quiros" 1595 to 1606, translated and edited by Sir Clements Markham, London, 1904. Hakluyt Society Publications.



SUNSET OVER EIMEO SEEN FROM THE SHORE OF TAHITI.

for a time suspends his faculties in mute astonishment, and in the unbroken stillness that pervades the whole we might easily have induced the delusion that we were upon the enchanted ground of nature's fairy land.

Even simple sailor-like Wallis says of Tahiti:

The country has the most delightful and romantic appearance that can be imagined: towards the sea it is level, and is covered with fruit trees of various kinds, particularly the cocoanut. Among these are the houses of the inhabitants, consisting only of a roof, and at a distance having greatly the appearance of a long barn. The country within, at about the distance of three miles, rises into lofty hills, that are crowned with wood, and terminate in peaks from which large rivers are precipitated into the sea. We saw no shoals but found the island skirted by a reef of (coral) rocks through which there are several openings into deep water.

Tahiti is situated in South Latitude $17^{\circ} 40'$ and West Longitude $149^{\circ} 25'$. In other words, upon the opposite side of the world from the middle of Africa, and nearly at the center of the Pacific Ocean. In outline, it is figure-8 shaped, being a twin island, consisting of two oval land masses joined by the low, narrow isthmus of Taravao. The major axis of the island extends from northwest to southeast, and is only about 37 miles long. The larger land mass, called Great Tahiti, or Tahiti-uni, has about four times the area of Little Tahiti (Tahiti-iti) which lies to the southeastward. The total length of the coast line is not more than 120 miles, and the area of the whole island is only about one third that of the State of Rhode Island.

The peculiar figure-8 shape of the island is probably due to the activity of two originally separate volcanic cones each one of which rose above the sea until their sides touched. But, if this be true, it occurred long ago measured in terms of the life-time of volcanoes for there are now neither hot springs nor other evidences of internal heat upon the island.

Indeed much of nature's sculpturing of valley-wall and peak is due to the great variety of plutonic and volcanic rocks and nepheline syenite upon Tahiti, the differing degrees of hardness of which permitted erosion to carve deeply in some places, while at the same time leaving others to stand in bold relief.

Also the grandeur of Tahitian scenery is due to the fact that its volcanoes were of an explosive type and tore deep fissures into the earth's crust, permitting molten basalt to well upward and cement the rents. Then, when the volcanic fires died down, the rains consummated their work of washing away the softer rocks, leaving imposing pinnacles of hard basalt such as the sheer precipice Maiao, "The Diadem," at the head of Fautaua valley which lifts its unconquered crest thousands of feet above the soft corroding lavas of the lowlands.

In other places the valleys are spanned by dykes of basalt forming



MOREA ISLAND SEEN FROM TAHITI AFTER A STORM.

precipices over which the mountain torrents dash in a multitude of graceful cataracts.

The seductive charm of Tahiti is all its own for everywhere the beautiful is wedded to the grand. The stern crags are but nestling places for the mosses of the forest, and fascinated by the sylvan setting of the waterfall where rainbows float on mists among the tree ferns; the roar of the cataract is unperceived; and the coral reefs and shaded shores of fair Tahiti, who can forget them—the glorious sparkle of sunbeams playing over flickering ripples in a riot of turquoise, emerald, and blue is the setting of every picture—the background of every memory. Indeed, it is not where the peaks are highest that Tahiti is loveliest for nowhere in the Pacific do the mountains meet the sea in fairer grace of form and color than at Tautira on the eastern coast of Tahiti-iti. The charmed memory of Tahiti lives only to die with the beholder.

In the Hawaiian or the Tongan Islands, cup-shaped craters constantly remind one of the volcanic origin of the land, but the erosion due to ages of tropical showers has all but obliterated these in Tahiti although the broad concavity in the upper region of Papenoo valley may possibly mark the site of the great central crater of Tahiti-uni.

Nestled under the southeastern rim of this crumbling crater lies the gem of Tahiti, the lovely lake Vaihiria, in a setting of wild bananas, guava, tree-ferns, and clambering pandanus, and shadowed by precipices towering 3,000 feet above the calm secluded waters. From afar the rivulets dash down until torn by the ragged walls they fade mostly into

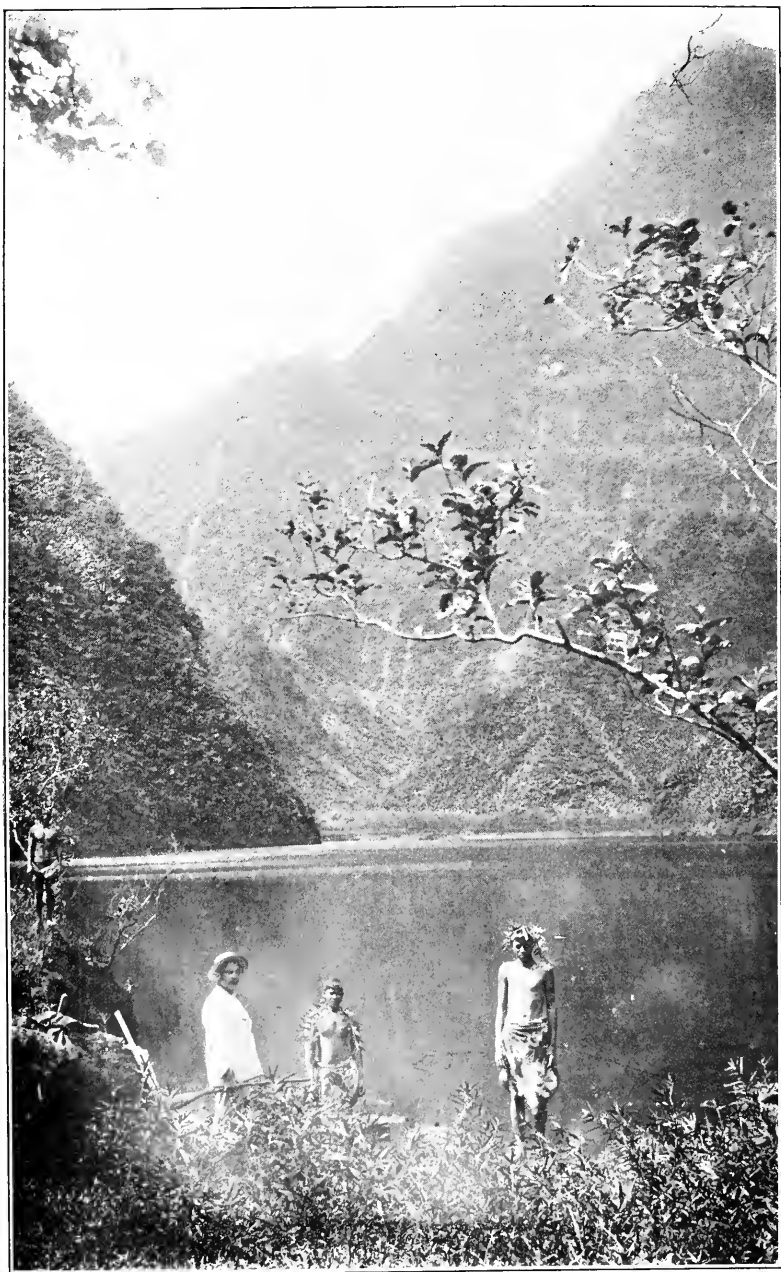
mist and cloud-like descend in silence to the region of the lake. Although only one third of a mile wide, the natives believed this little lake to be bottomless until our plumb line came to rest at a depth of 80 feet. There is, however, no visible outlet although huge eels glide among the water-weeds, and the mystery becomes cleared away when one goes down into Vaihiria valley where at the foot of a wall of broken rocks a cool clear stream rushes impetuously into the sunlight. In fact the little lake has been formed by a land-slide which has dammed the valley the upper part of which it now occupies.

In every feature Tahiti shows the wear of rain and weather, but still the green summit of Orohena towers 7,300 feet above the level of the sea, and 22,000 feet above the floor of the surrounding ocean. Yet the rains have accomplished much, and the almost constant landslides show they are effecting more in their persistent work of levelling the grand peaks: and now 150 valleys wind downward from the highlands to the sea.

One is never away from the murmur of rippling water, as the mountain streams splash among moss-covered boulders that have rolled from their ancient lodgment in the cañon sides. As Bougainville wrote, these Tahitian valleys are images of Paradise upon earth. The brooks glide through arches formed by the interlacing leaves of wild banana, the "Fei" of Tahiti, while great caladiums flourish in the ever-moistened soil, and the perfume of vanilla pervades the air. Banyans form intricate tangles of subaerial roots though the maze of which the



EIMEO FROM TAHITI.



LAKE VAIRIARIA, TAHITI.

waters find their way, and a pretty little perch (*Dules malo*) which rises briskly to the fly disports itself within the swirling pools. Then, at last, the brook courses sluggish and spent to deposit the rich soil, the spoil of the mountain slopes, over the broad alluvial plain which fronts the sea.

Here upon the gently sloping shore-plain are the groves of bread fruit, cocoanut palms, taro and Tahitian chestnut which supported so dense a population in old days that Foster who accompanied Captain Cook upon his second voyage estimated their number at 150,000, although he was doubtless deceived by the crowding of the natives to the shore off which his ship lay anchored. Yet, certainly, in 1769 the villages were not isolated one from another as in other parts of Polynesia, but a continuous line of houses clustered along the shore, and the political unit had become the district rather than the town.

But to return to the history of Tahiti, it was on June 18, 1767, that Captain Wallis perceived the summits of its mountains rise above the sea. On the following morning as he approached the shore the tropic haze hid the island from his view, and when the rising sun dissipated the mist he was surprised to find himself surrounded by a fleet of canoes, many of them double, and 60 feet long, their carved bows curving upward high above the sea, and their pandanus-mat sails of lateen pattern. The more daring finally approached his ship, their commanders bearing clusters of banana leaves which they threw upon the deck, and a few of the more courageous natives were then induced to come on board. Pigs and chickens were recognized as familiar animals, but the sight of a goat so overcame them with fear that they leaped overboard and swam to their canoes.

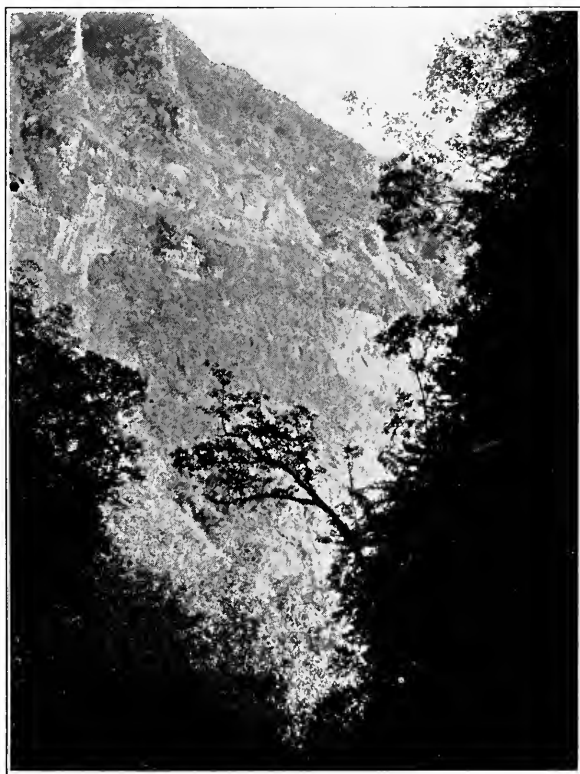
Wallis reassured them through gifts of nails and trinkets, but soon the knowledge of this vast wealth aroused the cupidity of the natives, and for days they attacked his vessel with stones hurled from slings. Finally, on the twenty-fourth of June, about 2,000 natives in 300 large canoes surrounded the ship, and when the high chief threw the crest of a palm tree into the air a general attack commenced. Wallis was forced to use his cannon, but observing that no fire came from his bows, the canoes with white war streamers flying from their sails pressed down upon him fore and aft, only to be shattered by renewed volleys. Yet so persistent were they that on June 26 the *Dolphin* was compelled to shell the shore, sending cannon shot among the houses in the palm groves before the natives broke and fled in terror to the hills. Then after more than 50 canoes in the district had been destroyed a stillness the British described as peace fell upon the scene.

The sullen silence was broken on July 11, when Purea³ the Chiefess

³ The "Oberea" of Cook and Banks.

or Ariirahi of the district of Papara came on board and was courteously received by Wallis who presented her with a mirror and a gown, he being under the impression that she was the "Queen" of the Island. As a matter of fact, there was no head chief whose authority was recognized over all parts of Tahiti, and Purea was merely a guest of her kinsman the chief of the district of Matavai Bay in which the *Dolphin* lay at anchor.

Greatly impressed by Purea's commanding presence and with the respect she inspired among the natives, Wallis returned the call on the



A TAHITIAN VALLEY.

following day, the natives carrying him upon their backs to the great council house, or Fare-hau of Matavai within which Purea was herself but a guest, although her actions appear to have been those which would better have graced a hostess. The house in which this remarkable reception occurred was 327 feet long by 42 wide and was a shed of palm thatch, the roof being supported upon 92 posts arranged in three rows. The "Queen" and her maidens at once proceeded to massage Wallis and his officers and finally to dress them in native garments, thus reciprocating

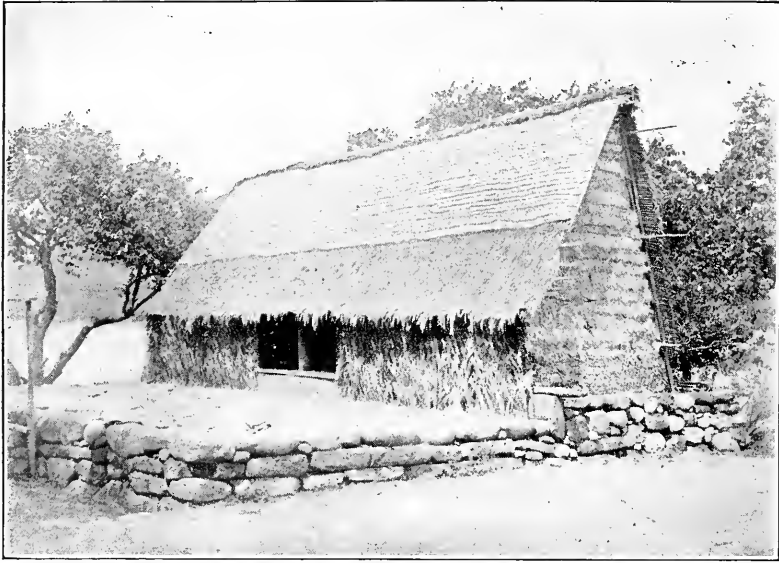
ing his own charity in presenting her with a European gown. The proceedings were, however, marred by the alarming action of the surgeon who suddenly removed his wig, causing the "ladies of the court" to flee in terror from the house.

Purea, having recovered her composure, commanded her followers to present Wallis with great quantities of bread fruit and many pigs and believing her to be supreme over the entire Island he soon persuaded himself that she had ceded her realm to him. Accordingly he hoisted the British flag, saluted it with twenty-one guns, gave each of his men a drink of rum mixed with the water of a Tahitian brook and thus solemnly took possession under the name "King George the Third's Island."

As a matter of fact, Purea was vainly endeavoring to induce Wallis to visit her own district Papara, hoping through the influence of her supernatural guest to augment her own authority, for the natives believed his ship to be a floating island filled with vindictive demons who had control of thunder and lightning; but he understood not a word, and man-like assumed that her "inconsolable weeping" was due to admiration for himself and sorrow over his intended departure. Thus on July 27 did this British Æneas depart from his Polynesian Dido never more to see Tahiti.

Soon after Wallis's departure Louis Antoine de Bougainville independently discovered Tahiti. He was circumnavigating the globe, commanding the French frigate *La Boudeuse*, and the transport *L'Etoile*, and his 200 men were worn with the sea, scurvy threatening. Happy indeed were the French when, on April 2, 1768, from a distance of fifty miles they saw the peak of Orohena, as Wallis had sighted it eight months previously. Favored by the southern trades, they sailed along the shore to anchor on April 6, off Hitiaa; there to remain for a respite of ten days. In his fascinating "*Voyage autour du Monde*," published in Paris in 1771, Bougainville devoted two chapters to "Taiti," or "La Nouvelle Cythère," as he officially named it, furnishing an impassioned theme for French philosophy.

Bougainville was a keen and sympathetic observer and he made the most of his time from the moment when on April 4 the canoes ventured out to his ships, their chiefs bearing clusters of banana leaves in token of friendship. A hospital was established on shore for the scurvy-ridden sailors, and most friendly intercourse was established between them and the natives, who doubtless profited by their experience with Wallis to refrain from offending the new visitors. Yet, according to Cook, an infliction worse than Wallis's cannon was turned upon the unsuspecting islanders, for the ravages of a virulent infection of syphilis followed closely upon the departure of the French. Corruption and death had entered never to leave the land, and the once gigantic race of



HOUSE OF VAE KEHU, CHIEFTESS OF THE MARQUESAS AT TAE-O-HOE.

old Tahiti was to wither in a lingering decline. Fair as Tahiti was and Paradise as the French regarded it, they were the first to curse it with that infliction which "civilization" has for centuries brought upon the "savage." Sad Tahiti, land of mountain mist, and murmuring stream, of coral reef and tropic palm, and smiling skies was to be henceforth a pest-house for the simple race that knew her for their home.

From a native point of view the situation is well described in the "Memoirs of Ariitaimai" of the great Papara family of Tahiti; who says:

For forty generations these people (the Polynesians) had been isolated in this ocean, as though they were in a modern sanatorium, protected from contact with new forms of disease, and living on vegetables and fish. The virulent diseases which had been developed among the struggling masses of Asia and Europe found a rich field for destruction when they were brought to the South Seas.

For this perhaps the foreigners were not wholly responsible, although their civilization certainly was; but for the political misery the foreigner was wholly to blame, and for the social and moral degradation he was the active cause. No doubt the ancient society of Tahiti had plenty of vices, and was a sort of Paris in its refinedness of wickedness; but these had not prevented the islanders from leading as happy lives as had ever been known among men. They were like children in their morality and their thoughtlessness, but they flourished and multiplied. The European came and not only upset all their moral ideas, but also their whole political system.

But to return to our narrative. Captain James Cook, upon the first of his famous voyages visited Tahiti in the man-of-war *Endeavour*,

remaining in Matavai Bay from April until July, 1769. Cook's mission was to observe the transit of Venus, for which purpose as well as for geographical discovery, his expedition had been sent out at the instigation of the Royal Society of London. Accompanying him were such men of science as Banks and Solander whose observations upon the island and its natives at a time when they were as yet unspoiled, have given us the classic account of a primitive Polynesian community, supplemented as it was in 1829 by the scholarly volumes of "Polynesian Researches" written by the great missionary William Ellis.

At the time of Cook's visit, Tahiti was a characteristic Polynesian feudalism, the Ariirahi, or principal chiefs, being dependent for sustenance and political support upon the landed proprietors, the *bue raatira*. But in Tahiti as elsewhere in Polynesia, the supreme chiefs of districts were believed to have descended from God-like heroes of the myths, and their persons were held as sacred, thus greatly strengthening their position in time of political crises.

In acknowledgment of their feudal position, the large landed proprietors or Arii called themselves "the stays of the mast" by "the mast," signifying the Ariirahi, and as elsewhere wherever feudalism has been the social order, the incessant rivalry between nobles had forced the common people to flock to the standards of the few who could best afford protection, and in consequence the Arii, or "baron," of a Tahitian valley might become more powerful in his own domain than was the Ariirahi over the district as a whole. Thus an unstable form of "limited monarchy" was maintained in each district and to secure the suc-



PANDANUS TREE ON THE LAGOON BEACH OF FAKARAVA ATOLL, PAUMOTU'S.



NATIVE OF THE SOCIETY ISLES IN TAHITI.

cession from usurpation, the son of the high chief was granted the family title immediately upon birth, and his father who was the first to do him homage, was nominally at least reduced to the rank of a vassal. Before the missionaries came there was never a "king" whose authority was recognized over all Tahiti, but so great in outward form was the respect paid to the Ariirahi that people who passed their houses or came into their presence removed all clothing to the waist, an act of homage they paid also to the images of gods. The Ariirahi's feet might not touch the ground in any but his native district for all he trod upon became his own. Accordingly, when abroad he was carried upon the back of a retainer, and it was the boast of Pomare that he was greater than King George for he of Tahiti rode upon a man while the king of England was obliged to content himself with a horse.

In their marital relations the Tahitians closely approached the primitive condition wherein all the women are the wives of all the men. The wife of every man was also the wife of his friend, and it is probable that a more licentious race never lived during historic times. As Cook's narrative states, topics which with us are avoided were the chief theme of conversation among the Tahitians.

As elsewhere in Polynesia, rank descended through the mother and for the purpose of maintaining their exalted state, the great chiefs intermarried only among their own kindred, but such alliances were merely temporary, for after the birth of a legitimate heir, women of high rank consorted without scandal with endless paramours, although all their children of uncertain parentage were immediately put to death. In fact, infanticide was established not only as an accepted, but as a lauded institution in Tahiti; and according to Ellis two or three children constituted an unusually large family, and practically every woman had with her own hands murdered some of her own offspring, probably two thirds of the children born in Tahiti being thus disposed of immediately after birth.

In the absence of fatal epidemics and with the ever-present danger of famine through over-population, such barbarous checks upon increase had grown to be considered virtuous, and furnished the tenets of the society of Areoi, said to have been established in remote times by the followers of two celibate gods who although they did not enjoin chastity upon their worshipers prohibited their rearing offspring. Thus these bacchanalians of the Pacific roamed singing and dancing, welcomed everywhere as wits and entertainers; transient spirits flitting through the world each to die the last of his race on earth. They constituted a large proportion of the population, for in Cook's narrative we read of a fleet of 70 canoes filled exclusively with Areoi.

Cannibalism was unknown in Tahiti at the time of its discovery, yet here as elsewhere over the Pacific traces of its having been were there,



A TAHITIAN CARRYING BUNCHES OF WILD PLANTAIN "FEL." The man had come several miles down the mountain side bearing this enormous burden.

for tradition stated that two mythical brothers, the Taheei, were cannibals but were finally killed through trickery by a Tahitian Hercules, greatly to the joy of all men then living. Also at the time of Cook's visit, the eye of the human sacrifice was placed within the lips of the high chief, and the original name of the late "Queen Pomare" was Aimata, "the eye eater."

As with the Aztecs, these sacrifices appear to have become more numerous immediately succeeding the coming of the white man. Criminals, or slaves who were captives taken in war, were immolated in times of public ceremony as upon the occasion of the inauguration of a new Ariirahi, but the common sacrifices were pigs whose bodies were left to decompose upon the altars as food for the gods who came in the form of carrion birds.

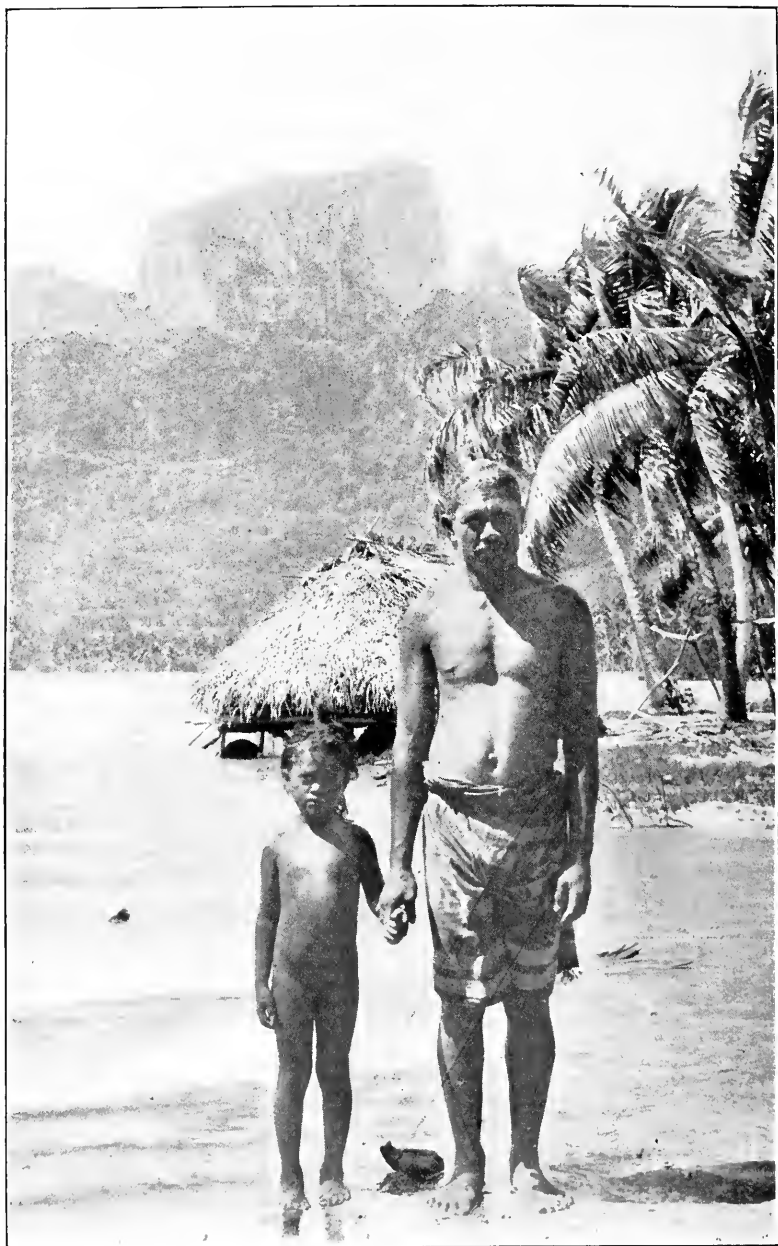
As elsewhere in Polynesia, the worshiped beings were the spirits of

departed ancestors, for to the simple mind all things of nature are of his own kindred, the world was made by a man-like god for man and all things centered round him. Thus the sun was a ghost that plunged beneath the sea at night, the moon was the sun's wife and the stars their children, and every waterfall, mountain peak and valley had its guardian or haunting nymph or good or evil spirit. The ceremonies associated with the worship of the ancestral spirits were usually conducted upon the roof-shaped heaps of stones called the marae which each Arii caused to be erected in his district, each of his retainers contributing two stones to the structure. Cook states that the marae of the high chiefs Amo⁴ and Porea in the district of Papara was a prism with an oblong base 267 feet long, 187 feet wide and 44 feet high, having eleven steps or terraces broader at the sides than at the ends. The top was a ridge resembling the roof of a house and at its middle point stood the image of a bird carved in wood while near it lay the broken model of a fish cut in stone. The sight of this stupendous structure, and the statement that each person in the district had contributed two and only two stones may have caused Cook to form his exaggerated estimate of the population of Tahiti. Shapeless and sadly reduced by burning in a lime kiln, the marae of Papara now lies forgotten in the forest by the



MAKING FIRE IN TAHITI, by rubbing two dried sticks of the yellow hibiscus one against the other.

⁴ Amo, the "Eamo" of Cook's narrative, was the son of Tuiteraï (God of the sky).



FATHER AND DAUGHTER, BORA BORA ISLAND, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

sea. Yet even to-day the ruins of about 40 maraes are still to be found upon Tahiti and Eimeo.

Such, in brief, were the Tahitians, that race of giant men who came to welcome Cook with leafy boughs within their hands—tokens of peace and friendship. And a friendship real as any that can be formed between the weak and the powerful grew up between the great Englishman, whom they called “Toote,” and these careless, light-hearted children of the Islands of the Sea. It is of curious interest, however, to observe that intimate as Cook became with his Tahitian friends, he never learned the true name of the Island, his word “Otaheite” meaning “From Tahiti”; Bougainville’s “Taiti” especially as the “h” is softly sounded, being far nearer the correct representation of the name.

Without attempting to minimize the barbarity of their customs, let us not permit ourselves to be over harsh in condemning the Tahitians. A primitive race cast far from their original home upon a small island remotely isolated; without iron or metals, or clay for pottery, and living in a warm seductive atmosphere that soothed ambition into somnolency; it is much to their credit that Cook says of them that they were cheerful, generous, cordial, and brave, and Ellis states that theft and crime were of rare occurrence. Such indeed is the consensus of opinion among Europeans who, though not missionaries, lived among Polynesian peoples during the days when they were unspoiled by contact with civilization. In Mariner’s fascinating account of Tonga, and Melville’s charming story of Typee in the Marquesas we find far more of praise than of condemnation.

Let us remember that practically nothing of invention, art, literature, science or constructive leadership has come from the untold millions of our own race who have been born and bred and spent their languid lives within the torrid heat. Great men such as Hamilton, the first Dumas, or Kipling have, it is true, been born in the West Indies or in India, but their education and achievements were attained in colder lands. The history of the British in India is replete with the tragedy of broken hearts, and every ship bound “homeward” bears its freight of exiled children whose fate it is to become strangers to their duty-loving parents. This uncounted toll of the dull, monotonous, never-ending heat, how different would history have been had our race been born to withstand its merciless suppression.

Just as the first fruits of the renaissance were ripening in Spain, this vision of the Indies came like a mirage from afar to lure onward the ablest of her youth. Into regions unknown they went never to return, and they and their descendants were lost to intellectual Spain. Thus was her best blood wasted and the leaders who might have been were unborn. Spain depleted, drained of her strength, and with too few at home to win the great battle of liberty, withered under the fires of

the inquisition. It was the tropic heat, the infection of the mosquito-haunted swamp, and the demoralizing contact with tropical populations that conquered Spain, not the fleets of the English, for it was years after the tragedy of her great Armada that Spain's greatest things in art and literature appeared.

Indeed, England herself narrowly escaped the same fate which would have been hers also had she succeeded in supplanting the Spaniard on the mainland of tropical America. Unable to accomplish this, she was perforce obliged to colonize in the neglected north, and the bleak shores that gave her first adventurers so inhospitable a welcome in time became centers of civilization, advancing her culture and her empire over the sea.

Cook returned to Tahiti in 1773 and again for the last time in 1777, and then for eleven years the Island saw no European vessels until October, 1788, when the cry "Ephai! ephai!!" (A ship, a ship!!) echoed along the rocky shores. It was the *Bounty* under Lieutenant William Bligh, R. N., and her mission was to gather young bread-fruit trees in order to introduce this coveted plant into the British West Indies.

Bligh, although a brave and efficient navigator, made himself odious to both his officers and his men, his conduct being that of an irritable, selfish, suspicious tyrant, and much as his men feared him, they hated him even more.

Yet for nearly six months, during which the ship lay moored in Matavai Bay, there was solace for her crew in the wanton pleasures of the tropic isle, and when on the 4th of April, 1789, the anchor rose for the *Bounty's* last farewell, many a heart was aching under the sailor's blouse and many a dark-eyed maiden watched weeping from the shore.

If Bligh's ugly temper had been trying in the past, it became even more annoying after he left Tahiti. On the 27th of April when off the Tongan Islands, he burst forth into a tirade of abuse, unjustly accusing his officers, and especially his first mate, Mr. Christian, of petty thefts of food.

Throughout the night the *Bounty* lay upon a calm and glassy sea, her sails flapping to the long, low, ceaseless heave of the Pacific, and young Christian, burning under his wrongs, paced hotly on his watch while the ship and all on board lay sleeping.

In the gray of the listless morning before the glaring eastern sun had shown upon the sea, his resolve was taken and the die of Britain's most noted mutiny was cast. Hastening to the fore-castle his word was as a spark to gunpowder to the repressed spirits of the crew. Amid deep muttered cursings, the gun chest was torn apart, and Bligh awakened to be led upon deck, his hands tied behind his back. The ship was in dire disorder with mutineer sentinels standing before the cabin doors

of such officers as might have come to their commander's aid, but obedient to young Christian's orders, the *Bounty's* launch, a boat only 23 feet long, was lowered, and Bligh and 18 of his men were forced over the side crowding the frail craft until the gunwale was but seven inches above the level of the sea.

But mercy came to temper the fate of those who were to be sent adrift. A hundred and fifty pounds of bread, some water and some wine, a little pork, charts, a sextant, a compass, and a few cutlasses were thrown into the boat. Guns the mutineers refused, and then the commander and his faithful few were cast away.

As if in exultation the *Bounty* awakened to the impulse of the morning breeze and glided off upon the rippling sea while from the throats of her ruffian crew the cry arose "huzza for Otaheiti." As the cheer came over the waters, it brought to Bligh a sense of high resolve to make the best of the narrow chance for life and home that lay before him and his men. But Christian, the mutineer, they say stood moodily with folded arms, his eyes fixed upon the drifting boat which stood for all that remained of law and order on the wave.

A gentleman by birth and training, he might have risen high, an honored servant of his country. Too late the villain cheer revealed to him the dark import of his vengeful act. An outcast he must be forevermore. In a world apart from Europe he must live, and memories of youth and home and friends of other days rose up to curse him as he sailed, archpirate as he was, into a life of wantonness and ruin.

The volcanic peak of Tofoa, one of the Tongan Islands, rose dimly above the northern horizon and toward it Bligh and his men set oars and sail hoping to increase their scanty store of food and water. In this they were foiled for the natives seeing them helpless attacked them with stones, killing one and wounding all so that they considered their ultimate escape fortunate. On and on they sailed for dull days and nights, and always onward until they passed through the uncharted Fiji group and discovered the northern New Hebrides, never daring to land though they suffered all the pangs of starvation. Two meals a day each consisting of $\frac{1}{25}$ of a pound of bread and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pint of water were all stern Captain Bligh allowed, for his destination was Timor, full 3,600 miles from Tonga. His journal describes their suffering in minute detail, and one must respect the courage and resourcefulness of the leader who cheated death a hundred times in the course of this awful voyage. Through starless nights of storm, bailing constantly, fighting the overwhelming sea, shivering in the rain, blinded by the roasting eastern sun, racked with pain, cramped almost beyond endurance as they crouched sleepless within the boat, they still went on and on and each returning noon saw them nearly 100 miles nearer to Timor.

Occasionally they succeeded in seizing the gulls which flew near the

boat, and each such prize was cut into 18 pieces and devoured. Many sea-snakes were seen but it did not occur to Bligh to use them for food.

One dark and stormy night they heard the roar of breakers close aboard and narrowly escaped being dashed to death upon the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. On the following day, however, they succeeded in sailing through a narrow opening in the reef, elated to find themselves upon smooth waters under the protection of the coral flats. Here they ventured to land upon several small deserted islands where they feasted upon shellfish, replenished their store of water, and above all, enjoyed the luxury of sleep.

Then on they went through Endeavour Strait growing daily weaker upon their reduced ration. Finally, on June 14, 1789, the people of the Dutch village of Coupang on Timor were horrified at the appearance of 18 ragged wretches reduced almost to skeletons who staggered and fell upon the shore while tears of joy streamed down their weather-beaten cheeks.

For 47 days Bligh had sailed across 3,618 miles of almost uncharted ocean, passing dreaded islands of the Fijis and the New Hebrides, surmounting not only the perils of the sea but even greater dangers from murderous cannibals, and his courage as a leader, and skill as a navigator must inspire respect as long as the annals of Britain's navy are cherished as a record of heroism.

But to return to Christian and the *Bounty* whom we left on that fateful morning of the 28th of April, 1789.

Christian knew full well the skill and resource of Bligh and foresaw that should the cast-off commander reach England, Tahiti would be but a death-trap to the *Bounty's* pirate crew. He therefore set his course for the small island of Tubuai, one of the Austral group, about 250 miles south of Tahiti. This lonely spot had been discovered by Captain Cook in 1777, who observed that the natives spoke the Tahitian dialect and appeared to be industrious cultivators of the soil.

Upon the *Bounty's* arrival, they crowded in great numbers to the shore blowing their triton war horns and brandishing clubs. Christian therefore changed his course for Tahiti, where his old friends warmly welcomed the *Bounty* and her crew. Here, however, he remained only long enough to supply his ship with provisions and live-stock, and together with a number of his Tahitian friends he sailed again to Tubuai, this time to be hospitably received.

A criminal in the eyes of civilization, Christian maintained until his death the respect of his lawless crew. They addressed him always as "Mr. Christian" and the generous spirit he displayed in sharing every hardship, no less than his real ability as an executive, showed that had he remained faithful to his country he might have died an admiral of the blue. As it was, he took his part in the immense labor of construct-

ing a fort at Tubuai, digging himself within the moat which encircled the parapet with a depth of 20 feet. But control the innate passions of his ruffian associates, he could not. Their brutal disregard for human rights brought on a war of extermination between the natives and the whites in which Christian himself was severely wounded. Finally, despairing of the impossible task of restoring order, he yielded to the murmurs of his men and returned once more to Tahiti.

Here, late in September, 1789, the *Bounty* anchored for the last time and most of her crew deserted to plunge into the riotous pastimes of the shore, while Christian with eight comrades remained on board. Twenty natives, men and women, joined them, and then early in the morning of September 23, Tahiti awakened to watch the *Bounty* fade from sight beneath the northern horizon.

The expected came to pass, for on March 23, 1791, the British frigate *Pandora* bore down upon Tahiti and those who survived among the mutineers became captives chained to her decks beneath the torrid sun.

But where was Christian and the *Bounty*? For three months the avenging *Pandora* searched in vain, for, like the fate of La Perouse, that of the *Bounty* had become but one more mystery of the Pacific.

Yet there was intelligent method in Christian's leadership. He knew that one day upon Carteret's voyage in 1767 a young midshipman named Pitcairn had seen from the masthead something which appeared to be a barren rock projecting high above the sea, and Captain Carteret had named it "Pitcairn Island." Three weeks Christian spent searching for this isolated land, and at last when almost in despair he found it nearly 180 miles from the longitude assigned by Carteret, but all the safer for a last retreat.

Lost in the vast ocean, far from the paths of man no spot in all the island world was more remote than this tiny islet with its sheer precipices frowning down from eleven hundred feet upon the sea, while back of the volcanic walls concealed from the view of ships, there lay a valley rich in palms and tropic trees. A slight indentation in the bold and unprotected shore marked the last anchorage for the fated *Bounty* ere they sank her far from sight beneath the sea.

Christian divided the island into nine parts assigning one to each of his men and to himself, while the natives became wives and servants to the whites.

And Christian who had fled from all, now fell under the sad shadow of his thoughts. Long hours he brooded sullen and alone within a cave that looked upon the sea and here he read his Bible through and through, yet what availed a mumbled creed to one whose life was blasted such as his! A worthy servant of his king and country, he might have been but for a moment's work conceived in rage. All romance of his wild career

sank down to the dull lusts of savagery's desires. Uncheered he heard his dark-skinned offspring romp and play and sport among the breakers of the shore, their mother's wanton spirit over all. A family worthier of his gentle name he might have reared in England, had he not in the exultation of revenge bartered his birthright to civilization. And lonely Pitcairn lost upon the sea was but a prison for his starving soul where he must languish through a waste of years, his sole alternative oblivion or the hangman's rope.

Feuds bitter, unreasonable and prolonged arose on Pitcairn, and Christian soon was shot, and before ten years had passed midshipmen Edward Young and Alexander Smith were the sole surviving mutineers upon the island. Then a strange change came over Young, who appears to have been a weak, rather than a vicious character. He determined to devote his remaining days to elevating the standards of the entire community. The Bible and Prayer Book that had belonged to Christian were recovered from the cave where they had lain for years neglected, and thus the last of the ill-fated crew turned missionaries and school teachers to the women and children of the colony. In 1800, Young died, his end being unique in that his death was due to natural causes. Thus Smith became sole guardian of this strange community, winning as years passed their love and veneration; for, indeed, he stayed the hand of rage and imparted to the rising generation true principles of civilization.

Nearly twenty years had come and gone and the world had forgotten the *Bounty* in the stirring events of the first decade of the nineteenth century, when one day the American ship *Topaz* under Captain Folger of Nantucket discovered an uncharted island, and a boat manned by brown-skinned English-speaking youths came out to welcome him. Thus was the retreat of the mutineers revealed; Alexander Smith, or "John Adams," as he now called himself being the sole survivor of the *Bounty's* pirate crew; and he lived the revered leader of the islanders until his death in 1829 at the age of sixty-five.

The coming of the *Bounty's* mutineers to Tahiti in 1788 was an event of primary significance in the history of the island. Hitherto Tahiti had been a community of feudalisms, the power of the Ariirahi being constantly checked by the contending claims of rivals; but here as elsewhere over the South Seas, the coming of the white man tended at first to increase the power of the chief they came most in contact with though finally it led to the utter ruin of all native leaders including the "king" himself.

The head chief of the District of Pare in 1789 was Pomare, the nephew of Purea, now grown to manhood. Cook had known him as "Outou,"⁵ but upon hearing his little son cough at night he had changed

⁵ Otoo's real name was Tunuicaite-atua, signifying descent from the gods.

his own name to Pomare (night cough). He was now in his prime and six feet four inches in height, and armed with a huge club, he was well equipped to inspire terror among his subjects.

Pomare enjoyed the immeasurable advantage of being chief of the region of Papeete (the water basket), for this having the best harbor of the island enabled him to gather enormous fortunes of nails, hatchets, and red feathers from ships, only, however, to be robbed by his rivals upon the departure of his European friends. Thus when the *Bounty* came to Tahiti he was in the direst straits having been forced to "declare dividends" for the benefit of every other Ariirahi of the island. However the sixteen mutineers marooned upon Tahiti found it to their advantage to aid Pomare, and they turned their guns upon his rivals with such cruel slaughter that in a few months he was tyrant not only of Tahiti but of the island of Eimeo. Probably it was fortunate for his schemes that no sooner was his tyranny secured than the avenging *Pandora* came to capture and remove his villainous assistants, who doubtless would in the end have murdered their royal master.

This period wherein one of the high chiefs secured the services of unprincipled white men armed with guns had its parallel in Fiji where it led to the rise of Mbau; in Hawaii it enabled Kamehameha to conquer the entire archipelago; and in Tonga, aided by Europeans, it secured the preeminence of George Tubou.

As in the wars of the roses, the leaders suffered more than the people in these bloody raids for power, and thus the commoners, their local overlords being slain, began to rise in influence, and something akin to public opinion commenced to murmur as a growing cheek upon the tyrant who now assumed the rôle of autocrat whereas formerly he had been but a moderator. Thus in old times, generosity was considered to be an aristocrat's highest virtue, and often he gave so lavishly of the tribute he received that in worldly goods he was poorer than many a servant in his train.

A HISTORY OF TAHITI. II

By DR. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

BUT now an era of greed and hate had come, and as traders scattered firearms among the chiefs, war degenerated into murder, and in an orgie of viciousness inspired by drink, degraded by vile whites, and depleted by introduced disease, the natives dwindled rapidly. The vast numbers seen by Cook and Wallis were no more. In 1798 William Wilson estimated the population at only 16,000, but in 1802 according to Jefferson and Scott, it was not greater than 7,000 and, Ellis says the death rate exceeded the births until 1820 when other influences developed which tended to stem the tide of extinction. But Admiral Wilkes states that up to 1839 the births and deaths were almost exactly equal in numbers, and even to-day there are not more than 7,000 natives on the Island of Tahiti.

This fixity of population after an initial period of decline has been observed elsewhere in the South Seas. In Tahiti it was due mainly to the introduction of Christianity, which prohibited infanticide and human sacrifices, and checked native warfare. At the same time, however, the adoption of Christianity contributed to the increase of certain fatal diseases, notably tuberculosis, through the enforced wearing of dirty European clothing, and the too hastily effected efforts of European teachers to develop "the family ties" thus causing the natives to huddle together in unsanitary, ill-ventilated "shanties" of European pattern. The listlessness and loss of interest in life resulting from the prohibition or disuse of old games, arts and crafts, also led to the development of clandestine immoralities and drunkenness, and in many groups the population has decreased steadily and is still declining. Thus in the Marquesas the decline has been from about 20,000 in 1842 to about 3,400 in 1911; in Hawaii from 130,300 in 1832 to 29,800 in 1900; in Tonga from 30,000 in 1880 to 17,500 in 1900; in Samoa from 37,000 in 1849 to 31,300 in 1882; in Fiji from about 140,000 in 1871 to 87,000 in 1911; and in New Zealand from 44,000 in 1881 to 40,000 in 1891.

As the Tahitian proverb said: "The hibiscus shall grow and the coral shall spread out its branches, but man shall cease."

The truth appears to be that after generations of repeated infection, the native blood has developed a partial immunity, although in com-



THE SHORE AT FAAA, TAHITI, WITH MOOREA ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.

parison with the Caucasian, the South Sea Islander still remains deficient in ability to resist disease.

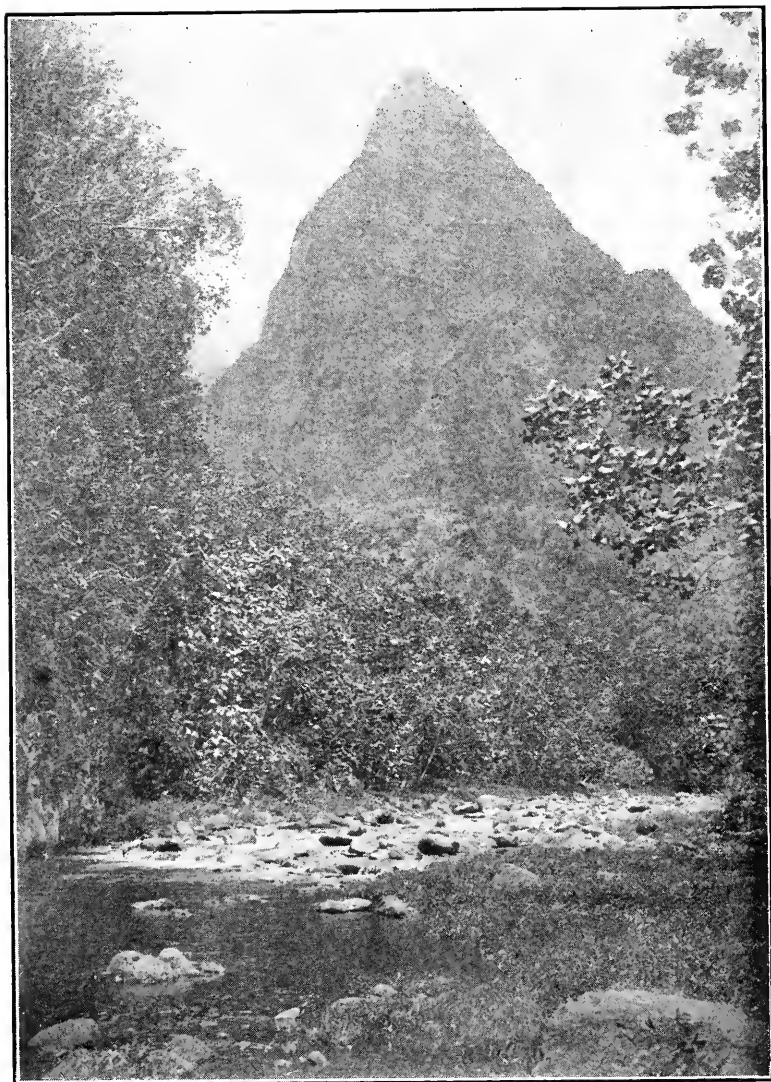
All through the hideous period initiated by the coming of the white adventurer, the decimation due to disease was even greater than that caused by war; for savage warfare consists mainly in ambushing solitary stragglers, rarely in extended frontal attacks, or sieges of fortified posi-



CALADIUMS IN A TAHITIAN VALLEY.

tions. Thus in the two years 1864-'65, due to smallpox, the population of Happa and Taipi valleys in the Marquesas Islands sank from 2,000 to 150. Well might the Samoan father pray to Tangaloa "drive away from us sailing gods [white men] who bring disease and death."

Infinite mischief was wrought during this early chaotic period when every evil invention of civilization was placed in the hands of the natives without check or hindrance to its abuse. The most degraded of our race exerted their demoralizing influence to satiety upon the defenceless



PEAK IN FAUTAU VALLEY, TAHITI.

natives, and accounts of old voyages bristle with disgusting narratives of debauchery. It became a common thing to kidnap the natives of the New Hebrides and carry them to Australia to work as "indentured laborers" upon plantations. Thus did Chile practically exterminate the population of Eastern Island for the development of her nitrate deposits.

Then in March, 1797, when things were at their worst, a ship whose mission was designed to be one of mercy came to sorrowing Tahiti. She was the *Duff*, under Captain James Wilson, and she brought eighteen English missionaries whom the London Missionary Society had sent



VALLEY OF TAE-O-HAE NUKAHIVA ISLAND, MARQUESAS.

into the Pacific with the avowed purpose of converting the natives to Christianity. It is true that in 1772 two vessels from Peru had visited Tahiti and in 1774 Spanish priests were landed, but in the course of a year they had left without making converts.

Pomare and Idia his consort received the strangers kindly and presented them with a large house which had been built for Captain Bligh by the side of the Vaipopoo river near Point Venus. These missionaries were chiefly mechanics, artisans and small tradesmen of nonconformist turn of mind, and the natives were quick to appreciate the advantage which might accrue to them through the maintenance of a forge and a well-equipped carpenter shop; but official enthusiasm cooled when the visitors refused to fashion weapons of war. Still they were more than tolerated for their gifts of axes, knives and cloth, although the chiefs politely requested them to refrain from "parau" (exhortation).

The time was not propitious for the immediate acceptance of Christianity. Diseases of European origin were ravaging the land, affecting almost every family, and the natives were convinced that the white man's god had brought the evils which were destroying them; so when the missionaries prayed, the natives dragged the diseased and the deformed out upon the village green, and exposing them to view, cried, "See what your god has wrought!"

During these early years when many a grave error might have been avoided, the missionaries appear to have lacked a leader whose heart was great with human sympathy, and who, as Ellis says, would have perceived that

when the spirit is softened or subdued under the influence of suffering, it is often most susceptible of salutary impression; and the exercise of christian sympathy and kindness in such a season will seldom fail to produce even among the most barbarous tribes highly favorable results.

In place of words of love, these missionaries preached the horrors of hell, in place of poverty they displayed that which was to the natives unbounded wealth; and friendship they sought to win through gifts rather than sympathy.

Before passing judgment upon them, however, it is but fair to pause to consider the probable results had they attempted to pursue the less worldly course. Demon worship was and is the religion of the Polynesian, and even to-day, despite the efforts of generations of high-minded and enlightened whites, the natives cling tenaciously to their god of hate and delight above all in sermons treating of his infinite power for



PISONIA TREE, FAKARAVA ATOLL, PAUMOTU'S GROUPS.



WOODS IN HAMUTA VALLEY, TAHITI.

vengeance. Moreover, steeped as they have always been in communistic socialism, personal poverty is unknown and can thus make no appeal upon the side of virtue. Where wealth is naught, power is everything, and it is doubtful whether any considerable number of the natives could have been converted to Christianity even in a century had the missionaries not first won over, or forced, the chiefs to accept their faith.

Moreover, Pomare and all the chiefs realized that this white man's religion would never acknowledge the divinity of their descent, in default of which their authority to enforce the tabu, the keynote of their power, was lost.

Foiled thus in their direct effort to Christianize Tahiti, the missionaries, as elsewhere in the Pacific, sought to strengthen their position through diplomacy and political activity, hoping thereby to gain the ascendancy of power and thus cause their doctrines to become more acceptable to the natives.

Many things have been said and will be said both for and against the missionary, and we must grant that he has done both good and evil, or, perhaps better, we may say out of the evident good he has accomplished some harm has come, for the missionary must needs have had the sympathy of a St. Augustine, the political wisdom of a Pitt, the leadership of a Bismarck, and the Christian spirit of the old bishop in "*Les Misérables*" to check the reign of death he found around him. What wonder, then, that, being in general but an ordinary man of good intentions, he in some measure failed. There have, indeed, been grand men among the missionaries—such were William Ellis of Tahiti, the

Gulicks of Hawaii, and the great John Williams who after twenty-three years of wandering and privation was martyred upon the New Hebrides in 1839. Certainly before they came all was ripening to ruin, and if ruin has come despite their zealous efforts it indicates only that the problem was too complex perhaps for the mastery of any man however good or wise.

Be these things as they may, the nobler and in the end the wiser course would have been attained had these early Tahitian missionaries labored on for years simply to help and to win the respect and love of those around them; and through kindness to gain the hearts of willing converts to their faith.

But reports must be written and sent to London, and upon the impression these accounts would make the continued existence of the mission might depend. The christianization of Tahiti tended in a sense to degenerate into a "business," and as such its success might be measured in terms of time and number. It is only in the sad stern school of experience that we learn in things of charity between man and man, and these pioneer missionaries lacked the advantage of an historic past to point the way to slower but truer betterment of those for whose welfare they labored so zealously.

Moderation, charity and intelligent sympathy are all things of these later years in religion, when as the trappings of the priestly autocrat have fallen away the spiritual leader stands revealed. Expediency suggested the worldly course, and the Tahitian missionaries who at first had declined to take sides in native wars or fashion weapons now gave guns to Pomare, aiding him in his bloody quarrels.

As we read in the "Memoirs of Ariitaimai," a Chiefess of Tahiti, Pomare determined to destroy his rivals and

knew that what he was trying to do could be done only by wholesale destruction, and that in order to do it he must depend on outsiders; white men, or Raiatians, or savages from the Paumotos. The missionaries knew it also, for Pomare made no secret of it, and yet they recorded it as though it did not concern them.

From this time onward until the French annexed Tahiti the missionaries were the leaders of a party in the State, and the history of the mission is an unwholesome commingling of religious zeal with political aspiration.

Friends they doubtless won, for they were brave and earnest men, but enemies they certainly aroused. Their patron Pomare I. did not take kindly to their doctrines, but he was enough of a diplomat to properly appraise their value to him as aids on his raids of murder. According to the "Memoirs of Ariitaimai" the action of the missionaries is summarized as follows:

Alternately praying for peace and helping Pomare and Tu (Pomare II.) to make war, the missionaries innocently hastened the destruction of the natives and encouraged the establishment of a tyranny impossible for me to describe. Pomare was vicious and cruel, treacherous and violent beyond the code of chiefly morals, but Pomare was an angel compared with his son.

Pomare II. reveals this policy in a naïve letter which he wrote in 1807 to the Directors of the London Missionary Society and which appears in their "Narrative of the Mission at Otaheiti" published in 1818. In this labored epistle he asserts his firm faith and deep love in Jehovah (he was then indulging in every practise of the Tahitian religion), and after calling attention to the fact that he is beset with enemies, and is the only powerful friend the missionaries have, and that should he die the lives of his dear friends would be imperilled, he ends by expressing his desire for guns and ammunition.

A HISTORY OF TAHITI. III

BY DR. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

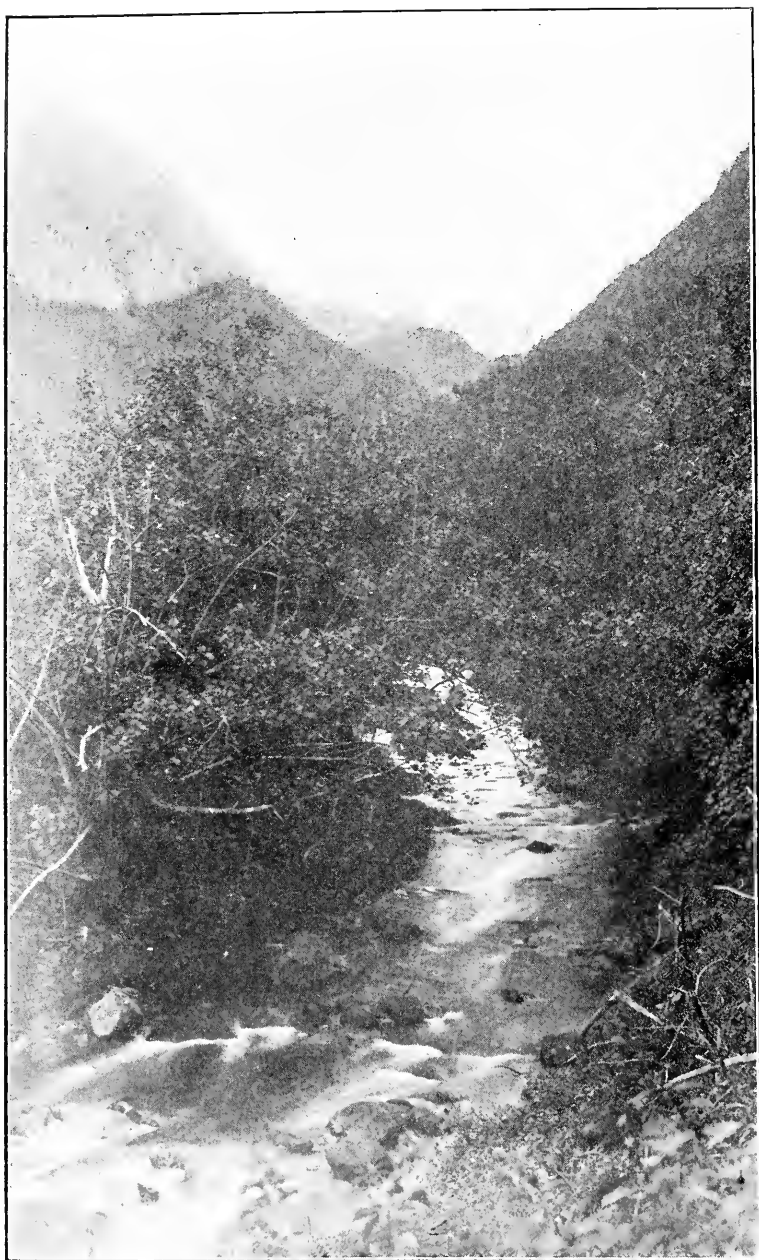
SUDDENLY, on September 3, 1803, Pomare I. died, and was succeeded by his son, the weak, savage, drunkard Pomare II.; who even with European aid was unable to maintain his power, so detested was he even in his own ancestral district. Thus, in 1808, the new "king," together with his ministerial allies, were forced to flee to the Island of Eimeo, the Tahitians under Opuhara of Papara having utterly routed them without a convert having been gained to Christianity.

After this, in October, 1809, all but two of the missionaries set sail for Australia, leaving only Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward, who retreated to the Island of Huahine, leaving their friend the "king" a lonely exile upon the little Island of Eimeo, his "Elba" being but ten miles long and five wide. Deserted and helpless, even his native district lost, Pomare came to realize that his sole hope lay in inducing the missionaries to return to his aid. Thus, in 1811, did Pomare II. regain his allies, exhibiting his "change of heart" by begging for baptism from their hands in July, 1812.

This case is by no means unique among the annals of missionary success in the Pacific, for Thakombau of Fiji became a convert only when missionary aid became indispensable to maintain his power, and George Tubou of Tonga gained greatly in material things through his acceptance of Christianity.

In order to appreciate the victory of the missionaries in causing Pomare to accept Christianity, we must remember that the high chiefs in Polynesia were leaders in spiritual far more than in temporal things, and conversion was tantamount upon their part to an abnegation of their godly origin. Thus it was that at first no natives would follow the example of Pomare, all believing him to be mentally deranged. His act seemed that of a Sampson who in despair had crashed the temple upon his own head.

Converts followed slowly, some from conviction, others probably perceiving, as Pomare appears to have done, the worldly advantages to be gained, and thus in 1813 the idols of Eimeo were publicly burned to the great joy of the missionaries, who thereafter gained rapidly in political power and religious authority, arming their converts with both



"THE DIADEM," FAUTAU VALLEY, TAHITI.

guns and Bibles.⁶ Thus in 1815 the missionary party became strong enough to invade Tahiti; and in November of that year they gained a decisive victory, killing Opuhara, the leader of "the Conservatives," and enabling Pomare to capture and destroy the idol of the great god Oro, the "ancestor of the chiefs," a huge, uncarved log covered with red and yellow feathers. Thus through methods savoring more of Mahomet than of Christ was Tahiti converted.

Soon all old customs were crushed out; European clothing and manners were introduced, and rigid laws were enacted obliging all to conform to the outward forms of Christian worship.

A priestly despotism similar to that which prevailed in the seventeenth century in Puritan New England was inaugurated; the Sabbath commencing on Saturday afternoon every one being obliged under penalty of a heavy fine to attend the services of the church. To-day, in the Ellice and Gilbert islands and in other remote parts of Polynesia, a similar tyranny is maintained.

Pomare was "king," but his power was broken never to be restored, and the actual government of Tahiti was in European hands.

The tabu system having been destroyed, Mr. Nott, one of the original missionaries, devised a code of laws in 1819, the "king," chiefs, and people all approving by raising their hands at a public gathering. These laws were still further elaborated in 1826 and were designed to provide a regular system of taxes (tribute), and penalties. The following table may be interesting, for it serves to give an insight into the mental character, spirit of toleration, and power to enforce their rule enjoyed by the missionaries:

<i>Crime</i>	<i>Penalty</i>
Working on Sunday, first offense.	To make a road 300 feet long and 6 feet wide.
Working on Sunday, second offense.	A road 660 feet long.
Stirring up rebellion.	A road 660 feet long.
Murder or infanticide.	Banishment to some lonely island for life.
Bigamy for men.	A road 240 feet long and 6 feet wide.
Bigamy for women.	To make two floor-mats.
For being tatooed.	A road 60 feet long, and the tatoo-marks to be obliterated by blacking them over.
Drunkenness in men.	A road 30 feet long.
Drunkenness in women.	Two large mats.
Stealing a pig.	A fine of 4 pigs, two for the owner and two for the king.

As Ellis says

the law which prohibits labor on the Sabbath day is perhaps enforced by a penalty disproportionate to the offense.

⁶ See "The Memoirs of Arii Taimai," p. 160.



HOUSE AND NATIVES OF BORA BORA, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

In most of these penalties a part of the fine went to benefit the king or district chief, who thus profited through the dereliction of his subjects; and the system of espionage and development of hypocrisy and deceit resulting from such a system may well be imagined, or, if not comprehended, may be observed to-day among the natives of the Ellice and Gilbert Islands.

Having given Tahiti a code of laws, the missionaries proceeded to write out the plan of a "constitutional monarchy" and a "parliament" patterned upon that of England, but Pomare and the high chiefs would have none of it, and the scheme could not be thrust upon the natives until after the death of the king in 1821; when owing to his son Pomare III. being an infant, a "regency" was established and the power of the missionary party was much augmented, although always opposed by the conservatives under Tati, chief of Papara.

Thus in less than a decade were the Tahitians driven over the road of political and social progress that Europe had toiled a thousand years to traverse. The natives were forced to harken to the voices of men of an alien race whose traditions differed wholly from their own, and who looked with ill-concealed contempt upon the religion, folk-lore and arts of old Tahiti, forgetful of the fact that there was much in native culture that was good and should have been encouraged as a basis for future development.

Perhaps the saddest mistake that has been made in the universal attempt to introduce our civilization among the simpler races has been the destruction of almost all that once was theirs in the hope that

things of our own creation might arise. Instead, the natives have lost much and gained but little. Under friendly direction, the wonderful wood carving of the Maoris might have been preserved and modified to find a profit-producing market for the natives. The embroidered mats of the Marshall Islanders were the admiration of all who beheld them, so beautiful were their designs and soft their texture. Even so low a race as that of Australia can produce basket-work of superior quality which if honestly encouraged could provide a means of attaining affluence from the native standpoint. The salvation of their very souls lies in the maintenance of their respect as self-supporting men and women, yet even while we preach morality, we permit their only hope of maintain-



COUNCIL HOUSE AT PAAIA, TAHITI, where the last native king was crowned.

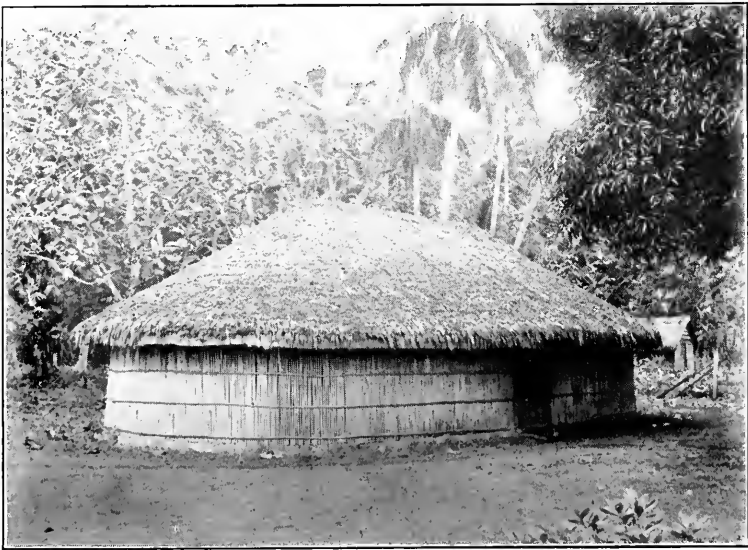
ing it to dwindle through our own neglect to find a market for the fruits of their labor and invention. Yet, happily, a ray of hope has come, and on the island of Badu in Torres Straits a laudable attempt is being made by an incorporated English company under the direction of the Reverend F. W. Walker to teach the natives money-making arts and trades and, above all, to procure and develop a market for their wares. No surer road to the attainment of civilization and Christianity could be found and there is a most significant contrast between the industrious, happy natives of Badu, whose faces are alive with intelligence, and hope, and their listless cousins of other islands in Torres Straits.

Perhaps it was but natural that these early Tahitian missionaries grew too greatly to fear mistakes upon the part of the natives, forgetting that the teacher must not do the reading for the child.



HOUSE NEAR PAPARA, TAHITI.

A semblance of order and rectitude fell over the stultified life of the natives, while hidden beneath the surface vile things survived concealed. Such a vision of "righteousness" one sees among that most "orderly, well behaved, and moral" community; the convicts of our own state's prisons. Yet progress lives only where action is free to try the unknown, hoping that despite mistakes truth may thereby be revealed, and in pro-



NATIVE HOUSE AT PAPARA, TAHITI.

portion as men have won this right does bigotry lose its hold upon their souls.

Yet happily there are other and more important sides to this picture of the work the missionaries accomplished in Tahiti. Rather the truth is that, realizing the fundamental good they accomplished, we, in our regret for their partial failures, are disposed to dwell too deeply upon the darker side. Let us therefore not forget the better things they wrought for, and the difficulties which their courage surmounted. Had they not come there would be no native race living in the Tahiti of to-day, for with their success, the institutions of infant murder, human sacrifice, native warfare and the society of the Aroeï disappeared forever from the land.

Nor must we overlook the bravery of this little band, every one of whom had been threatened many times with death, and at least one of whom had fallen a victim to native hatred. Friendless and far from home, alone, and unprotected, they had labored steadfastly throughout the long sad years of apparent failure, and it seems but natural that in the end they became in some measure the victims of the elation of success.

It was fortunate that from 1817 to 1824 William Ellis, a kindly, tactful and courageous man lived as a missionary upon Tahiti, for not only did he give us in his well-known "Polynesian Researches" the fullest account extant of Tahiti in old days, but his efforts were directed toward encouraging new industries to take the place of many occupations which had been lost.

Among all the missionaries, Ellis appears to be the only one who expressed regret at the abeyance of such harmless sports as archery, surf-board riding, playing with miniature canoes, flying kites, and swinging upon ropes; for the Tahitians were not gamblers as were the Hawaiians; but he says

the adults [Tahitians] do not appear to have thought of following this [archery] or any other game since Christianity has been introduced among them.

Moreover in Tahiti, as elsewhere under the domination of European culture, the native crafts of wood-carving and tapa manufacturing were discouraged and lost, and the great double-decked canoes one hundred feet in length with their ornately carved bows curving upward, were made no longer, and even the Ariirahi's state canoe, called the Anuanua (the rainbow), was doomed to disappear.

In speaking of Tahiti as it was in 1839, Admiral Charles Wilkes, who always champions the introduction of European culture, says:

The change of dress which has been introduced by the missionaries, and other foreigners, has had an injurious effect on the industry of this people. While they wore the native tapa the fabric, though of little value, gave employment to numbers of women; and this change of dress intended as an advance

in civilization, has had the effect of superseding employments which formerly engaged their attention and occupied their time. The idleness hence arising, and the artificial wants thus created, have no little influence in perpetuating licentiousness among the females, to whom foreign finery is a great temptation.

In old days beautiful bowls, pillows and seats were carved by the natives out of single pieces of wood, but these also were doomed when brought into competition with even the crudest articles of European



EASTER ISLAND STONE IMAGE IN THE GARDEN OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN BRANDER, ESQ., AT PAPEETE, TAHITI.

manufacture, and moreover their symbolism was repugnant to the new regime, for it maintained the memories of old traditions.

It should be said that in 1818 the missionaries sought to introduce such civilized employments as the manufacture of cotton cloth, and the cultivation of sugar, coffee and tobacco, and the making of lime for the concrete required in the construction of the ugly, stuffy, little stone houses which were intended to supplant the well-ventilated native

thatch. They even went so far as to import a Mr. Gyles from Jamaica to introduce the manufacture of sugar from the cane. He succeeded, but Pomare and the chiefs became fearful that should the industry prove commercially profitable foreign men-of-war would descend upon Tahiti and the natives would be deprived of their lands and reduced to slavery as were the Indians of the West Indies. The opposition of the chiefs was of so determined a nature that the missionaries deemed it advisable to desist from their attempt, and their effort to introduce a cotton-cloth mill met with similar discouragement.

Indeed, it is doubtful whether the child-like natives would have been either happier or better as mill hands laboring eight or ten hours a day in distilleries or factories than they were each in his own house beneath the palm groves and depending upon the rich bounty of the land and sea for food and clothing. These European autocrats sought in all reforms to begin at the top, and had they displayed the good judgment to teach merely the rudiments of religion, government and agriculture, and to encourage and develop a market for the crafts the natives already practised, they would probably not have felt obliged to complain to Admiral Wilkes that "sincere piety was rarely to be found among the natives."

In 1821 a rebellious return to idolatry broke out among the young and aristocratic element, and after this was sternly suppressed a fanatical sect, the Mamaia, arose in 1828, their leader claiming to be Christ and promising a sensual paradise to his followers. The natives who at first had expected miracles from the white man's god, were now beginning to lose faith and interest and to loathe the dull life their masters forced upon them, and in 1839, when Admiral Wilkes visited Tahiti he was surprised to find the attendance upon worship on Sunday to be small, less than 200 being present in the church, and most of these being women who "did not appear to be as attentive as they had been represented." These women, he says,

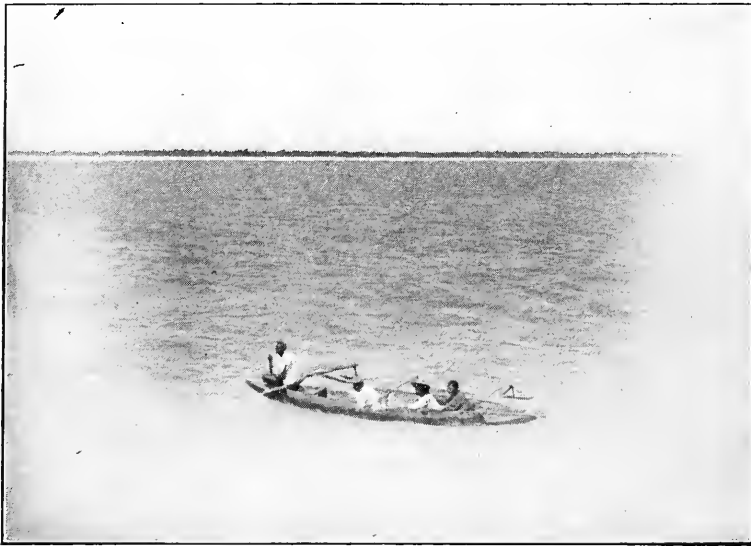
were dressed in a most unbecoming manner in high flaring chip bonnets of their own manufacture, loose gray flowing silk frocks, with showy kerchiefs tied around their necks.

The time has come when the natives of Polynesia are beginning to appeal for freedom to govern and maintain their own churches and under ministers of their own race; to suffer from their own mistakes and win their own achievements.

Yet a great task still remains to the European co-worker for their enlightenment, for everywhere there is a crying need for manual training and technical schools patterned upon the general plan of Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute. Above all, markets must be sought and developed for the wares and produce of the natives, for most of their present apathy is due to the fact that they can obtain no adequate re-

muneration of the products of their labor, but are, in effect, penalized for their very industry through the rapacious acts of traders.

Moreover, the present rule of the religious autocrat, essentially altruistic and high minded as it is, has produced only obedient or servile children. Justice demands freedom for the Polynesian—room in which to struggle and to rise. It is an inadequate defense of the present system to say that it is immeasurably more humane than the savage rule of the old chiefs, for it has proven itself incompetent to raise a single native race into a position of self-supporting independence. We have given them the Bible, but we still withhold from them the means to win their moral self-respect. In other words, the task of the European is



CANOE AT NUKUTAVAKE ATOLL, PAUMOTUS.

but half completed, and the effect of leaving it at this stage is all too apparent in long settled regions such as the Hawaiian Islands, where, after the most easily attained conversion in the history of the Pacific, the natives have steadily sunken, and are to-day a degraded, downcast remnant—mere peons of commercialism, their past forgotten and their future hopeless.

How different this history might have been if along with instruction respecting the lives of Adam and Eve, Abraham, and Sampson, the missionaries had maintained the native arts, modifying them to meet the demands of markets which might have provided the native race with a means of livelihood and replaced the lost ambition due to the abolition of war. Beautiful wall papers and screens might have been made from the delicate tapas of old Hawaii, and their women were once skilled to an unusual degree in feather work and weaving.

We speak of the island races as being "lazy," forgetting that there is as yet no adequate reward for their labor. When opportunity offers, they strive well, as in the crude process of the copra industry, which, after having been introduced by the great German merchant, Godeffroy, in the middle of the nineteenth century, has proved to be the commercial salvation of Polynesia.

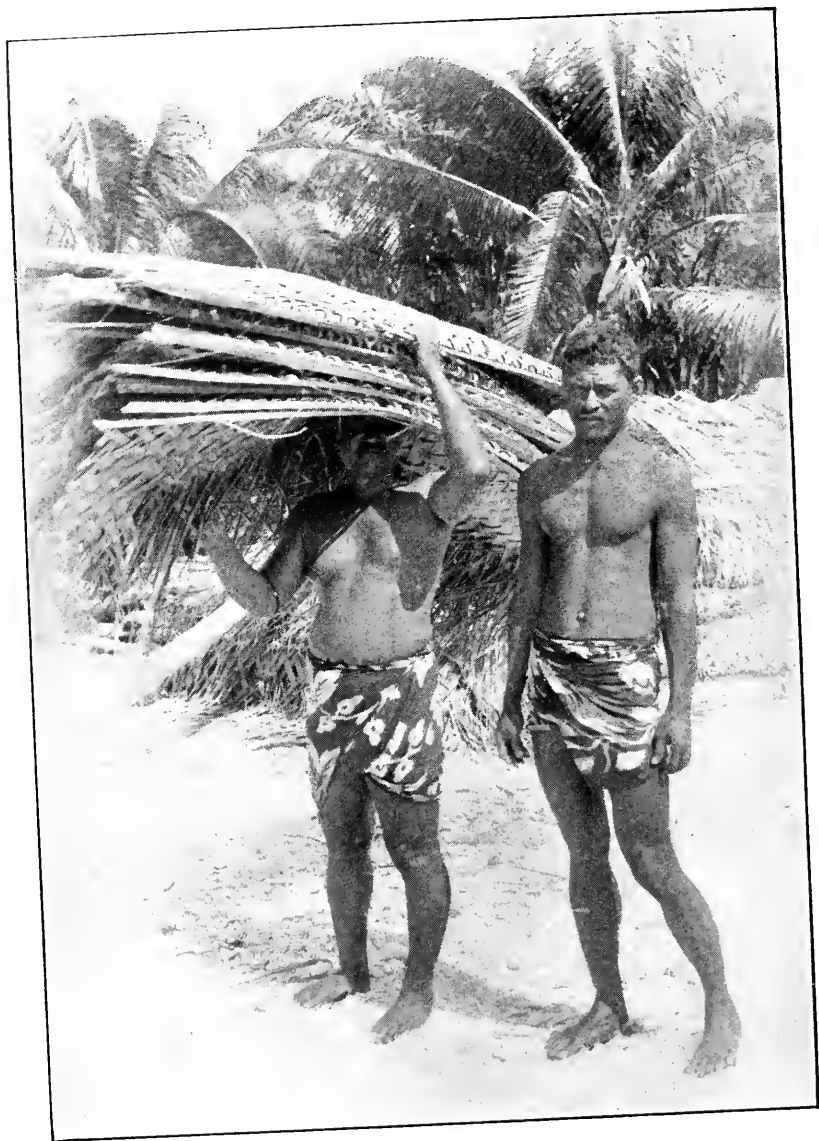
But to return to the political history of Tahiti. On December 7, 1821, Pomare II. died as a result of long-continued drunkenness, and on April 21, 1824, his son, a boy of four years, was crowned by Mr. Nott, one of the original missionaries as "Pomare III., constitutional king of Tahiti." The education of the young "king" was at once undertaken by the missionaries, but on January 11, 1827, he died of an epidemic which was then ravaging the island; and Aimata, his half sister, was proclaimed queen, taking the name of Pomare-Vahine (The Lady Pomare), although more commonly known as "Queen Pomare IV."

At the time of her accession she was only about thirteen years of age, and thus dependent upon the missionaries for advice, and, as the sequel proved, rarely was queen more in need of broad-minded and tactful advisers, for the end of Tahitian independence was at hand, and the fateful question was—should England or should France assume the government of the island?

Several elements in the foreign population were causing trouble to the natives, these being the traders who sought to bleed the Tahitians of all the little wealth they possessed, the degenerate deserters from ships and other parasitic whites who were a constant source of demoralization, and the sons of the missionaries, who, in general, lacked the altruism of their parents and sought to acquire land and to exploit the Island at the expense of the natives. Conditions such as these have worked themselves out in the Hawaiian Islands, ending by the descendants of the missionaries acquiring nearly all the lands the natives once possessed.

In Tahiti the native chiefs, following the policy they adopted in respect to the cultivation of sugar cane, had determined to discourage the permanent residence of white men among them, and had steadfastly refused to sell or even to grant long leases to their land, and thus the natives as a race were still independent home-owners, and happy in the enjoyment of their accustomed means of obtaining sustenance.

The salient fact is that the white settler in the tropics is concerned chiefly with his own profit, and but little with the elevation of the native race. Through artificial devices designed to restrict the liberty of the natives, or through the imposition of high taxes, the white man virtually peonizes the native race and forces the brown man to labor far beyond the little effort required to provide all his natural needs, and in the end the profit accruing from such toil is found in the pockets of the white



PEARL DIVERS MOVING THEIR HOUSE. HIKUERU ISLAND. PAUMOTUS.

man. To-day over those parts of the tropics wherein the white man gains a profit from the land, as in the Dutch East Indies or in parts of Africa, this modern ingenious form of slavery pertains. In other words, a form of commercial peonage has replaced the old possession of the body of the slave, and only in proportion as the land is poor, or markets far away, is the native rich in communal liberty.

These facts, well appreciated as they are by the natives are the chief causes of racial distrust, for the native realizes that the European is his exploiter, not his friend. Unable to maintain his ground in open contest, he has recourse to all manner of subterfuge. Much of his so-called "laziness" and "lack of ambition" results from these conditions, for while he is sufficiently industrious and often hard working in so far as his own personal needs and profits are concerned; if he can by any means avoid working for the white man's benefit he will do so, even though he must himself endure privation to accomplish this end.⁷

Events in Tahiti moved slowly, for the age of the steamship had not yet come, and the South Sea Islands were still remote from the world's activity.

In 1835 the Catholics began to establish missions among the Pacific Islands, and thus the French government acquired a plausible reason for sending men-of-war into the Pacific, avowedly to afford protection to these missions, but in reality to expand the realms of France.

In Tahiti the drama opened when two French priests, Fathers Laval and Caret, embarked upon a small schooner from Mangareva and landed on Tahiti on November 21, 1836.

The antagonism between the protestant missionaries and their catholic co-workers was well known to these French priests, and thus they avoided Papeete, the only port of entry, and sought a landing upon the remote coast of Tautira on the eastern side of the Island. They then walked slowly along the shore toward Papeete preaching at frequent intervals, and gaining the ears of Tati and other leaders of the old conservative party whose aspirations had been crushed by the missionary element in 1815.

Henceforth the struggle lay between the protestants and the French, the Queen being but a puppet in the hands of Mr. Pritchard, a missionary who was then serving as British Consul; and the upshot of the affair was that on December 13, 1836, the priests were expelled from Tahiti for having failed to respect the port regulations in landing surreptitiously at Tautira; their offer to pay the statutory fine being refused by the Queen.

⁷ A most interesting and thoughtful analysis of such conditions has been given by Sir Sydney Oliver, former Governor of Jamaica, in his book upon "White Capital and Colored Labor."

But the martyr spirit was as strong in these French priests as in their protestant adversaries, and with unexpected suddenness they reappeared, this time as passengers on the American brig *Colombo* which anchored in Papeete Harbor on January 27, 1837. Their application for permission to land met with a prompt refusal, and with their disappearance the curtain falls upon the first scene of the drama.

The second opens when on August 29, 1838, the French frigate *Venus*, under Commodore DuPetit-Thouars, bore down upon Papeete, and, training her guns upon the town, demanded first an apology, second 2,000 Spanish dollars, and third a salute of twenty-one guns for the French flag.

The native sources of money-revenue were derived largely from washing done for ships, of which employment Her Majesty and the high chiefs enjoyed a monopoly, and the hopelessness of attempting to pay this enormous indemnity was so overpowering that in her despair the Queen is said to have advised the ceding of the entire Island to the French.

Even had the town been shelled, retreat to the hillsides would have given the natives hardly more concern than in the days of Wallis, but it was far otherwise with the English residents, who, moreover, were already scheming for a British protectorate. Thus the foreign residents came to the aid of the Queen and the indemnity was promptly paid, the French, however, being obliged to provide the powder used to salute their own flag, for, as Mr. Pritchard states in his "Polynesian Reminiscences," upon the entire Island there was not sufficient powder for more than five of the twenty-one shots required.⁸

The French Commodore then demanded a treaty by virtue of which Frenchmen of all professions were to be permitted to establish themselves upon Tahiti; and after obliging the Queen to accept a French Consul of his own choosing, the *Venus* sailed away.

Most unwisely, immediately after the departure of the *Venus*, the Queen, instigated by Pritchard and the missionaries, issued a law forbidding the teaching of Roman Catholic doctrines in Tahiti; when, like a bird of ill omen, another frigate *L'Artemise* rose above the horizon, but in approaching the island she struck so heavily upon the coral reef that had it not been for native aid in towing her into Papeete Harbor she would have sunk. No sooner were her injuries repaired, however, than her captain, running out his guns, demanded equal rights for both Catholics and Protestants, and the cession of a site for a Roman Catholic church. Soon after this in 1841 the chiefs of the old conservative

⁸ This event is depicted in Plate No. 53 accompanying the "Voyage autour du monde" by A. DuPetit-Thouars, Paris, 1841.

party applied to France for protection; the Queen, instigated by Pritchard, having already addressed a similar appeal to England.⁹

A semblance of peace then fell upon the scene and for several years the wide waste of the Pacific seemed to afford the protection of isolation to the little island. But the government of Louis Philippe was casting covetous eyes upon the Pacific, usurpation at home having bred aggression abroad; and in September, 1842, the sails of another frigate, *La Reine Blanche*, rose and shaped themselves upon that eastern horizon whence in other days Wallis, and Cook, and Bougainville had come, and the evil genius of Tahiti, DuPetit-Thouars, once more frowned down upon the affrighted land, and henceforth the history of Tahiti was to be that of a proud but conquered race. Now and again the sullen silence was to be broken by the flash of rebellion, but for fifty years the ever present troops of the conqueror compelled submission to his rule until at last a sad apathy as of resignation fell over the native race. Then in later years the Chinese have come in ever increasing numbers so that today the streets and lanes of Papeete swarm with a half-breed race—an outpost of the orient.

How different the fate of happy Fiji when life and order are secure yet not a British soldier guards the land.

⁹ Great Britain responded by a pleasing but non-committal letter, and a gift to the queen of some household furniture, which through an irony of fate arrived just in time to be of service to Bruat, the first French Governor.

A HISTORY OF FIJI

BY ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER
THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

PART I

OF all the island groups in the outer Pacific none surpass the Fijis in their rare combination of beautiful scenery and interesting natives. The islands are upon the opposite side of the world from England, for the meridian of 180° passes through the centre of the group crossing the island of Taviuni. The islands lie from $15^{\circ} 30'$ to $19^{\circ} 30'$ south of the equator, and are thus south of the region of perpetual trade winds, but still well within the tropics, the center of the group being about 1,000 miles due north from New Zealand.

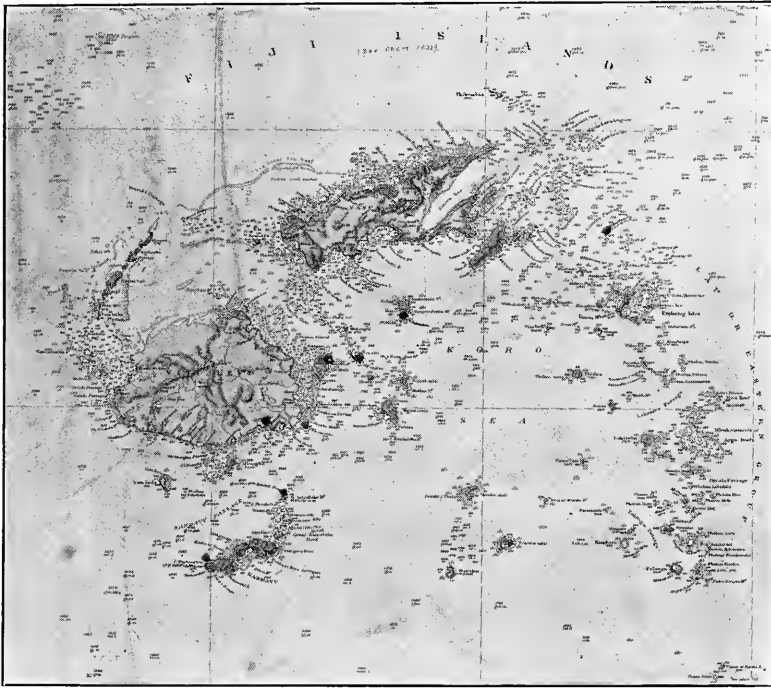
That dauntless old rover, Abel Jansen Tasman, discovered them in 1643 on his way from Tonga in the *Heemskirk* and *Zeexaan* and named them "Prince William's Islands" and "Heemskirk's Shoals." After this, they were all but forgotten until July 2, 1774, when Captain James Cook sighted the small island of Vatoa in the extreme southeastern end of the group. The natives fled into the forest upon the approach of his boat, and he contented himself by leaving a knife, some medals and nails in a conspicuous place. Finding many sea-turtles in the region, he named his land-fall "Turtle Island," and then departed from the Fijis never to return.

In May, 1789, Captain Bligh sailed through the group in the small open boat in which he made the voyage of 3,600 miles from Tonga to Timor, this feat being celebrated in Byrons's poem "The Island." He was pursued by two canoes from Waya Island, and dared not land nor hold any communication with the natives. Later in 1792, Bligh again sailed among the Fijis, this time while in command of the man-of-war *Providence*, and in 1796 Captain Wilson cruised among the islands upon his missionary voyage in the *Duff*. Thus gradually the group became known to Europeans; but remained uncharted until 1840, when the United States Exploring Expedition, under Wilkes, made a survey of the region. Indeed, the oldest detailed accounts of the islands and their inhabitants is that given by Wilkes in the third volume of his narrative of the expedition.

Counting isolated rocks, the archipelago is composed of about 270 islands having a total area of 7,400 square miles, or nearly the same as that of Massachusetts. Two of the islands are far larger than the

others, Vanua Levu (the great land) being about 100 miles long and 25 miles wide, and Viti Levu (Great Viti) being 80 miles long and 55 wide. Kandavu and Taviuni have not one twentieth the land area of the two larger islands, and all the others are much smaller, so small indeed that only about 80 islands of the group are large enough to be inhabited.

Geologically speaking, the Fijis are old and the volcanoes which



gave rise to them have long ago subsided into their final rest. Yet even to-day there are reminders of more active times in an occasional earthquake, or the hot springs of Ngau or of Savu Savu valley and other places on Vanua Levu, or the pumice, which at times rises to the surface of the sea and is cast ashore at Kandavu. The islands were once much larger and higher than they are to-day, for tropical rains have washed the soft lavas into the surrounding sea, leaving here and there pinnacles of hard basalt towering upward in fantastic castellated forms and imparting a romantic beauty to the view which is surpassed only in the Society and Marquesas Islands. The little island of Kobu near Nairai is a mass of volcanic rock, 90 feet in height, and is so strongly magnetic that a compass placed upon its summit is deflected 85°.

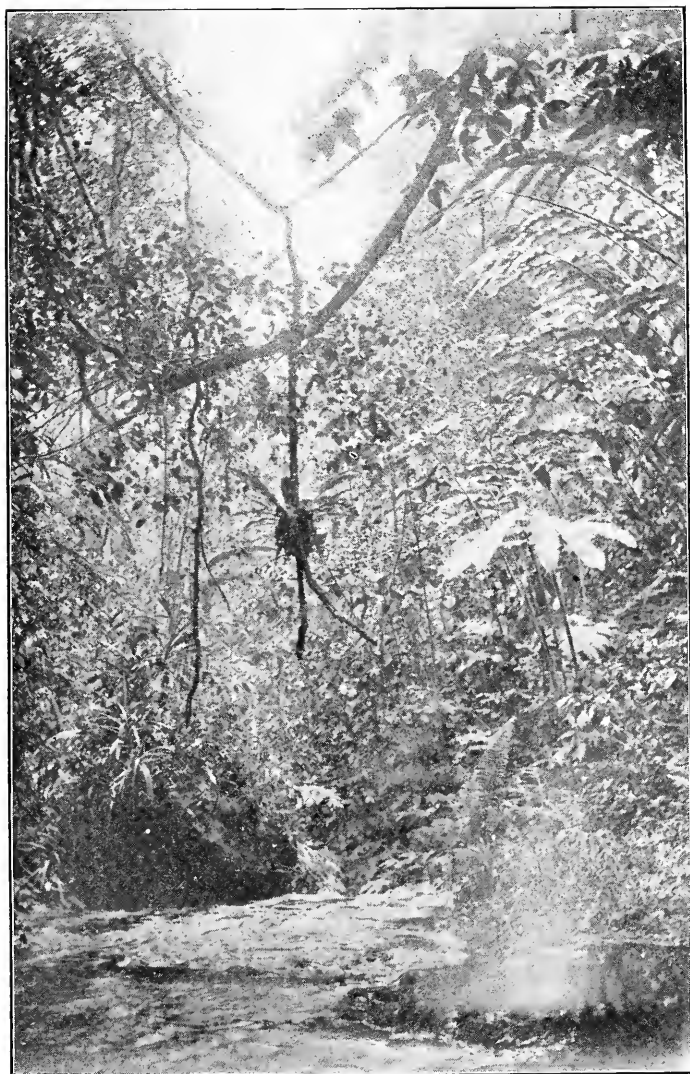
In the Fijis the erosion has gone so far that most of the old volcanic rims have disappeared. Totoya and Thombia are, however, beautiful

cup-like craters, their centers now being harbors encircled by crescent-shaped ridges, and there are a few fairly well-defined craters among the mountains of the larger islands. Indeed, at Kambara a small volcano has in recent, but still prehistoric, times broken through the elevated coral reef, but no native myths speak of volcanic eruptions.

The Fijis are much older than the large islands of the Hawaiian group or than some of the Samoan and Tongan islands, the volcanoes of which are still active. Indeed, in the interior of Viti Levu plutonic rocks and slates are found attesting to the considerable age of this island, allying it to such land masses as New Zealand or New Caledonia, which are partly volcanic and partly continental in character. Thus the Fijis differ from the simple volcanic tumuli which constitute the Hawaiian, Samoan, Society and Marquesas islands. In Hawaii and Tahiti we find great central volcanic peaks, from the summits of which deep valleys radiate outward to the sea, but in Fiji the large islands have been formed by fusions between many adjacent volcanic cones, and in later times the erosion has gone so far and local elevations and depressions have been so frequent that the landscape is broken and wholly irregular.

Indeed, the islands have not been passive during all the ages in which the rains have worn them down. for there have been depressions, and also great upheavals here and there, as at Vanua Mbalavu, where the old coral reef is now a bold precipice of overhanging castellated crags towering far above the waves that dash at its feet. This old coral rock is cavernated and, at least one place along the shore, at Black Swan Point, on Vanua Mbalavu Island, one may enter through a small cleft in the precipice and find oneself in a spacious chamber several hundred feet in height, with veil-like sheets of stalactites sparkling in the dim light that wanders inward through some hidden rift far up in the vaulted roof. A deep pool of wonderfully clear ocean water lies within this shadowy retreat, and brilliant blue and green fish flit butterfly-like through their natural aquarium, the floor of which is carpeted by graceful sea-whips, and slowly creeping crinoids with long feathery arms.

Many other islands also exhibit elevated coral reefs, which in some cases, as at Vatu Vara, have been lifted nearly 1,000 feet above the sea, and, near Suva, the hillside is full of fossil sea-shells and corals. We can see that the islands were once much larger than they are to-day, for nearly every one is encircled by a coral reef several miles out to sea, which marks the contour of the old coast line. Indeed, at Astrolabe Reef, we find a small cavernated volcanic rock, the last remnant of an island, surrounded by a broad lagoon which is edged on its seaward side by a rim of coral reef over which the surf breaks ceaselessly. In



A RAVINE IN FIJI, VITI LEVU ISLAND.

other cases, as at Cakau-momo, the island has washed away and only the submerged reef is left to mark its former site.

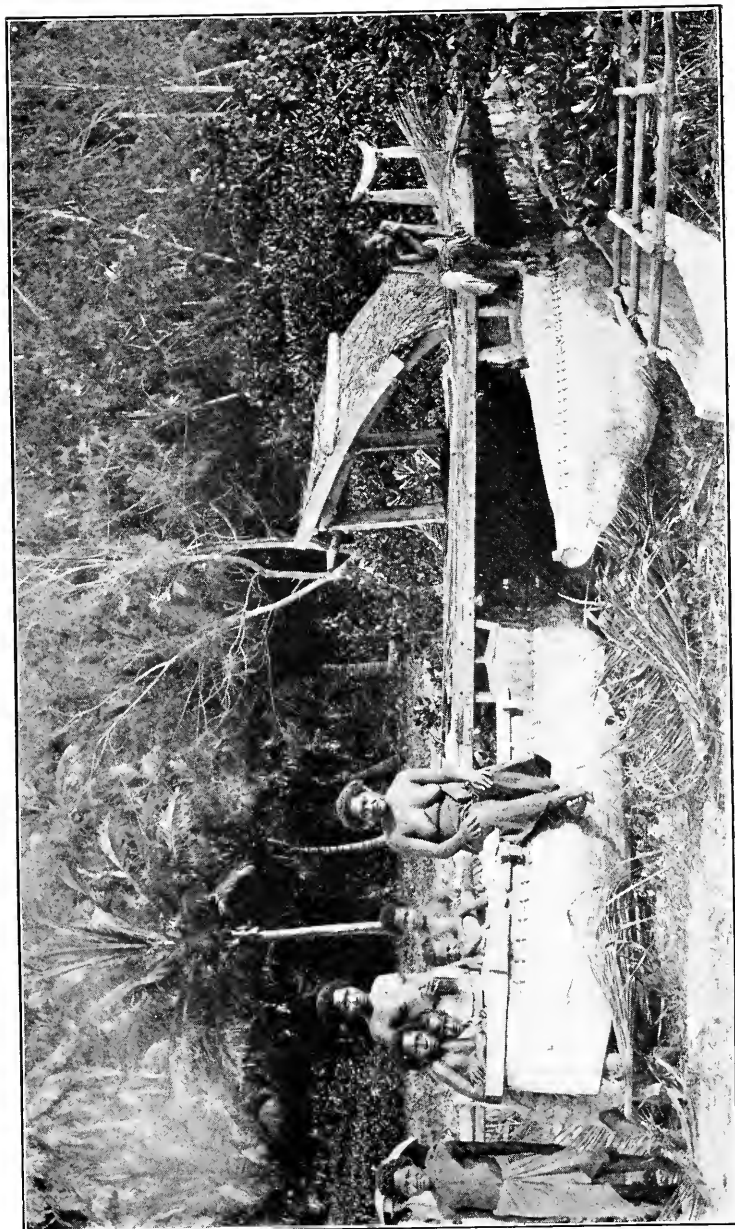
The very land has age and life and is vanishing before our eyes. In the past the islands were higher, but now the loftiest mountain peaks are not over 4,600 feet.

The earthquake waves, which must have accompanied many of the changes of elevation, may have given rise to the myth of a deluge, which under varied forms is found almost universally among the natives of the tropical Pacific, but we need not resort to such remote or hypothetical occasions for the establishment of the flood-myths, for almost every year between February and March there is a severe storm in Fiji, and recent floods of the Rewa River are now the topic of native song.

It is to the rich tropical forest which clothes them that the Fijis owe their charm. Even the sheltered relatively dry leeward slopes of the mountains are fairly well covered with forest, but on the sides which face the southeast trade wind the vegetation crowds into every nook and cranny of the precipices even to the summits of the highest peaks. So copious is the rainfall that the Rewa River is larger than any in England and is navigable for fifty miles above its mouth, its width being fully three thousand yards, where it meets the ocean.

The beauty of the mountain valleys produces an impression which time can not efface from the memory. Great Tahitian chestnuts, the "Ivi" (*Inocarpus edulis*), with buttressed trunks, tower far above like columns of an ancient temple garlanded in green, while overarching the rock pools of the stream are the rich brown stems of tree-ferns crowned by emerald sprays of nature's lace-work. Broad-leaved caladiums cluster in the water, and the clambering Pandanus winds in reptilian folds over the high boughs, where dainty orchids nestle far from the reach of all below. Now and again there is a flash of color, where some cockatoo or parrot or brilliant butterfly appears only to vanish in the leafy maze, or here and there through a break in the canopy a furtive beam of sunlight penetrates to gild the greenness of the shade. One looks in vain for dead trees and old decaying logs for all is life in this luxuriant growth. Death has here no lasting place, for termites and ants and a host of parasitic plants set hungrily upon all that weaken, and the dying trunk shrinks into other greenness and passes phoenix-like into other life. Wilkes spoke truly when he said of the islands, "So beautiful was their aspect that I could scarcely bring my mind to the realizing sense of the well-known fact that they were the abode of a savage, ferocious and treacherous race of cannibals." To-day there are no cannibals, and one is safer in "dark Fijia" than in the streets of any civilized city.

An extraordinary number of the forest trees of the Fijis furnish



CANOES AT KAMBARA ISLAND, P.I.I.

food for man. Such are the bread-fruit, which grows to be 50 feet high, with deeply incised glossy leaves, sometimes almost two feet long. The Malay apple, or kavika (*Eugenia*), grows to a great height and bears a delicious fruit, which, when ripe, is white, streaked with delicate pink, and most refreshing and rose-like to the taste. The cocoanut palm clusters in dense groves along the beaches, the long leaves murmuring to the sea breeze as they wave to and fro, casting their grateful shade upon the native village. Of all trees none is more useful to tropical man than the cocoanut. In time of drought it provides a life-sustaining drink, its leaves serve to thatch the sides of houses and its nuts become drinking cups, or provide oil or food; its wood serves for manifold purposes; its terminal bud is the celery of the tropical epicurean, and the sap from its flower-stalk provides an intoxicating beverage. Indeed, to do justice to its uses would lead us so far afield that we must perforce desist. Curiously, the cocoanut thrives only on the lowlands near the ocean, and flourishes best where the sea-spray settles upon its leaves, or even where its roots sink beneath the level of the salt water. Very rarely one sees a cocoanut palm growing upon the mountain side at Tahiti, up to 800 feet above the sea, but this is exceptional. Bananas and the wild plantain (Fei) grow luxuriantly in the forest, as do also oranges, lemons, limes, shaddocks, guavas, alligator pears, the papaw, mango and many other smaller shrubs and vegetables. Indeed, from remote times the natives have cultivated the soil, and their principal farinaceous food to-day consists in the yam (*Dioscorea*), which becomes from four to eight feet in length, and in the dalo, a caladium, which grows in swampy places. In time of harvest they often bury the breadfruit, dalo or bananas in pits lined thickly with leaves and covered with earth and with stones to foil the pigs. Treated thus, the fruit ferments and may remain for months before being cooked and eaten. Famine is indeed all but impossible in the high islands of the tropical Pacific.

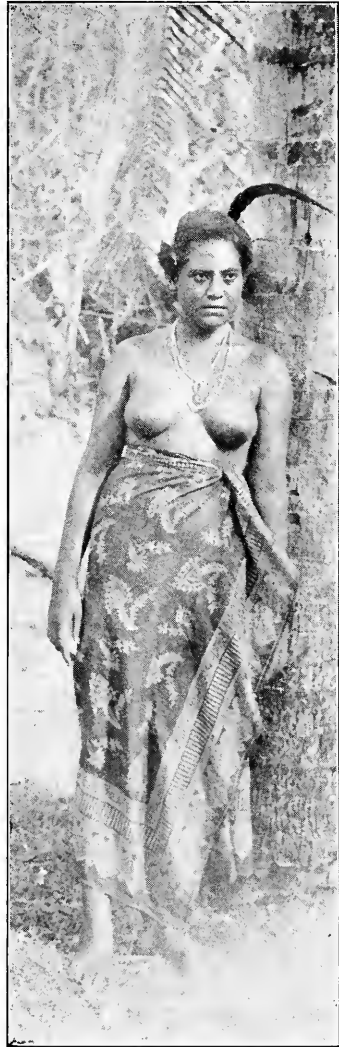
In the rich soil of the broad Rewa valley sugar-cane is cultivated extensively. Cotton becomes a perennial tree in Fiji and produces an exceptionally good quality of boll. Delicious pineapples grow on the less fertile soils, and coffee thrives on the mountain slopes. Indeed, had the Fijis but a market for their produce, they would outstrip Hawaii as centers of agricultural industry.

Even in savage days the natives delighted to cultivate flowers, and the chiefs wore garlands of blossoms around their heads as do the young men and maidens of to-day. It was by means of the flowers that they knew the months, for the scarlet blooms of *Erythrina* marked the season for the planting of crops. June was heralded by the "tombebe" flowers along the shore, and when the ivi with its violet-scented flowers

bloomed in the forest, the natives watched, knowing that it was nearing November when upon the morning of the moon's last quarter the water over the reef would be crowded by myriads of the Mbalolo worms swimming only to burst and shrivel with the rising of the sun, thus casting forth their eggs into the sea, after which the worms, emptied of eggs, sink as mere translucent skins to die upon the bottom. This was the great feast of the Mbalolo, the New Year's Day of former times, when bearers would be despatched to carry the cooked worms nicely wrapped in leaves to far-off chiefs among the mountain valleys.

Once from an old man I gathered a myth of the Mbalolo to the effect that long ago their ancestors were sailing over the sea, while one of the sea-gods guarded the canoe and each day sent food in the form of the Mbalolo, but one old man, fearing it might not be continued, collected more than was required for the day and hid it beneath a mat. Whereupon the god visited the canoe and detected the Mbalolo through the odor arising from its decomposition. In a rage, he swore never again to provide food for the ingrates: but the old man taunted him, saying that the real reason was he had lost the power to cause the worms to appear. Thus, in order to show that he still had power to produce it, the Mbalolo is permitted to swarm only upon the mornings of the last day of the October, and especially of the November moon. Accordingly, October is called *Vula i Mbalolo leilei* (the moon of the little Mbalolo) and November *Vula I Mbalolo levu* (the moon of the Great Mbalolo). In Samoa, this worm is called Palolo from *Pa*, to burst, and *lolo*, oily, referring to the oily appearance of the water when myriads of the worms burst and cast forth their eggs.

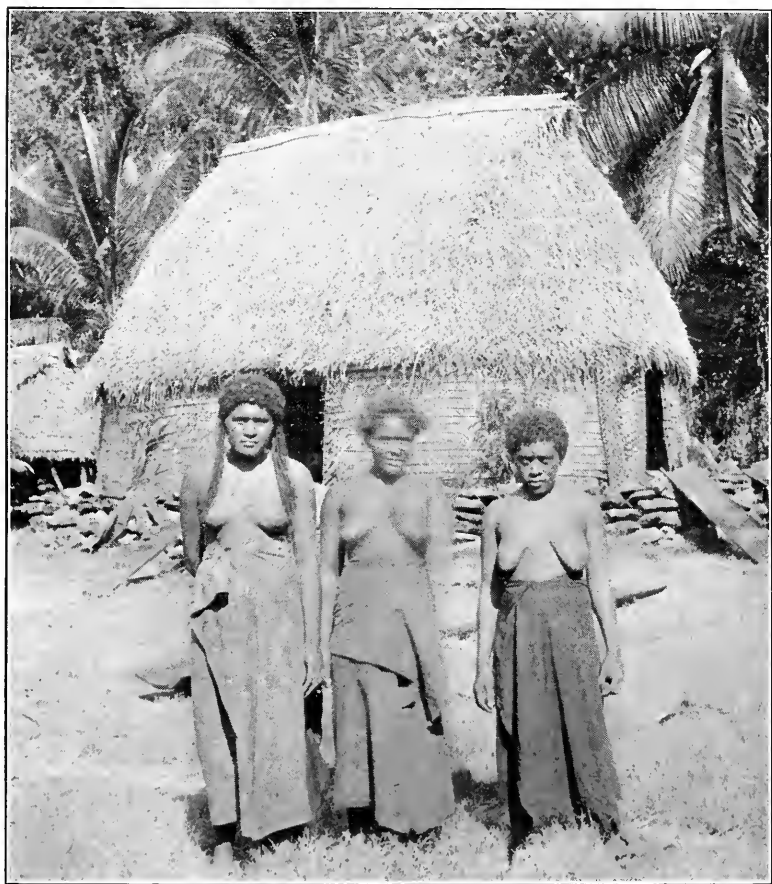
I suspect this myth to be of recent origin, for it bears a suspiciously



A MAIDEN OF KAMBARA, FIJI. Type of the Viti-Tonga race.

close resemblance to the manna story in the Bible. Moreover, the old Fijian mythology asserts that their original ancestors were created in Fiji and did not sail over the ocean to these islands. It is remarkable how quickly a new myth may arise among a simple people. Certain floods which occurred within the century have passed into mythology, and one of the mountain tribes has a song of the marvellous manner in which sugar is made at the recently established sugar mill on the Rewa river. A tower of Babel myth has arisen since the conversion to Christianity, and, in Tahiti, a recently originated folk story tells of the creation of the first woman *Ivi* from a bone of the first man.

The Fijians are of mixed stock. Their dark brown skin, thick mop-like heads of hair, broad noses, and full lips betoken Papuan ancestry of remote African origin, and probably the earliest inhabitants were of purer Negroid blood than those of the present, for there has



WOMEN OF FIJI. The long uncut locks indicate that a woman is unmarried.



NATIVES OF KAMBARA ISLAND, FIJI.

been a constant admixture with the Polynesians, who, being good navigators, have peopled the remote islands of the outer Pacific. For ages this admixture has been checked through the practice of the Fijians of killing and eating strangers who were stranded upon their shores, and it is interesting to see that it is only in the small islands of the Lau group of the Fiji archipelago that a decided mingling of the Papuan and Polynesian elements is observed. These Lau islands are set one after another, like the leeward isles of the West Indies, in a long sweeping crescent along the eastern edge of the archipelago, and are only about 270 miles west of Tonga, hence the Tongans, under their great chief Maafu, overran them, killing the men and capturing the women, and producing a tall, fine-featured, brown-skinned "Vititonga" race, far superior to the negroid peoples of the western islands of the Fijis.

In Fiji, as elsewhere in the Pacific, the strongest natives live along

the shore where coral reefs and cocoanuts afford abundant and varied food. At times these shore tribes welcomed the coming of Tongans among them, for they are far better navigators and more intelligent than the Papuans of ancient Fiji, and they taught the art of canoe building. Indeed, pigs and chickens and certain vegetables are thought to have been introduced by this back wave of Polynesian immigration from Tonga.

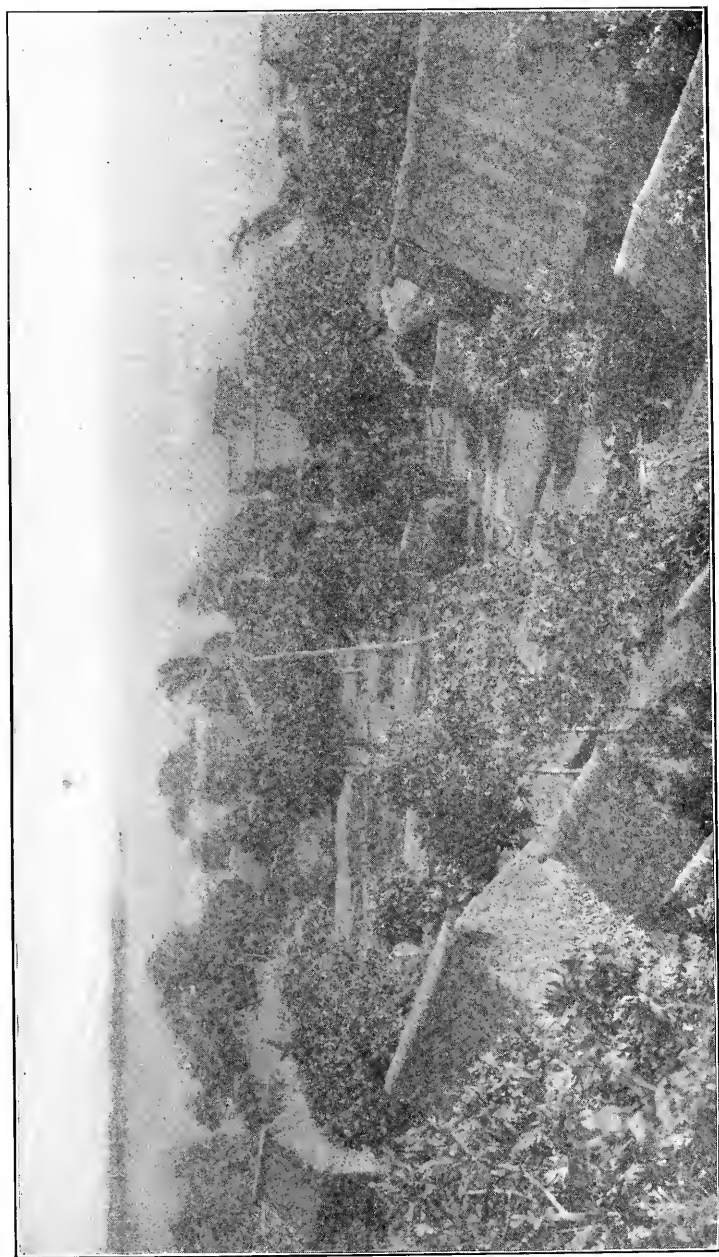
Among the mountain valleys of Viti Levu one may still see traces of the stunted, sooty-skinned, long-armed, mop-headed negroid race of old Fiji, while in the eastern parts of the group and along the fertile coasts the natives are superior both mentally and physically. The average height of the chiefs is fully six feet, they stand superbly erect, no student's stoop disfiguring the proud shoulders of these noblemen of nature's making. The skin is rich bronze-brown, the lips full, but not protrusive, the nose not especially flattened, and the hair alone remains African and grows into a huge stiff mop which they periodically cover with lime, causing it to lose its black color and to assume a tawny brown-red hue. The eye lacks the languid softness of the Polynesian's and is small, swine-like and often bloodshot, imparting a cruel aspect to the visage.

Yet, withal, the native grace and unconscious dignity of these superb people, especially those of chieftain's rank, produces a profound impression. Physically they seem to be a finer race than we, yet they lack the endurance of the Caucasian, and soon succumb to prolonged exertion, or fall a ready victim to disease. Thus the measles in 1875 assumed the character of a veritable plague, more than one quarter of the population perishing, while in many villages the children starved, and the dead were devoured by hogs, for none were left to bury them.

Yet we must come to the tropical Pacific to see how beautiful the human form may be. As Wilkes wrote, "I have scarcely seen a finer looking set of men than composed the suite of Tanoa" (King of Fiji); and Miss Gordon Cumming spoke truly when she said that no English duchess bore herself with greater dignity and graciousness of mien than did the ladies of the royal family of Mbau.

In many another trait do they show their kinship to the universal feminine. Wilkes attempted to entertain the Queen of Rewa and her maids of honor on the *Vincennes*, but nothing seemed to please, and the party was evidently drifting into failure until, upon a whispered word from the Queen, all became animated and lively expressions of delight changed the entire tone of the afternoon. It transpired later that the Queen had commanded her suite to "act as if pleased."

Their scantiness of attire serves but to reveal the beauty of their



MBAUI, FIJI, from the hill above the town, 1899.

forms. Indeed, we must recall the fact that even in cannibal days the Fijians would never expose the entire body, for such immodesty would have merited death at the hands of the chief, and in 1827 the natives of Levuka sent off a deputation to protest to Captain Dumont d'Urville against the indecency of his sailors in entering the ocean stripped of clothing. Dress has little or nothing to do with morality; indeed, among savage people the more clothing they are forced to assume the lower do their morals decline. Dressed in his simple waist-cloth, the Fijian is ready at any moment to seek the deep pools of some cool mountain stream in which to bathe. As civilization introduces clothing, so does this practice of swimming decline, and the once cleanly native becomes the prey of filth-diseases. Fortunately, the British Governments of Papua and Fiji have not insisted upon the hat, shirt and trousers for the men, or the ugly "mother hubbards" for the women, which the missionaries have forced upon the natives of nearly all other groups in the Pacific, to the detriment of both health and morals.

As James Chalmers, the great missionary to Papua, wrote in 1885¹

Syphilis and strong drink have received the blame for the deterioration and extinction of native races, but I think the introduction of clothing has done much in this direction. To swathe their limbs in European clothing spoils them, deteriorates them, and I fear hurries them to premature death. Put excessive clothing with syphilis and strong drink and I think we shall be nearer the truth. Retain native customs as much as possible—only those which are very objectionable should be forbidden—and leave it to the influence of education to raise them to purer and more civilized customs.

The Polynesians of Samoa, Hawaii, Tahiti and New Zealand had a lyric history sung by priests and sagas which told of days when the ancestors of their chiefs were gods, but the Melanesian race has little of this mythology, and there is no "history" in Fiji, where, according to Wilkes, all are said to have descended from a single pair, whom the gods made black and wicked and to whom they gave but little clothing. Then the gods made the brown-skinned Tongans who behaved better and to whom they gave more clothing, and, last of all, the white men were created, and these were well behaved and were given much clothing. There are apparently no myths of ancient migrations, and the people are said always to have lived in Fiji.

There is no history of the group as a whole, for war was the one chief object of Fiji, and each little district was forever suspicious of its neighbors. Indeed, to such a degree did the Fijians carry their zest for war that two men would walk abreast, never one behind the other, for the temptation of the man behind to club his companion might at any moment become irresistible. It was death to pass behind a chief or to

¹ "James Chalmers, His Autobiography and Letters," pp. 255-256, by Richard Lovett, London, 1902.

cross his shadow, or the shadow of his house. No Fijian revenge was assuaged until the enemy was eaten; indeed, so natural does this seem to them that a high chief asked me in a casual manner whether we of the United States had eaten the Spaniards whom we had killed during the war of 1898.

A detailed account of the ceaseless native wars is given by the Reverend Joseph Waterhouse in "The King and People of Fiji" and by Williams in his fascinating "Fiji and the Fijians," and they are records of treachery, murder, cruelty and vice, unrelieved by the narration of a single fight for principle or an act of mercy or chivalry. In all history there have been few instances of higher courage, fidelity and devotion to their creed than those furnished by the lives of the early missionaries to these islands, and nowhere in the Pacific has conversion accomplished more good and in the process done less harm than in Fiji.

Tradition states that in former times the island of Mbengha was dominant in native affairs, and its chiefs still style themselves "Qalicuva-ki-lagi," "subject only to heaven"; finally, however, the chief Rewa conquered Mbengha and slaughtered nearly all its inhabitants, and then, in 1800, the village of Verata on Viti Levu became dominant in Fijian affairs. At this time, Mbanuvi, who had succeeded his father Nailatikau, was the head chief of the town of Mbau, but he soon thereafter died and was succeeded by his son, Na Ulivou (The Hot Stone).

Mbau is a little island, not a mile in width, which lies off the southeastern corner of the great island of Viti Levu, of which indeed it is a mere outlyer, being connected with the mainland at low tide by a natural causeway. Yet this insignificant islet of a single hill, surrounded by shallow mangrove flats and reefs, was destined to conquer nearly half of Fiji.

In the south seas that chief who first obtained the aid of white men in the use of firearms gained a rapid and terrible ascendancy. It so happened that in 1809 the armed brig *Eliza* was wrecked on the coral reef off Nairai, which was a dependency of Mbau, and the natives plundered the vessel. A Swede, named Charley Savage, and three companions made their way to the shore, and Savage was the first white man to come to Mbau. Here it is not improbable that he would have been killed and eaten in accordance with Fijian custom respecting the shipwrecked, had he not bethought himself of a musket which had been left on board, and requested the natives to search for it. They found it, built into the palisade surrounding a native village and soon Na-Ulivou saw in Savage and his musket the means to "world-wide" conquests.

Verata, which was only eight miles from Mbau, was then the strongest power in Fiji, dominating the villages for about ten miles along the shore of Viti Levu, but Mbau, aided by this base imitator of Champlain, soon stripped it of its dependencies, leaving to its chief only his native village. Savage caused the natives to construct an arrow-proof sedan chair, within which he remained comfortably seated firing through an opening, and this contrivance was carried into battle while he terrified and slaughtered the impotent enemies of Mbau. For his share of the spoils of conquest Savage demanded women, and he is said to have acquired a hundred wives. Na-Ulivou heaped honors and titles upon him and gave him for his principal wife a chieftainess of the highest rank, but her children were strangled for reasons of state polity, so that after his death he was survived by but a single daughter.

For two years Mbau enjoyed a monopoly of firearms in Fiji, and



RATU BENI TANOVA AND HIS WIFE ADI CAKABAU IN THEIR HOUSE AT NAVUSO, VITI LEVU ISLAND, FIJI, IN 1899. They are consins, both being members of the Royal Family of Fiji. The screen is a large piece of Taviuni tapa.

conquered all the neighboring islands and overran the eastern and southern coasts of Viti Levu. Finally, in 1813, the Mbauan conquests were pushed as far as Mbua in the southwestern part of Viti Levu, where in a fierce battle the ammunition of Savage and his white companions became exhausted, and they were forced to retreat to a small island in the river, where they were surrounded by thousands of howling enemies engaged in devouring the bodies of the fallen warriors of Mbau. Savage went to the water's edge to treat for terms of surrender, where he was captured, drowned and eaten, and his leg bones made into sail needles, while other parts of his skeleton were ground into powder to be drunk in Yaqona.²

In 1814, Na-Ulivou and his warriors again came to Mbua with a great fleet of war-canoes, and wreaked terrible vengeance upon those who had killed their champion Savage. For long years after this no native would pass the spot where Savage died without first plucking some leaves and casting them upon the ground; for, as Williams says the Fijian peoples with invisible beings every remarkable spot: the lonely dell, the gloomy cave, the desolate rock, and the deep forest. Many of these he believes are on the alert to do him harm; therefore in passing their territory he throws down a few green leaves to propitiate the demon of the place.

In the South Seas the most dreaded ghost is that of the man who seeks revenge for having been murdered and devoured.

Early in his reign a powerful conspiracy arose against Na-Ulivou, but he drove the rebel chiefs from Mbau and also from Rewa, whither they had retreated, and finally he pursued them to Somo Somo on Taviuni, whence they fled to the distant island of Lakemba, whither he met them in a great sea fight and they were utterly annihilated. After this, Na-Ulivou assumed the title of Vunivalu (root of war), and he reigned the greatest chief in Fiji until his death in 1829.

Rewa, however, remained independent of Mbau, and indeed until the group was annexed to Great Britain these two villages were rivals almost constantly at war.

In about 1804 a number of convicts who had escaped from Australia settled upon Rewa and were protected by its chief, and the aid rendered by these reprobates was sufficient to prevent Mbau from conquering Rewa. Even in Fiji, where cruelty, treachery, cannibalism and ferocity were considered virtues, some of these men are still remembered as monsters of iniquity. In a few years they had nearly all killed one another or fallen in native wars, and only one, Paddy Connel, called Berry by the Fijians, survived until 1841, and served as guide, pilot and interpreter to Wilkes during the surveying operations of the United States Exploring Expedition in 1840. This man became thoroughly Fijianized, having the traditional hundred wives and forty-eight chil-

² The "kava" of Samoa.

dren, and so great was his influence that the chief of Rewa would always roast and eat any man who incurred Connel's displeasure. Indeed, if native accounts are to be trusted, Connel was himself a cannibal. All travelers in the Pacific will agree that the most vicious savage is not the native, but the degenerate white who has violated his birthright to civilization.

When Na-Ulivou of Mbau died, he was succeeded by his brother Tanoa (kava bowl), who reigned for twenty-three troubled years, and died a cannibal and a heathen in 1852.

Soon after Tanoa's accession, a powerful faction in Mbau decided to make war upon Rewa. This Tanoa was desirous of preventing, for he was Vasu (nephew) to Rewa, his mother having been a chieftainess of this place. This gave him the right to seize and appropriate to his own use almost anything he desired from Rewa, where he was treated with a respect bordering upon religious adoration; for whenever he visited his mother's district the people would salute him with clapping of hands and shouting "Hail good is the coming hither of our noble lord nephew."

Naturally he was well disposed toward Rewa and he treacherously aided them while ostensibly prosecuting the war. This enraged the Mbau chiefs and they drove him into exile, where he remained five years, but finally in 1837 with the aid of his son Seru (afterwards called Thakombau) he reconquered his native village, and in a fiendish orgy dismembered his captives, roasting and eating their tongues, arms and legs while they still lived.

Beneath every post of his house in Mbau a slave was buried when his new canoes were launched they were rolled into the water over the bodies of living victims who, after being crushed, were roasted and eaten, and when the canoe took to the water men were slain upon its deck so that it might be baptized in blood. When he sailed, he ran down all in his path, often capturing the victims for his cannibal feasts, for it was the rule in Fiji that all who were upset or wrecked were regarded as sacrifices to the gods. Indeed, the gods of Fiji were themselves cannibal ghosts of dead chiefs and fed upon the spirits of those who were sacrificed.

Wilkes gives a description of the coming of Tanoa to a conference held upon the U. S. S. *Vincennes* in August, 1840;

The canoe of Tanoa, the king of Mbau, was discovered rounding the southern point of the island of Ovalau; it presented a magnificent appearance with its immense sail of white mats; the pennants streaming from its yard denoting it as belonging to some great chief. It was a fit accompaniment to the magnificent scenery around, and advanced rapidly and gracefully along; it was a single canoe, one hundred feet in length, with an outrigger of large size ornamented with two thousand five hundred of the *Cyprea ovula* shells; its velocity was almost inconceivable, and every one was struck with the adroitness with which it was managed and landed upon the beach.

Often when Tanoa returned to Mbau from his murderous raids children yet alive were to be seen suspended by an ankle or wrist from the yard-arm of this canoe, and so common was this practise that such were called in derision *Manu-manu-ni-latha* (birds of the sail).

The later years of this inhuman monster were disturbed by dissensions and by the rebellions of his sons. Yet when he came to die he smiled with his last breath when told that five of his wives were to be strangled to accompany him into the world beyond.

Throughout his reign, Rewa and Mbau were almost constantly at war, but every now and then Tanoa would command the Rewa chiefs to come to Mbau to beg pardon for their temerity, which they always did, even if victorious.

Tanoa lived to be nearly if not quite eighty years of age, a rare occurrence in Fiji, for they believed that as they were at the time of death so would they be in the world to come. Thus doubly did they dread the infirmities of age, and people who passed middle life commonly requested their nearest relative and friends to strangle or bury them alive. Thus died the great chief Tuithakau (king of the reefs) of Somo somo, an event of which the missionary Williams gives a detailed and graphic description. Tuithakau was described by Commodore Wilkes as

a fine specimen of a Fiji Islander; bearing no slight resemblance to our ideas of an old Roman. His figure was particularly tall and manly and he had a head fit for a monarch. He looks as if he were totally distinct from the scenes of horror that are daily taking place around him, and his whole countenance has the air and expression of benevolence.

In August, 1845, this old aristocrat became feeble after prolonged illness, and one day he announced to those around him that the time of his death had come. Two of his wives were then adorned in gala attire and strangled by their kindred, while the old king was covered with charcoal pigment, the chieftain's turban of *masi* placed upon his head, and a string of whale's teeth around his neck. Then the chief priest blew two blasts upon his triton shell, and after an interval turning to the old king's son he said "True the sun of one king has set, but our king yet lives." Then the aged man was carried out through an opening torn through the wall of the house, as is the custom to-day at Fijian funerals, and they placed him upon the bodies of his two dead wives who lay upon the mats within the grave, and as the earth was thrown over him he was heard to cough beneath the ground. Sixty of his subjects then cut off their little fingers, fastened them upon reeds and thrust them into the thatch along the eaves of the dead chief's house. So respected was this custom of burying the aged that for a whole year at Somo Somo the missionaries heard of but one natural death of an adult, and Wilkes says that among over 200 natives at Savu Savu he saw not one over forty years of age.

A HISTORY OF FIJI, II

BY ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER
THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

UPON the death of old Tanoa, his son Thakombau (evil to Mbau) became Vunivalu. He was an ambitious, energetic, crafty and intelligent man, but the problems of government were becoming yearly more complex in Fiji.

Missionaries had entered the group in 1835, and although Tanoa did not permit them to live in Mbau or to attempt to make converts of his subjects, other chiefs welcomed them, for they brought valuable presents and increased the importance of those among whom they lived. Gradually other white men had come to Fiji. At first mere degenerates or deserters from vessels who lived as did the natives themselves, but afterwards men of more ambition and intelligence gathered to the shores of these distant islands, and assumed a leading part in affairs. The missionary influence was beginning to be felt, for converts were being made among the lower orders of the population, and the power of the native priests, and with it that of the chiefs was weakening.

Vainly did Thakombau rail against the advance of civilization, for the hated power of the Mbau chief, founded as it was upon terrorism, was doomed. One after another defeats came to the war parties of Thakombau, and so reduced was he at last that, the missionaries being the sole power left to whom he could appeal for aid, he was forced in 1854 to profess Christianity, and cannibal feasts were known no more at Mbau. It was a great triumph for the missionaries, the result of nineteen years of unremitting toil amid constant dangers and surroundings unspeakable in horror.

That Thakombau's conversion was forced upon him as a matter of expediency is evident, for in a speech he called upon the gods of Fiji, saying that he still respected them as of old, but that the time had come when he must add the white man's god to those of his ancestors.

In the days of his power he had owned a fleet of more than a hundred war canoes, manned by a thousand warriors. 15,000 subjects acknowledged him as king, and in addition half of Fiji paid him tribute or admitted his supremacy, and he had boasted that the cannibal ovens of Mbau never grew cold. He had more than fifty wives, and he himself knew not how many children, and when but a child he had wan-

tonly murdered one of his playmates; yet he had but to declare himself a Christian and hundreds of his subjects followed the chief's example as Fijian custom demanded. Indeed, even to-day whenever a high chief stumbles and falls all in his neighborhood must tumble like checkers in a row, and, if he takes medicine, his subjects clamor for some of the same sort.

We must not assume that all or even that most of the Fijians were hypocrites in thus following their chief. For years the zealous spirit of the missionaries had been at work among them and they had gained the hearts of many of the poor and downtrodden, especially of the women, upon whom the tyranny of savage days fell with a heavy hand. It was the high chief and the warrior classes who had most to lose through the levelling democracy of Christianity which denied their divine right to rule through tabu, abolished their polygamy, discouraged war, prohibited cannibalism and in every way lessened their authority and rendered ridiculous the proud traditions of their caste. While the high chief remained unconverted, the missionary's lot was happy in that he well could be the kind and simple friend of the distressed and the brotherly adviser of the troubled, but with the conversion his temporal power became paramount, for it was impossible for him to escape the difficult double rôle of leader in secular as well as religious affairs, and thus the simple-minded lover of mankind was suddenly exalted into the position of the vicar of the terrible god of the white man whose favor was hard to win and whose punishments were eternal.

It is but fair to the missionaries to recognize that their temporal power was at the outset forced upon them, and that the mistakes which they have at times fallen into are those which overshadow the spiritual function of the clergy in all states wherein the government has fallen under the domination of the priesthood.

It was indeed fortunate for Fiji that the missionaries had been obliged to labor for nineteen long and almost hopeless years, and to endeavor in every way to understand and endear themselves to the people before any of the important chiefs had yielded to their teaching.

Everywhere in the Pacific where missionary success was quickly and easily attained, results more or less disastrous to the natives had followed. Despite many notable and glorious exceptions such as Chalmers of Papua, the old type of missionary was too often predisposed to regard all customs not his own as "heathen," hence pernicious. Thus if his success was immediate, as in Hawaii, his well-meant zeal impelled him too quickly to overthrow old customs and at once to force upon his converts a semblance of the habits of his own stratum of European society.

In this connection it should, however, be said that the blame for most of the bigotry, which has been all too evident, especially in former

times, should fall but lightly if at all upon the field worker who, living among the natives, comes to love them as his friends and at least deals with them as individuals; but the fault lies chiefly with the home boards, who, not realizing the paramount importance of local conditions in treating with primitive peoples, have attempted to enforce almost the same set of regulations from Greenland's icy mountains to Africa's coral strand.

The missionary, whether he would or no, is forbidden to conduct marriages between heathen and Christians, and too often one party to the contract must enter upon it with a lie upon his or her lips. The hypocrisy and espionage which results from sharing with the informer, or the chief, the fines derived from those who smoke, or swear, or work upon a Sunday, may well be imagined, and moreover, altogether too large a share of the earned wealth of the natives is demanded from them, the revenues of the church in certain groups being decidedly larger than the taxes collected by the civil government.

Yet let us not blind ourselves to an appreciation of the fundamental good the missions have accomplished, for whether Christianity be true or false, the natives must live under the rule of a people actuated by its motives and its faith, and are thus through its acquisition inestimably better fitted to resist the evil that preys upon them with the advent of "civilization."

In Fiji, however, the natives had become thoroughly known to the missionaries before the great conversion of 1854, and many old customs were thus permitted to remain which would have been suppressed had the missionary, and the political *party* which inevitably springs up around him, come more quickly into power.

The *power* of the missionary, after the great chiefs cast in their lot with him, is indeed terrible for good or evil, and in Tonga and later in Fiji he connived at the arming of the natives in order to *conquer* "converts." As the struggling priest of a great religion the missionary inspires all respect, but as the crafty politician or bigoted inquisitor his actions become correspondingly reprehensible. Too often in those early days of missionary endeavor he seemed satisfied with a mere semblance of order and religion for this was the period in which faith rather than good works was deemed essential. To the natives he too often remained one of a foreign race—a wizard, terrible, mysterious and implacable. Happily, a change has come over the thought of the world, and the conditions we describe are not those of to-day.

Henceforth Thakombau was to remain nominally king in Fiji, but the real power was vested in the white men who had settled upon his shores. He had escaped the retribution of native revenge only to struggle hopelessly in the net of commercialism and diplomacy. It was a sad and disappointing period between the time of the conversion in

1854 and the annexation to Great Britain in 1874. Soon after Thakombau "lotued"³ in 1854, a powerful faction in Mbau rebelled and fled to Rewa where they arrayed themselves under the banner of the great chief Ratu Quara or Tui Dreketi (the Hungry Woman or the Long Fellow), a famous warrior and an implacable enemy of Thakombau who threatened to destroy Mbau and to kill and eat its king in revenge for the burning of Rewa in 1847. At one time only a single Tongan and a missionary guarded Thakombau in his house at Mbau, but, at this critical juncture, an American ship under Captain Dunn arrived and, aided by the missionaries, Thakombau and his party were enabled to purchase guns and ammunition. Rewa might still have conquered, however, had it not been that Ratu Quara died of dysentery in January, 1855.

Indeed, as the Reverend Mr. Waterhouse states, the people of Mbau grew to hate Christianity after Thakombau had professed it to be his religion. The Fijians had a highly developed system of constitutional government, which varied somewhat with the locality, but was nowhere an absolute despotism. In fact the influence of unprincipled white men and the introduction of firearms led to conquests which had done more to exalt the power of a few chiefs and to develop the worst excrescences of the social and religious system of Fiji than had any other factor.

At Mbau there were two high chiefs, the head priest of Roko Tui (the revered king) who was above all in rank and was held in religious veneration but took no part in war or political affairs; and the Vunivalu (root of war), the executive head of the tribe. Upon the death of the Vunivalu, his successor was elected from among his relatives by the land-owners and chiefs of the tribe, and should he fail to carry out their policy they refused to provide him with food.

After white men came and the lust for conquest overpowered all else at Mbau, their ancestral veneration for the Roko Tui declined, and the Vunivalu became correspondingly more powerful. Thus Thakombau was not the Mikado but the Tycoon of his people.

But to return to the historic narrative: King George Tubou of Tonga, the most powerful Christian convert in the Pacific, came to the aid of Thakombau in 1855, and for the moment reestablished his supremacy, but at the same time he acquired a knowledge of Thakombau's weakness, and became convinced that a Tongan conquest of Fiji was possible.

For generations the Tongans had been in the habit of sailing to Lakemba, Kambara, and other islands of the Lau group in Fiji, where the forests afforded large trees for the making of canoes. A year or

³ Assumed the waist-cloth which the missionaries obliged all converts to wear.

more would be employed in canoe building, and thus the newcomers had learned Fijian customs and acquired an interest in the political affairs of the islands. Finally they began to overrun and conquer the Fijians and were the cause of much disorder and distress.

In about 1848 a powerful rebellion headed by Maafu the cousin of the Christian king broke out in Tonga, but was suppressed by George Tubou. Maafu, its leader, was exiled to Fiji and it was intimated to him that if he desired a kingdom it was his to conquer.

Of the highest Tongan birth, young, ambitious, of superb physique, energetic and in every sense a leader among men of action, Maafu came to Fiji and at once became the ruler of all Tongans in the group.

His policy was to assist the weaker Fijian chiefs at war with stronger enemies, and then the combined Tongan and Fijian army having been victorious, he would turn upon his erstwhile allies and overpower them. Thus he gained a foothold at Vanua Mbalavu and from this as a base he proceeded to conquer the Fijis. As Seeman says in his account of his Government Mission to Fiji:

Where Maafu and his hords had been it was as if a host of locusts had descended.

Famine and poverty stalked in his wake, yet wherever he went there was a Tongan "teacher" by his side; and, as Seeman says,

the Wesleyan missionaries were kept quiet by Maafu making it the first condition in arranging articles of peace that the conquered should renounce heathenism and become Christians.

There is a strange silence in missionary accounts respecting Maafu, for not once does his name appear in Calvert's "Missionary Labors among the Cannibals" published in 1870, yet he added hundreds of "converts" to their flocks, and the Tongans and missionaries remained upon the best of terms; and only after the treacherous and brutal torture and massacre of prisoners at Natakala⁴ and Naduri were the missionaries forced by outraged public opinion to wash their hands of Maafu and join weakly in the protest against Tongan cruelty. It seems almost incomprehensible that this sad and revolting abuse of power should have been exhibited by the missionaries in the part they took in conniving at native warfare in Tonga Tahiti, and Fiji in order that their reports to the home mission might "glow with the glorious story of conversions."

By 1858 there were but two great chiefs left in Fiji, Maafu and Thakombau, and the two powers were face to face. Doubtless the missionaries would have had their own way more readily with Maafu, for when they had suggested to Thakombau the abolition of the old system and the establishment of a "constitutional monarchy," he had

⁴ See William T. Pritchard, 1866; *Polynesian reminiscences*, pp. 225-234. London.

answered "I was born a chief and a chief I will die." Nevertheless he was finally forced into yielding to the demands of the white men. Thus Maafu "the Christian" would doubtless have conquered Mbau and become king of all Fiji had not Thakombau in 1858 signed a deed of cession granting his possessions to Great Britain. The British consul, William Pritchard, Esq., and a warship came to his aid, and Maafu was checked; and although the negotiations with England came to nought, the increasing immigration of Europeans to Fiji made native warfare more and more infrequent. Maafu had to content himself with only a partial realization of his ambition and in 1882 he died a disappointed man. Had he commenced his operations five years sooner, he would have become the conquerer of Fiji. It was the hand of Great Britain, not that of the missionaries, that had checked his blood stained career.

The affair which caused Thakombau most serious trouble appears to have been one of those extortions which have been so frequently perpetrated by a "civilized" upon a simple people. On July 4, 1849, the residence of a whiter trader named Williams, then serving as United States consul in Fiji, was burned and the natives stole some of the furniture and stores while the house was in flames. Thakombau does not appear to have been personally responsible for the firing of the house, but the natives of Mbau in which the incident occurred were subject to him, and Williams demanded from Thakombau about \$3,000 as indemnity. Upon the king's refusing to pay, the consul's demands were gradually increased and other claimants appeared, so that finally, having secured the cooperation of the United States government, the sum of \$45,000 was demanded. Utterly unable to meet this "indemnity," harassed at home, and threatened from abroad, it seemed to simple Thakombau an intervention of Providence when certain money-lenders from Australia offered to pay the claim of the United States in consideration of the deeding to them of 200,000 acres of the best land in Fiji. It may well be imagined that only for a brief moment was his kingly head allowed to rest in peace. Poor Thakombau, and with him all Fiji, had indeed fallen "into the hands of the Jews," and it was a happy moment when, on October 10, 1874, he signed a document which read, "We, King of Fiji, together with other high chiefs of Fiji, hereby give our country, Fiji, unreservedly to her Britannic Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. And we trust and repose fully in her that she will rule Fiji justly and affectionately, that we may continue to live in peace and prosperity." Never was the confidence of a poor and degraded people better requited by a rich and civilized one, for a strong, and generous hand had come to rule in Fiji and the light of a happier day dawned upon the oppressed. Sir Arthur Gordon (afterwards Lord Stanmore) was the first British governor. He had

witnessed the cruelties of the disastrous native war in New Zealand, and knew full well how difficult it is to graft a European civilization upon a Polynesian stock. Fortunately there were high-principled men to whom he could turn for advice, and he did well in seeking the councils of Mr. John Thurston, long a resident in Fiji.

The annual poll tax of £1 per man and 4s. per woman which Thakombau's government had imposed was working ruin and death in Fiji. It was impossible for the natives to earn so large a sum, but the white planters eagerly paid the taxes and then "indentured" the wretched creatures, who were forced to work upon the plantations of their white masters at a wage so low that they toiled for 280 days in the year simply to repay the tax which the planter had paid to the government. Thus were the Fijians being entrapped into a bitter and unnatural bondage more merciless than the orgies of the worst period of cannibal days.

But Sir Arthur Gordon and Mr. Thurston soon tore loose the shackles of the slaves, despite the angry protests and threats of the whites in Fiji. Their plan was that each district be obliged to maintain a garden of copra, cotton, candle-nuts, tobacco, coffee or other produce, or to supplement this by the manufacture of mats or other articles of trade, and at the end of each year the products were to be sold under government supervision to the highest bidder and any money received over and above that of the district tax was to be returned to the district itself and divided among the taxpayers. This simple plan, which closely accords with their ancient manner of raising tribute, has encouraged industry among the natives, shielded them from the avarice of traders, secured to them their lands, and each year produced a sum considerably in excess of the taxes.⁵

Excellent as this plan was, it remained deficient in one important respect, for the government made no effort to establish manual-training schools wherein old crafts might be improved and new ones developed. Education in Fiji has been confined to religion and the "three R's," and inspiring as it is to witness the son of a cannibal extracting cube roots and solving quadratic equations, one inclines to the opinion that the prodigy's future life would be better assured of a career of useful service to the world and of happiness to himself had he been taught to be a good carpenter, mason, farmer or decorator. It is certainly unfortunate that, having ingeniously created a market for the products of Fijian labor, the English failed to improve the earning capacity of the natives, thus losing an unique opportunity to stimulate an interest in the useful arts that might soon have obliterated the apathy of the downcast race.

⁵ Recently some of the districts have been permitted, subject to consent of the Governor, to pay their tax in money.

Mr. Thurston, the originator of the new system of taxation, had come to Fiji as a common sailor before the mast, but he lived to be Governor of Fiji from 1888 to 1896, and died as Sir John Thurston, universally beloved by the race for whose uplifting he had contended so courageously and well, and thus in Fiji there live to-day the happiest, the most law-abiding and potentially the most nearly civilized natives in the Pacific. It is one of the very few instances wherein a powerful and enlightened race have studied and toiled through many unrequited years to lift to a happier level a poor and barbarous people.

There is no longer in Fiji that painful contrast of which Wilkes complained between the beauty of the island scenery and the character of the inhabitants, for consistently in all respects the archipelago is now one of the fairest spots within the tropic world.

Nowhere in the Pacific did old customs change more slowly under European rule than in Fiji, for it has been the consistent policy of the British government to leave unaltered all that was good in the manners of old days.

The villages are almost as they were before the white man came, only the log stockades and the encircling moats have disappeared during the long years of peace, and the houses are no longer perched upon the summits of aerie cliffs, but now cluster along the river-banks or under the cocoa palms of the seashore. The high-peaked Mbures or temples, once such a picturesque feature, have fallen into decay with the advent of Christianity, although one thinks they might well have been preserved, enlarged and converted into Christian churches, for the tasteful sennit patterns which adorned their beams and rafters would have made the chapel the most attractive house in the village instead of being, as it too often is, a cheerless barn-like structure, ill-proportioned without and barren within.

The better types of native houses are set upon artificial embankments of stones and earth, sometimes twenty feet high, as in the valley of the Rewa River, where floods may be expected. The framework is of tree fern or cocoanut logs, ingeniously lashed together, and the sides and roof are covered with a thick thatch of wild cane, or cocoanut leaves spread over ferns. The roof is quite thin at the peak, but is fully a foot and a half thick at the eaves, where it projects slightly, and is cut off squarely, presenting a very neat appearance. The ground-plan of the house is usually rectangular, not oval at its ends, as in Tahiti, and the peaked roof has a long ridge-pole which projects several feet beyond the eaves and, if the residence be that of a chief, is thickly studded with white *Cypræa* cowrie shells, and sometimes other cowrie shells are strung upon ropes of cocoanut fiber sennit and hung pendant from the projecting ridge-pole. There are no windows, but several openings serve as doors and may in time of rain be closed with mats.

The floor is covered with several layers of pendamu mats, and a raised dais at one end of the single room serves as a bed and may be screened by mosquito-proof curtains of masi (tapa). A rectangular earth-covered depression serves for the fireplace and the smoke escapes as best it may, the smoldering embers imparting always a pleasant aroma to the air.

In speaking of everything Fijian, we must remember that the peoples of the Ra, or western islands of the Archipelago, and of the mountains, are of purer Papuan stock and are more primitive than those of the Vititonga race of the Lau group and the eastern coasts of the large island. Accordingly, the houses differ in different places, being smaller, more crudely and flimsily made among the Papuan than among the Vititonga tribes. Also in the western parts of the large islands and in the Ra islands, the chiefs are not so highly respected as among tribes whose blood has been mingled with the aristocratic Polynesian. At Mbau, the Roko Tui was almost god-like in native estimation, whereas in the mountains of Viti Levu the chief was only the leading councilor of the tribe, and labored in the fields in common with his subjects. Indeed the Mbau chiefs looked down upon those of the western part of Viti Levu, calling them Kai-si (peasants).

If the house were that of a high chief, as at Mbau or Rewa, the roof-beams were wrapped with interlacing strands of cocoanut fiber sennit, displaying a pattern in rich browns, black and yellow, so pleasingly contrasted that one is forced to regret that work of such high artistic merit should be suffered to remain in a house as inflammable as a haystack. Yet these houses withstand a hurricane far better than do the hideous corrugated-iron-roofed structures of Europeans.

Several old wooden basins, yaqona bowls, are hung upon the wall, their naturally dark wood coated with pearly blue where many a brewing of the drink has stained them. Carved war-clubs and long elaborately decorated spears may be seen suspended from the beams, and as the eye becomes accustomed to the dim light one beholds such treasures as a sperm whale's tooth strung as were old-fashioned powder horns upon a rope of cocoanut fiber and polished through repeated rubbings with cocoanut oil until its surface is as brown as tinted meer-schaum. A few fly-brushes, pandamus fans for awakening the fire, a huge ceremonial war-fan of palm-leaf, some wooden food bowls, and crude cooking pots of fire-baked clay, and a clock that never goes, complete the list of the furniture. Yet one thing of painful memory one would fain have overlooked—the universal pillow. This consists of a block of wood or stick of bamboo supported upon legs so that it stands horizontally four or five inches above the floor. In old days when the hair was most elaborately dressed and trained into a huge mop, this pillow was doubtless a necessity, but in this shaven and shorn period of

Christianity such an instrument of torture might well be dispensed with, although by the native it is still regarded as the acme of luxury.

Housekeeping is simple in happy Fiji, where all is charmingly clean, and thick layers of soft mats invite repose upon the floor. Indeed the natives sleep much by day, for at night there is apt to be a "meke," wherein the maidens of the village, adorned in garlands of flowers and well polished with cocoanut oil, sing far into the small hours, keeping time to their chants by graceful gestures. This, together with the dull beating of the wooden drum, drives all hope of sleep away, but it is to be preferred to the "silent" nights when rats and mice scamper ceaselessly over the floor, contesting their supremacy with an occasional centipede or land crab. Yes, one must live a life of leisure and sleep by day in Fiji.

The largest edifice in the village is called the "stranger's house" for it is here that guests are entertained and fed by the community under orders from the chief. At Mbau the old stranger's house has stood for generations, dating far back into cannibal times, and within its walls the first Christian service was held in 1854. It is about 125 feet long and 40 feet wide, being exceeded in length only by the stranger's house at Rewa.

Carpenters are a highly respected caste in Fiji, and canoe and house building are occupations fit to engage the activities of chiefs. When one desires a house, a whale's tooth or other suitable gift should be presented to the chief, who then engages the carpenters, who in turn may command the services of more than two hundred assistants, all of whom labor so efficiently that in from one to three weeks the house is erected and ready for company. In the South Seas things are done in communal fashion and village labors, such as house building, canoe making, and the gathering of crops are occasions for songs and dances and all manner of merriment and feasting.

There is much of interest in Mbau, for although the ovens have long ago grown cold, yet the great foundation stones of the old temple of the war god (Na Vatani Tawake) still remain in the center of the village, and in 1898 one could still see the sacred tree upon whose boughs were hung the genital organs of victims who had been sacrificed to the Fijian Mars.

Close by the side of the foundation of the old temple a sharp-edged column of basalt is set upright within the ground. This is the stone to which victims were dragged by their arms and upon which their heads were dashed. Fragments of human teeth might still be found by digging at the base of this stone, and in many a house in Mbau there were sail needles made from leg-bones of the victims. There was another execution stone which was axe-shaped and thrust upright into the ground near the foot of the hill; but this now serves as the baptismal font, and is set within the church. The ovens in which victims were

cooked upon the hillside lay near this stone, as were also the great hollow log-drums, the "publishers of war" whose rolling beat the cannibal call in old days, and one of which now serves to summon worshippers to church.

An interesting trophy of old days was the anchor of the French brig *Aimable Josephine* which now lies close to the side of the foundation of the temple. This vessel was treacherously cut off at Mbau on the night of July 19, 1834, her captain and most of the crew being murdered. Native wars were waged over the possession of this trophy, the final resting place of which is Mbau.

The corner posts of the house of old Tanoa were still to be seen, and when natives pass these in the night they pluck green leaves and cast them upon the earth, for beneath the ground by the side of each post and embracing it with his arms there stands the skeleton of a victim who was buried alive.

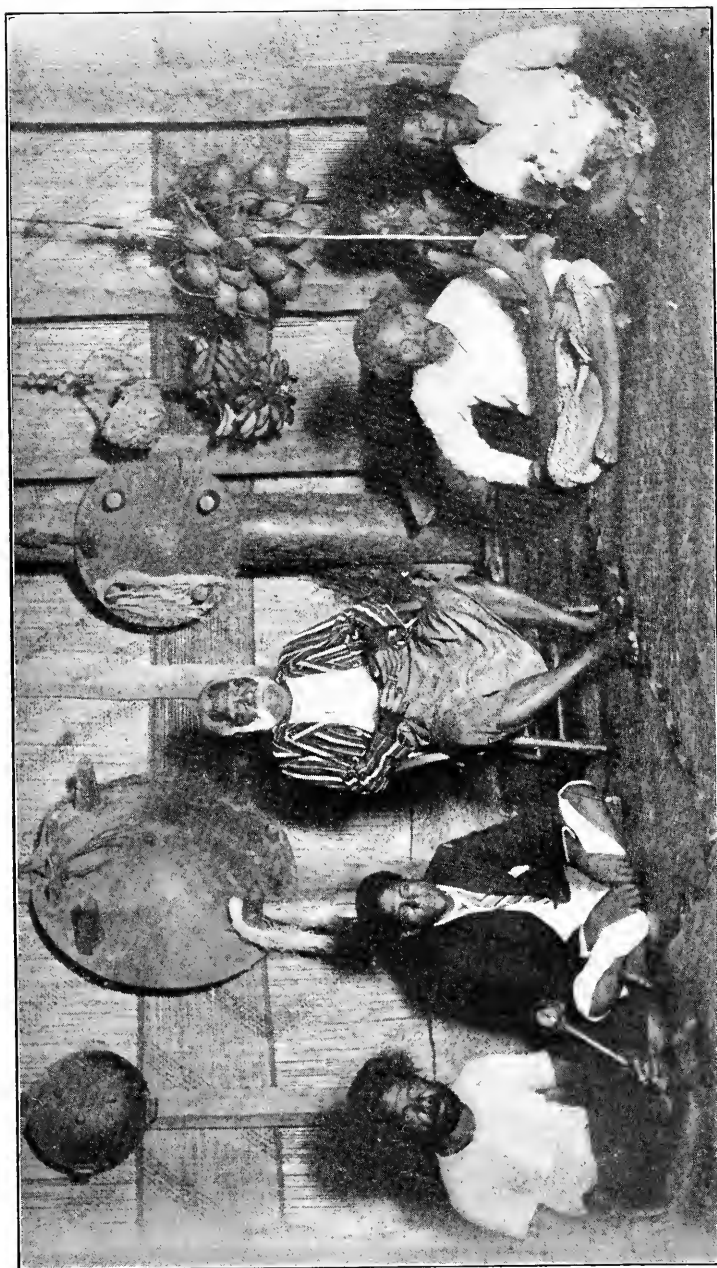
The abutment of the sea wall of Mbau with its made-land, and docks built of large flat stones, is a remarkable example of native engineering, being surpassed only by the canal of the Rewans near Nakelo. Huge canoes, some of them with bows studded with white *Cypræa* shells, lie stranded here and there. The native houses are scattered over the made-land and along the gentle slope at the base of the hill, leaving the summit barren as of old, although here overlooking the city stands the residence of the Methodist missionary, and the graves of Tanoa and of Thakombau, the latter of whom died in 1883.

But exceeding all in interest was Ratu Epele Nailatikau, high chief of Fiji, son and successor of king Thakombau. Unreconciled to the presence of the white man, his memories harked far back to old days and beams covered with woven sennit, and in its treasures of old days, when his family were great and all-powerful in Fiji. Yet, though shorn of power, no king could have been treated with more respect by those around him than was he.

His house in Mbau was a small one, in no way differing from those of the lesser chiefs, excepting in the richness of its Tavuni tapa screens, and beams covered with woven sennit, and in its treasures of old days; the most notable of which was a well-oiled elephant's tusk beautifully browned and polished, which had lain upon the floor since the days of old Tanoa, who once prized it as the largest piece of "coin" in the world. Only the highest chiefs were permitted to enter his house, and even these dropped their titles and crouched silently against the wall awaiting his invitation ere they spoke.

In his every expression and gesture there was a stately consciousness of his high-born ancestry.

Although over sixty years of age, his finely muscular body still stood erect, with its dark bronze skin softened and smoothed through many a cocoanut-oil massage. Upon ceremonial occasions he blackened his



RATU EPELE, HEAD CHIEF OF FIJI IN HIS HOUSE AT MEAU IN 1899. Three yaquoma bowls with their strainers, are hanging upon the wall. Ratu Pope Seniloli is at his right hand, and the others are chiefs of high rank.

face and covered his hair with lime. The little finger of his right hand had been severed at the first joint as an indication of mourning upon the death of his grandfather Tanoa.

He was every inch a king seated in his chair with the noblest of his race crouching silently around him. Whenever he smoked a cigar he condescendingly nodded to some high chief who crawled humbly toward him on hands and knees, delighted at the honor of "finishing the butt."

When he dined, a clean new mat was unrolled upon the floor, and then men and women came crawling in on hands and knees, bearing food for the god-like one, who sat tailor-fashion upon the floor. No commoner ate in the presence of the king, and least of all would the women of his household have presumed to such familiarity. The menu of one dinner at which the author was a guest consisted in an excellent fish chowder served in cocoanut bowls, and yams placed upon four-legged wooden platters, all scrupulously clean and cooked to tempt the palate of the most fastidious epicure. Our plates were banana leaves, and fingers served in lieu of knives and forks. Cups, etc., used by the king are tabu and must not be used by others. The courtiers remained silent while the meal was in progress, only softly clapping hands when the king addressed any of their number. After dinner a bowl of water was placed before the king and the natives again clapped respectfully while he washed his hands.

Even before the advent of the white man, cooking was a high art in Fiji. In fact, these natives had little to learn from us in this direction. Their pottery enabled them to boil or steam their food, and in addition they made use of the oven. This consists in a stone-lined pit within which a wood fire is made. Then, when the stones have become red hot the embers are raked away and the food; pigs, fish, vegetables, etc., are placed within the oven, having previously been wrapped in Tahitian chestnut or bread-fruit leaves, or in the case of man in the leaves of *Solanum anthropophagorum*, a plant allied to the potato. The food is then covered thickly with juicy green leaves which in turn are blanketed with earth. After a few hours all within the oven becomes so thoroughly baked that the ribs of pigs may be torn off and the flesh eaten as in America we do corn upon the cob.

Canoes laden with tribute (lala), for Ratu Epele were constantly arriving at Mbau. These offerings varied with the tribe, for each was charged to bring certain things. Thus one canoe might be laden with great bundles of yams, another with husked cocoanuts tied into bunches, or with yaqona root, turtles, masi, mats, etc. The greatest care was taken in the preparation of the tribute, and, in fact, the natives invariably gave the best they had.

Those who brought tribute carried it humbly to the door of the king's house and crouched close to the wall outside, softly and plead-

ingly clapping with their hands. Hearing the plaintive sound two chiefs of the king's household, who had hitherto been sitting motionless as statues within the room, moved to one and the other side of the door. The head of a pig, a large bunch of cocoanuts, or a turtle would then be timidly thrust part way within the opening, and a tremulous voice outside would beg that his majesty, their great and gracious lord, would condescend to accept as tribute so mean and unworthy an offering as their poverty forced them to present, trusting that in his greatness he would continue to protect and show them favor. When the voice ceased, the two chiefs at the door would critically inspect the proffered specimen of tribute, calling attention to its faults as well as to its qualities, and if its acceptance was recommended, all the chiefs who had been crouching sphinx-like against the wall within the house would show signs of life and majestically clapping their hands murmur "A! woi! woi! woi!! A tabua levu!" (a wonderfully large whale's tooth!). Upon which the king himself usually spoke a few words and the tribute was formally accepted. So abundant was this tribute that great heaps of taro, yams, cocoanuts or turtles were nearly always to be seen upon the village green of Mbau.

In the old days, wars were waged over the slightest inattention to this matter of tribute. The island of Maliki was charged to provide turtles for Tanoa, but one day they presumed themselves to eat one of the turtles they had caught; hearing of which Tanoa sent a fleet of war canoes, and every man and woman on Maliki was killed, the children being captured in order that the boys of Mbau might club them to death and thus earn their titles of Koroi (killers of men).

The old king spoke not a word of English, but he was fond of reminiscence. He remembered the *Peacock* of the Wilkes expedition, being then a boy of about 8 years. He also spoke admiringly of Professor Moseley, of the *Challenger*, and seemed saddened when told that he was dead.

The freedom with which he volunteered to discourse upon events of cannibal times was surprising. He said that one day when he was a little boy he had entered the house of Tanoa during the dinner hour, and his grandfather, who always loved him, had given him the tongue of the Mbakola⁶ (man-to-be-eaten) and its taste was vinaka (good). After this he "often dined with his grandfather," who "had a new man nearly every day." Wilkes states that the Fijians esteemed women more highly than men, but Ratu Epele declared that the best of meat were old, lean men "whose flesh was red and whose fat was yellow," and whose taste was "like pork with bananas." Women, he declared,

⁶ Long pig, "Vuaka-mbalavu," applied to designate cooked man, is not grammatical Fijian, but is derived from a joke of the inveterate old cannibal Tanoa.

were "covered with a layer of fat" and white men he had been told were salty or flavored strongly with tobacco. In old days in Fiji, the highest praise one could bestow upon a dish was to liken it to a cooked man. When in Fiji, I several times overheard the remark "were it not for the English I would eat you," and in quarrelling the commonest slur is to call an antagonist (Mbakola) a man to be eaten. Our abhorrence of cannibalism, which is after all a sentimental matter in so far as the mere eating is concerned, was not shared by the old Fijians of experience, for "men are good; indeed the best of all meat," and as Ratu Epele once said "he never met a man without thinking how he would taste."

Some Fijian names for food are curious; thus *bula-na-kau* signifies beef, for when Captain Eagleston brought the two original cattle to Fiji he told the natives that the animals were a "bull and a cow."

Ratu Epele delighted to play at draughts with a tawny-haired albino chief whose light skin was profusely bespeckled with brown blotches and whose eyes were dull blue. This chief's function seemed to be solely that of a messenger and draught player, and invariably the games were won by the king, for no matter how great an advantage the albino might win, he "committed suicide" at the last by placing all his pieces at the mercy of his lord and master.

Ratu Epele, the most interesting chief in the Pacific, died in 1901, and with him there passed away the last champion of the old in Fiji. Born of the highest rank and to a life of war and action, fate had robbed him of his birthright and left him but dreams and memories. Like the lingering spark of a fire that can never burn again, this spirit of old cannibal days faded into oblivion. His son, the Honorable Ratu Kadavu Levu, who succeeded him as Roko Tui Tailevu, has been carefully educated under British auspices, and is a member of the Legislative council.

The cleanliness of Fijian houses is remarkable, indeed in heathen times they were far more careful in this respect than at present, for the least offal of any description, even a hair, might be used by an enemy to bewitch its originator. Even to-day the fear of witchcraft, *Ndrau-ni-kau*, is very real in Fiji. In order to bring ill-fortune to your enemy, you have but to discover something which he has cast off and burn it wrapped in the proper leaves, reciting certain spells. Or you may bury a cocoanut beneath his hearth, or slowly melt the wax from his image thus causing your victims lingering decline and death. The missionaries have made every effort to destroy this belief, but unfortunately they do not seek to replace it by a more wholesome understanding of the nature of filth-diseases, and thus as faith in witchcraft declines certain bodily ills increase.

In common with other south-sea islanders, the Fijians were a cere-

monious people and every important affair of life was ordered in accordance with a rigid etiquette which unhappily in many instances is falling into neglect before the levelling influence of the white man's law.

Thus in the old days, the yaqona (kava of Samoa) was drunk by chiefs alone, and then only upon ceremonial occasions, but now all may partake of it and the excess thus engendered is one of the minor causes of the decline of the population. Wilkes, and also Williams, in his work on Fiji and the Fijians, describes the ceremony at Somo somo where it was most elaborate. Early in the morning the herald stood in front of the chief's house and shouted yaqona ei ava, and all within hearing responded in a shriek Mama (prepare it). Then the chiefs and priests gathered within the king's house, while all others remained at home until the king had drunk his yaqona. Pieces of the root of the *Macropiper methysticum* were distributed among the young men, who must previously have rinsed their mouths and whose teeth must be perfect. The chewed root having been deposited in the form of relatively dry pellets in the bottom of the bowl, the herald announces to the king "Sir with respect the yaqona is collected." The king replies "Loba" (wring it). The bowl is then placed before the chief, who skilfully encloses the chewed fragments of root within fibers of hibiscus or cocoanut husks and finally wrings the fluid through this sieve, thus removing from the bowl all pieces of chewed root, and leaving within it a milky-yellow brew. While the straining is progressing, the priest chants a prayer in which the company finally joins. The first cocoanut cup is always handed to the king, who pours out a few drops as a libation to the gods and then drinks while the assembled company sing, Ma-nai-di-na. La-ba-si-ye: a ta-mai ye: ai-na-ce-a-toka: Wo-ya! yi! yi! yi!, finishing with a clapping of hands and a wild shout which is passed from house to house to the uttermost limits of the village. After the king, the company is served in the order of rank until all have partaken. In old times, it is said that yaqona was grated in Fiji, but that the Tongans introduced the method of chewing. Having tried it, I must confess that the chewed root is less unpleasant in flavor than the grated, but at best it resembles a combination of quinine and camphor and is certainly an acquired taste. When drunk to excess, it temporarily paralyzes the arms and legs, at the same time exciting the brain. Thus violent quarrels are apt to occur at yaqona bouts, but the combatants are unable to injure each other. When the chief falls into a stupor the wives of the other participants carry their protesting husbands home. A dull headache upon awaking is the penalty for this over-indulgence, but the evil effects are slight in comparison with those resulting from alcoholic excesses.

The British government has, however, prevented alcoholism among the natives; for each Fijian who desires to imbibe must annually ob-

tain a license which he is obliged to exhibit whenever he purchases a drink at any public bar, and if arrested for drunkenness his license is confiscated, not to be renewed, and moreover the bartender is heavily fined if he be detected in selling drinks to natives who possess no license.

The Fijians of to-day are more orderly and sober than, and quite as contented as are any peoples of European ancestry, and illiteracy is rarer in Fiji than in Massachusetts. You were safer even fifteen years ago in any part of Fiji, although your host knew how you tasted, than you could be in the streets of any civilized city. It is clear that in *disposition* the Fijians are not unlike ourselves, and only in their time-honored *customs* were they barbarous. Indeed the lowest human beings are not in the far-off wilds of Africa, Australia or New Guinea, but among the degenerates of our own great cities. Nor are there any characteristics of the savage, be he ever so low, which are not retained in an appreciable degree by the most cultured among us.

Yet in one important respect the savage of to-day appears to differ from civilized man. Civilized races are progressive and their systems of thought and life are changing, but the savage prefers to remain fixed in the culture of a long past age, which, conserved by the inertia of custom and sanctified by religion, holds him helpless in its inexorable grasp. Imagination rules the world, and the world to the savage is dominated by a nightmare of tradition.

It is not that there are no individuals of progressive tendencies among primitive tribes, but the careers of their Luthers and Galileos are apt to be short and to end in tragedy. Indeed, only three hundred years ago our own leaders of progress struggled at the risk of their lives against the prejudices of their contemporaries. Even with us every effort of progress engenders a counteracting force in the community which tends to check its growth and to preserve the present status, accepting the acknowledged evil of to-day to preserve the even tenor of our way, for fear of the new is akin to the superstitious dread of the unknown. Whether the race be savage or civilized depends chiefly upon the nature of the customs that are handed down as patterns upon which to mold life and thought. The more ancient the triumph of the conservatives the more primitive the culture which is conserved, and the more likely is it to be crude and barbarous. A wonderful instance of fixity of custom is afforded by the race which in the ice-age lived in the caverns in the valleys of the Dordogne and the Vezere in central France. Their skull measurements indicate that certain of these cave-dwellers were Esquimo and their implements and works of art are the same as those of the Esquimo of the Arctic regions of to-day, who have thus remained unchanged throughout unknown thousands of years, unaffected by their great journey northward following the edge of the retreating ice.

Among all races religion is the most potent power to maintain tradition, and for the savage religion enters into every act and thought. To him as to the ancient Greeks everything is a personification of some spirit—everything is somebody. The waterfall is such, for can you not hear the laughter of the nymph, the clouds are spirits for they come and go as only gods may do, and every beast and bird and plant and stone is but the embodiment of a ghost or tribal hero.

Yet it is probable that no savage has ever been more under the dominion of a world of omens and portents than was Louis XI, and even to-day the breaking of a mirror, or the number thirteen, or a stumble while crossing a threshold, remains of significance to many of us. All matters of sentiment and credulity are closely wrapped up in this entanglement of superstition; it is hard to divorce ourselves from the idea that moving machines have life and disposition. We must perforce associate sublimity and grandeur with the inert rock-mass of the Alps, and the great trees under which we played as children are sentient beings to our imagination, and our hearts ache as for the loss of life-long friends when we find them fallen to the woodman's axe. A cold heartless world it indeed would be were we not illogical and therefore "savage" in our sentiments and loves.

Upon analysis we find that lack of sympathy for the savage and ignorance of his tradition blinds our judgment and causes us to regard as ridiculous in him things which we consider to be quite natural in ourselves. The cleverness of the Yankee who sold wooden nutmegs is quite amusing, but the Japanese who counterfeits an American trademark is criminal.

There is within us Europeans an inbred contempt for all that is alien, and this trait, being the dominant characteristic of Christian peoples, has enabled us through aggressive intolerance to impress our customs upon all other races without ourselves being influenced by the cultures we have overawed into a semblance of our own.

In strange and possibly ominous contrast with ourselves, the Japanese have for ages been keen to discover the good things of alien cultures and quick to accept them as their own, while we must remain all but unmoved by the example of their ennobling patriotism and mastery of self, the happy simplicity of their family life, their respect for worthy ancestors, their modesty, and their inbred grace of deportment; and as for their exquisite art we chiefly relegate it to our museums, and their fine chivalric code, the bushido, remains all but untranslated into our language, much less has it entered into our thought.

The savage may know nothing of our classics, and little of that which we call science, yet go with him into the deep woods and his knowledge of the uses of every plant and tree and rock around him and his acquaintance with the habits of the animals are a subject for constant won-

der to his civilized companion. In other words, his knowledge differs from ours in kind rather than in breadth or depth. His children are carefully and laboriously trained in the arts of war and the chase, and above all in the complex ceremonial of the manners of the tribe, and few among us can excel in memory the priests of old Samoa, who could sing of the ancestors of Malietoa, missing never a name among the hundreds back to the far-off God Savea whence this kingly race came down.

One may display as much intelligence in tracking a kangaroo through the Australian bush as in solving a problem in algebra, and among ourselves it is often a matter of surprise to discover that men laboring in our factories are often as gifted as are the leaders of abstract thought within our universities. In fact the more we *know* of any class or race of men the deeper our sympathy, the less our antagonism, and the higher our respect for their endeavors. When we say we "can not understand" the Japanese we signify that we have not taken the trouble to study their tradition.

It is a common belief that the savage is more cruel than we, and indeed we commonly think of him as enraged and of ourselves in passive mood. Child-like he surely is, and his cruelties when incensed are as inexcusable as the destruction of Louvain or the firing of Sepoys from the guns, but are they more shocking than the lynching or burning of negroes at the stake, events so common in America that even the sensational newspapers regard them as subjects of minor interest.

Clearly, despite our mighty institutions of freedom, efficient systems of public education and the devotion of thousands of our leaders to ideals of highest culture, there remain savages among us. Mere centuries of civilization combat the æons of the brute. Within each and every one of us, suppressed perhaps but always seeking to stalk forth, there lurk the dark lusts of the animal, the haunting spirit of our gorilla ancestry. The foundations of our whole temple of culture are sunken deep in the mire of barbarism. It is this fundamental fact which deceives us into the impression that a few decades of contact with men of our own race will suffice to civilize the savage. True they soon learn to simulate the manners and customs of their masters, but the imitation is a hollow counterfeit, no more indicative of enlightenment than is the good behavior of caged convicts a guaranty of high mindedness. To achieve civilization a race must conquer *itself*, each individual must master the savage within him. Cultured man has never yet civilized a primitive race. Under our domination the savage dies, or becomes a parasite or peon.

A HISTORY OF FIJI

BY DR. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

PART III

OF all established customs in Fiji the most odious was cannibalism, yet it was always tabu for women and the lower classes, and the custom was extensively practised only by the chiefs and warriors. It is possible that in Fiji it was primitively a religious rite and did not originate in time of famine, or through motives of mere revenge. Instead of an animal, they sacrificed the best they had to the gods, and as the flesh of the animal was eaten by the chiefs, so was the flesh of man. Indeed, an old myth asserts that once there was no cannibalism in Fiji, and even when it was most prevalent there was always a party opposed to it, maintaining that it caused various skin diseases. At the town of Nakelo on the Rewa river, it was tabu to eat human flesh.

We incline, however, to the belief that the Fijians were cannibals simply because they enjoyed the taste of human flesh, for I have met with no dissent to the opinion that of all meat it is the most palatable, and it is evident that the custom could not have survived a decade had mere religion prompted its continuance. The fact appears to be that, in common with other privileges, the chiefs and priests had succeeded in monopolizing its pleasures through the agency of the tabu, for among savages the priesthood is quick to defer to the desires of those in power. In prehistoric times the natives had but little animal food, apart from the fish of the reefs and the snakes of the mountains, for pigs, ducks and chickens were introduced only recently. When man attempts to live upon a vegetable diet, even though it be varied by fish, an insatiate craving for animal food comes over him, he "Kalau's," as the natives say, and it is an interesting fact that cannibalism is almost unknown among peoples whose meat-supply has always been abundant and varied. Once it be acquired, this longing for human flesh remains a temptation haunting its possessor. Well does one remember the vim of a wild Marquesan dance. It was near midnight and the flickering glare of the bonfire cut into the blackness of the surrounding forest. An old chief, standing by the embers, led the chant, while his tribesmen, with hands joined, danced furiously around him. Translated into English, the burden of their song was "I have eaten your father, your mother, your brother, now I intend to eat you! whoo!! hack!!!"—in

a bestial shriek that rang back in echoes from the cliffs. Then, one by one, at unexpected times and from unforeseen recesses, the maidens of the tribe emerged from the dark aisles among the trees; their graceful bodies glistening where the fire-light glinted upon the cocoanut oil that covered their shapely limbs. Gay flowers stood out among the riot of their flowing locks, and like elfin things they flitted with tremulous arms outstretched until they stood fully revealed in the red glare, only to flutter silently backward and vanish. In days gone by that darkness concealed from view a gruesome meal.

Basil Thomson points out the fact that in Fiji the practise increased greatly just before the coming of white men, as had that of human sacrifice among the Aztecs a few years before the arrival of Cortez. With the sudden increase in the power of the great chiefs, it began to lose its religious significance and an acknowledged appetite for cannibal meat was boastfully proclaimed. Thus Tanoa, Ra Undre-undre, Tui Kilakila, and others were cannibals because they enjoyed the taste of man, but not *all* Fijians liked human flesh, even as terrapin is not enjoyed by all white men.

The most hideous features of cannibalism were the fiendish tortures, Vaka-totogana, connected with it wherein the victims were gradually dismembered and their noses, tongues, arms, or legs cooked and eaten before their eyes, pieces of their own flesh being offered to them in derision. Even if the missionaries had accomplished nothing else, their success in abolishing cannibalism would have sanctified their labors. Let nothing blind us to an appreciation of the undaunted courage and unexcelled devotion to their faith displayed by these unselfish men and women, who, actuated by high and simple motives, left homes and friends, and labored cheerfully through long years over the seemingly hopeless task of bringing the light of a happier day to the barbarians of Fiji.

People who had died a natural death were rarely or never eaten, and only those killed in battle, captured, or wrecked "with salt water in their eyes," were offered to the gods and roasted. The dead, if killed in battle and buried, they would disinter even after the tenth day when the body could not be lifted entire from the grave and was therefore torn apart and made into puddings. Every one agrees that decomposition did not deter their appetite for human flesh, any more than it impairs our own taste for game, yet all other meat was discarded by the Fijians as by us upon the least indication of dissolution.

Among old Fijian chiefs whom I knew between 1897-1899, none expressed the slightest abhorrence of cannibalism, and some were frank enough to state that were European influences removed they would at once renew the practise. To the Fijian no revenge is assuaged until

you have eaten your enemy, but the deepest contempt for a fallen foe was indicated by roasting and then refusing to devour the body.

One of the best descriptions of a cannibal feast is that given by Jackson in Erskine's voyage published in 1853; and the Rev. Thomas Williams¹ in his work upon "Fiji and the Fijians" describes the rites in detail, having often observed them.

The canoes when approaching the shore would indicate that human prey was on board by striking the water at intervals with a pole. Seeing the splashes, the natives gathered in a howling mob along the shore, the women breaking into a wild, lascivious dance. The victims were seized by the arms and dragged to the temple, their captors chanting the cannibal song:

Yari au malua. Yari au malua.
Drag me gently. Drag me gently.
Oi au na saro ni nomu vanua.
For I am the champion of thy land.
Yi mudokia! Yi mudokia! Yi mudokia!
Give thanks! Give thanks! Give thanks!
Ki Dama le!
Yi! u-woa-ai-a!

Sharp-edged strips of bamboo served as knives for the butcher, and after being roasted or steamed, the flesh was eaten by means of a wooden fork, each high chief having one of these which it was tabu for any one but himself to touch.

Cannibalism was dreaded by the lower classes for they were forbidden to participate in the feasts, and were themselves most frequently the victims of these orgies. Thus when the missionaries succeeded in developing even in a rudimentary form the force of "public opinion" the practice was suppressed far more easily than had been anticipated, for it was a rite maintained by the aristocracy and the priests and had become a terrible engine of despotism.

Another institution which appears to have been practised from time immemorial in Fiji was polygamy. The great majority of Fijians were not polygamous, however, for only the highest chiefs could afford to maintain more than one wife, and even those of most exalted rank rarely had more than ten wives. There is reason to suppose that the number of women has always been less than that of men in Fiji, owing to the greater care devoted to the rearing of warriors.

A man of the middle classes rarely married before the age of twenty-five, at which time his mother chose a wife from among the daughters of his maternal uncle (his orthogamous cousins, *veidavolani*). One quarter of all Fijian marriages are still of this character, and they produce healthy offspring.

¹ Williams was by far the most assiduous and accurate observer of Fijian customs, and it is to be regretted that his manuscript was edited and "repressed" by a Mr. Rowe of London who had never visited Fiji.

Men of the lowest class frequently remained bachelors throughout life, and all unmarried females of the peasantry were disposed of by the chief of the tribe. In Mbau this match-making chief was next in rank to the *vunivalu*, Thakombau. It is evident that Basil Thomson is right when he says that the abandonment of polygamy could have had no serious influence upon the vitality of the race, for it affected too few.

It is a common mistake to assume that social anarchy is the rule in primitive communities; for the reverse is true, and savage races are the ones *par excellence* most dominated by established forms, their system of life remaining unchanged for generation after generation. This is illustrated most clearly in an interesting paper by Lord Amherst of Hackney and Basil Thomson published by the Hakluyt Society of London in 1901, which shows that, since their discovery in 1568, the customs of the Solomon islanders have remained absolutely unaltered, until crushed under the rule of white men.

Among these fixed customs of savage tribes, some are actually better than our own. Thus in Fiji prostitution was checked as effectively as any mere system could prevent it. This was accomplished by obliging all the unmarried men to sleep each night in a special house, the Mbure-ni-sa, or men's house, while the virgins were kept at home with their parents.

Indeed, the use of the Mbure-ni-sa was even extended, under certain conditions, to the married men. There were no milk-producing animals in Fiji, and the food of the natives is still so deficient in animal proteids that it can hardly afford sufficient nourishment for healthy growth until the child is nearly four years old. Accordingly, when a child was born, husband and wife separated; she going to live for a year with her mother's relatives, and he to sleep for the following two or three years in the Mbure with the unmarried men. Thus throughout the suckling period the risk of a new conception was avoided, and the full strength of the mother was preserved to nourish her infant.

Unhappily, the Europeans saw fit to break up this system, maintaining that it interfered with family life and was destructive of mutual affection. The tabu having thus been abolished, conceptions often occur within a year following the birth of a child, and the mother's milk is rendered inefficient as a means of nourishment, while at the same time the drain upon her strength is so great that the unborn child may not properly develop. Thus the new system has increased the birth-rate, but at the same time produces weak, sickly infants whose death-rate is far greater than in former times. This indeed is one of the most potent causes of the decrease of the Fijian population, especially as the married women now attempt to escape the strain of these exhausting pregnancies by resorting to abortion, a practise which has

increased in recent years to the serious impairment of the vitality of the race.

Moreover, the abolition of the Mbure-ni-sa has brought about a too sudden and promiscuous commingling of the young men and women, and the commission appointed by the British government to inquire into the causes which are producing the decline of the Fijian population has decided that sexual depravity has increased since the abandonment of heathenism, for licentiousness formerly kept down by the chief's club is now merely forbidden.

Seeman states that the natives were shocked when he told them that English women frequently bore children at intervals of a year apart, and upon reflection they decided this accounted for there being so many "shrimps" (small men) among Europeans.

In common with some other primitive races, the Fijians looked frankly upon those problems of sexual relations which we attempt to ignore or to cloak under a mantle of secrecy, too often pernicious to the welfare of our race. The average European is too apt to be horrified when he hears a spade called by its simplest name, and to his mind morality implies an unnatural hypocrisy respecting the physiological facts of life. He forgets that acts and words are in themselves innocent unless their *intention* be otherwise, and in many matters of this sort the missionary has unfortunately made cowards and liars of his converts, and it is undoubtedly true that the influence of civilization in the Pacific has tended to increase rather than diminish all forms of clandestine sexual depravity.

I have heard competent and unprejudiced observers state that the Fijians were fully as affectionate in heathen times as at present. Family affection fortunately springs from nature itself and is not a product of our system of life, however cultured or barbarous. One sees the naked women of Australia, whose bodies are covered with self-inflicted scars, gaze rapturously upon their children and exhibit maternal love as truly as could any European mother, and even Wilkes, who refers to the Fijians as "the most barbarous and savage race now existing upon the globe," states that he saw "engaged couples walking affectionately arm-in-arm as with us."

One of the saddest, because the most apparent change that has affected the lives of the Pacific islanders is the needless decay of their arts. War, and the ceremonies and obligations of religion once provided the major motive for the maintenance and development of varied crafts. In fact, the intent of practically every piece of decorative work was either to propitiate the gods and tribal spirits, or to frighten a real or imaginary enemy. Nor is this peculiar to savage tribes, for all the complex ornaments which adorn the yokes of horses in Naples are

"evil eye" charms which have come down almost unaltered from Roman times.

The missionary soon saw that most of his so-called converts had only added the white man's god to those of their ancestors. In order, therefore, to obliterate old beliefs, he discouraged the making of all "symbols of heathenism," and, as these were displayed in almost every implement, art fell at once under the awe-inspiring ban of his displeasure.

Yet the decline of native art was to some degree inevitable even if the missionaries had attempted to foster and preserve it, for it perished chiefly because of its inadaptability, and the absence of a market for its wares. The cheapest calico is softer and more enduring than the best of tapa, the coarsest canvas sail is superior to that woven of pandanus leaves, the beautiful adze of polished stone fails wholly when placed in competition with even the "trade hatchet."

Yet in each group there was at least some native art which, had it been cared for by the whites, might have been preserved so that in a more or less modified form it might have furnished a permanent and progressively important means of livelihood to the natives, and thus have become a means of maintaining their racial entity and self-respect.

Art was the highest expression of their intellectual life, an absorbing field for their ambition, a means of gratifying their instinct for the beautiful, and a record of their history and their conception of the universe. It meant far more to them than it does to us with our widely varied interests, and to this the European was blind when he permitted its destruction.

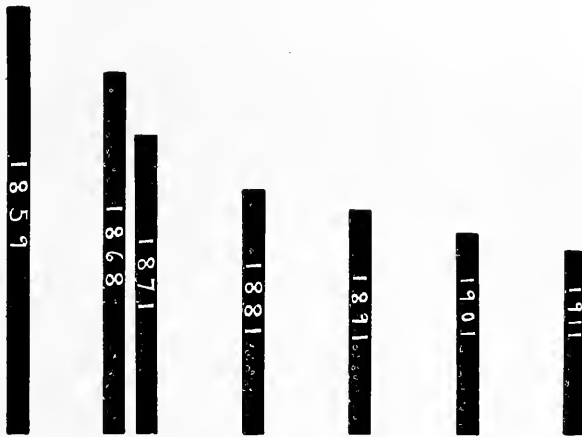
All over the south seas in proportion as white men have become dominant native arts have withered. Once the canoe was built of separate pieces skilfully calked and lashed together, and its outrigger was a marvel of flexibility and strength. Yet everywhere it degenerates into a crudely hollowed log, crossed by two rough sticks to which the outrigger is rigidly tied. The house, once shapely in form and carefully thatched, degenerates into a mere shack, and every carved bowl, paddle and implement becomes rude, ugly and misshapen. All care in manufacture degenerates, and in proportion does the light of their intellectual life fade out. A hopeless apathy, a listless lack of interest in all around them overcomes their dulled minds and their lives, like those of prisoners, are no longer worth the while of living, for hope can not flower within the stifle of the cold gray walls of bigotry's bastille.

Pleasures and sports suffer as do the arts. The surf-board riders of Hawaii are now rarely seen, dances and songs are being constantly suppressed, and many happy things that once filled their minds with joy, and were beautiful in their eyes, have vanished never to be theirs again. But one resource is left to their idle minds, and clandestine

immorality saps their strength. As the Government Commission in Fiji reports

premature civilization, mental apathy and lack of ambition under the new conditions are among the most important causes of the decline of the population.

This carefully selected commission was appointed by the British government in Fiji to inquire into the causes of the decrease in the native population, and after long investigation the conclusions of the commissioners were published by the Colony in 1896.² It is probable that in 1859 there were about 200,000 natives; in 1868, 170,000; in 1871, 140,000; in 1881 there were 114,700 and in 1891, 105,800 while in



ILLUSTRATING THE DECLINE IN THE NATIVE POPULATION OF THE FIJI ISLANDS FROM 1859 to 1911.

1901 the population had still further declined to 94,400, and the males outnumbered the females in the proportion of 8 to 7. In 1911 there were but 87,096 natives, and if the decline continues at its present rate the last Fijian must die before another century has passed.³

The commission decides that children have ceased to be useful, and whereas in old days they strengthened the tribe in war, they now suffer neglect. The birth rate is higher than that of England yet only 11/20 of the children survive to be one year old.⁴ Another cause is said to be

² Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the causes of the decline of the native population. Published by the Colony of Fiji, Suva, 1896, pp. v + 130.

³ Should the natives continue to decline at the rate which has pertained since 1881 they must become extinct in the year 2004.

⁴ Within recent years the medical department under the able leadership of Doctor G. W. A. Lynch has been enabled to take measures which appear to have reduced this infant mortality so that nearly 78 per cent. of the children survive the first year.

the general want of vitality due to the effects of past epidemics, such as the "wasting sickness" in 1797, the dysentery of 1803 and the measles of 1875. One is, however, inclined to believe that no permanent evil effects could be produced as a result of these physiological disasters. No matter how severe the epidemic, those who are physically the best are the most apt to survive and become the progenitors of successive generations, and thus the race might even be improved through natural selection. There is no evidence tending to prove that the black death of the fourteenth century or the plague in London in the time of Charles II. resulted in any permanent physical deterioration of the races they affected. The Fijians may be a vanishing people, but in physical appearance they remain superior as of old, and their superb stature and mental attainments appear not to have declined even though the race as a whole be dying.

There is, however, one cardinal evil in the Fijian situation and that is the severe strain of child-raising which falls upon the women in a country wherein the proper food for the maintenance of lactation has not yet been produced in sufficient quantity. The children, being thus in a peculiar sense dependent upon their mothers, will be profoundly affected by any conditions which produce injury to the women of the tribe.

Yaws, dysentery and whooping cough are now primary causes of the decline of population. Among minor causes the committee mentions the abolition of polygamy; for under monogamy the mother must not only tend her child, but gather the food and cultivate the soil, whereas in polygamous days these latter duties were taken over by the other wives during the early period of the infant's life.

The report makes it clear that the decline is due chiefly to the high death rate of children, and also that we must proceed very slowly and sympathetically, using as little force as possible, in the introduction of civilization. The old socialism must gradually be replaced by a certain measure of individualism, and the warrior's ambitions must give place to those of the craftsman. Hygiene as a subject of primary importance must be taught not only in the schools, but chiefly by example, upon the plan of the college settlement, by teachers living in so far as possible as the natives themselves now live, thus *slowly* changing the habits of life of those around them, and indeed these teachers should themselves *be natives* of the most enlightened type, and maintained in government employ.

A most interesting sociological experiment has been conducted by the British in their government of the Fijians. It is one of the very few instances wherein altruism is the key-note in the rule of the strong over the weak, and its maintenance through all these years in the face of much discouragement and expense is an honor to Great Britain, in

the pride of which all the world may share—it is a rare triumph of idealism over selfishness.

As Mr. Allardyce,⁵ then colonial secretary, said to me:

We came here not as conquerors but through invitation, and the best we have to give is none too good for these people who have entrusted their destiny to our care.

Indeed, if the South Sea Islanders are now to be saved *new* interests and *new* arts must be developed by them, and new ambitions other than the withered remnants of the old must be created. Industrial schools are sadly needed in the Pacific, and the dawn of the first real progress will appear when men like Booker Washington arise among the natives of Fiji. The establishment of non-sectarian manual training schools such as his, in so far as possible under *native* teachers and supported by *native* efforts, might soon revolutionize their whole system of life, and change them from well-behaved prisoners into purposeful men and women.

The missionaries now conduct nearly all the schools in Fiji, and it is much to their credit that illiteracy is almost as rare as in Germany, all the present generation being able to read and write their own language. These schools are fundamentally good, but the natives should be taught not only how to pray, but also how to labor and to live. The missionaries would doubtless welcome an opportunity to extend the scope of native education, but the expense of establishing trade schools is too great for their resources and the project demands government aid. That the return to the state would ultimately far more than repay the outlay can not be doubted, for even the non-altruistic Dutch well know the profit accruing to Java and hence to themselves through the establishment of agricultural schools for natives.

Every indication of an initiative among the Fijians in the direction of craft-development should be wisely encouraged instead of being, as at present, smothered under the cloak of a paternalism that obliterates error only by crushing endeavor.

It may be confidently hoped that the British government which has labored so persistently and at such constant expense to develop Fiji "for the Fijians" and not for the surfeit of those who would selfishly exploit the natives, will take this final step and render it possible for the natives to raise *themselves* to a position of self-dependence. This was, indeed, the confessed intention of certain high officials of the colony whom I enjoyed the pleasure of meeting when in Fiji. So consistent have the English been in their effort actually to civilize and elevate the Fijians that their policy has been pursued for years despite financial loss and the frequent protests of the whites, as is evidenced by the steady decline of the white population from 2,750 in 1871 to 2,036 in 1891, since which time it has slowly risen, becoming 3,707 in

⁵ Now, Sir William Allardyce, Governor of the Bahamas.

1911. The public debt in 1910 was £104,115 and the native taxes amounted only to about £16,000, the principal source of revenue being derived from customs receipts which were £129,552, the latter being, of course, an indirect tax upon the colony itself.

Since 1874, settlers have been discouraged from employing Fijians upon their plantations, for the native population was rapidly being enslaved by the whites. In order to supply the necessary labor, Hindoo coolies from Calcutta were imported, but it seems unfortunate that these usually remained in Fiji after the expiration of their terms of service and there are now 40,300 in the group. They are a clannish, industrious, bigoted race whom the Fijians despise and with whom they do not mingle. Indeed, there are far more half-breds between the whites and Fijians than between Fijians and Hindoos.

Although all native arts have suffered and some have wholly disappeared in Fiji, the introduction of European methods has been slower in this group than elsewhere in the Pacific. Spears and clubs and other implements of war are no longer made unless, indeed, it be to sell to tourists, and the dancing masks and wigs of former days have disappeared, along with the cannibal forks. Once the natives took great pride in their war-clubs, and a man's rank was indicated by the fashion of his club and his manner of carrying it, only chiefs being permitted to bear it over the shoulder as we would a gun. The handle was notched whenever the club had served to kill a man, and such a weapon was called a "ngandro" to distinguish it from common clubs. Indeed the more famous clubs were given individual names, a certain chief being the proud possessor of one called "the giver of rest." Elaborately carved, and built up, spears of iron-wood ten or fifteen feet long were common, and were sometimes tipped with the spine of the sting-ray, which upon breaking within the wound caused certain death. In the distant villages among the mountains of the large islands, spears and clubs were still to be seen in the houses in 1899, but from more accessible places they have long since disappeared to crowd the shelves of our museums. Everywhere the natives of the coasts have yielded, and more or less conformed to the white man's customs, but only a few miles inland, isolated by the dense forests or walled in by mountains, they were in 1900 almost as in heathen times. Yet even in these remote places the natives are not wholly separated from the world, for news is carried rapidly by word of mouth, and Wilkes speaks of a case in which a message was transmitted 20 miles through a forested country in less than six hours.

The pursuit of war was once the chief concern of the Fijians, and was often conducted in a very ceremonious fashion. An offended chief thrust sticks into the ground, and removed them only when appeased.

If war was determined upon a herald was sent to the village of the enemy to announce the fact. As is universal with primitive people, the mustering of the army was the occasion for much extravagant boasting, and their faces were painted red or half red and half black. Miss Gordon Cumming gives a striking description of the wild war-dance and the boasts of the warriors who assembled at the call of Sir Arthur Gordon to take part in the war against the cannibal tribes of the Singatoka River in the mountains. "This is only a musket" cried one warrior "but *I* carry it." By contrast the men from Mbau came up in stately fashion, their spokesman saying "This is Mbau, that is enough."

The towns were often fortified with wooden stockades or stone walls, and were sometimes surrounded by moats. There are no records of protracted sieges, for the attacking party never could carry sufficient food to enable them to remain long before the walls of the besieged. They depended almost wholly upon treachery, ambushes or sudden and unexpected assaults; and to kill a woman or a child or even a pig was considered a creditable feat, as when Thakombau's warriors returned to Mbau boasting, "We have killed seven of the enemy's pigs and two women." Before the introduction of firearms, it is probable that native warfare caused but little loss of life, for fear kept the combatants skulking at a fairly safe distance from one another.

Wilkes, who himself made war upon the natives of Malolo after they had killed Lieutenant Underwood and Midshipman Henry, describes their martial customs at great length and should be read by those interested in the matter.

The cruelties practised when a town was overcome were unspeakable, and on the island of Wakaia the chief and all within his village threw themselves over a high cliff to be dashed to death rather than surrender.

Fijian warfare, like that of cannibalism, is indeed a sordid subject. Not a single struggle waged by any tribe was for the establishment of a worthy principle. Lust for murder, the capture of women, revenge for real, or more often imaginary, insults were the actuating motives of all native wars. There is in the language no word expressing disapprobation for the killing of a human being. Indeed, no matter how brutal, treacherous or cowardly the murder of man, woman or child the murderer immediately gained the proud title of *koroi*, which insured to him a good position among the spirits of the world to come, and permitted him to blacken his face and chest with a peculiar war-paint. Murder was thus an open sesame to social distinction and religious well-being.

The Fijians are courageous in the sense that all men are brave when wrought up to the point of action, and when facing a situation

they understand. Their first sight of a horse, however, drove even the doughtiest warriors to take refuge in the trees, and when upon a dark night Wilkes came to anchor off the coast and set off rockets, the silence of the shore broke into a long shriek of terror, village after village catching the contagion of the fright. Even to-day the white man inspires a mysterious lurking fear, and in the mountain villages and in parts rarely visited by Europeans, the women and little children shrink and run at your approach, and even the men seem somewhat "stage struck." To their minds we must be past masters of witchcraft.

Indeed, in common with all beliefs and practises which may be securely hidden from the eyes of Europeans, witchcraft still survives in Fiji, as it does among the lower classes of Europe and America. The natives are fond of the "occult" and several miracles are still performed. Thus at the village of Nandawa, on Koro island, an old man stands upon a high rock and calls to the sea-turtles, shouting in Fijian, Come! Come! We are tired of waiting! upon which several turtles appear swimming toward the shore. It is highly probable that these are regularly fed and are thus always ready for the "miracle" when strangers visit the town. Koro, by the way, is the island to which the souls of all dead pigs were supposed to go to their valhalla.

At the village of Rukua on Mbenga a curious miracle play is enacted. Near the town there is a circular pit about twenty feet in diameter, the bottom of which is lined with brown-colored volcanic stones, a ring of large flat ones lying near the edge around the bottom of the depression. The pit is filled with dry sticks and a fire is maintained until the stones are red hot. Then the embers are brushed away, and out of the forest there comes a procession of young men gaily adorned with garlands of flowers and well polished with cocoanut oil. They chant as they tread slowly and deliberately over the hot stones, and then vanish into the woods, apparently uninjured; upon which pigs and vegetables are placed upon the stones and are covered with leaves and earth, and a thoroughly cooked feast is soon ready for both guests and performers. Professor Langley witnessed a similar exhibition in the Society Islands, and discovered that the radiation from the surface of the volcanic stones is very great, while the stones themselves are poor conductors of heat, thus the surface soon cools while enough heat still remains within to serve in cooking the feast. The natives can not be induced to walk over limestone, which is a good conductor and poor radiator, the surface thus remaining hot. However, the great thickness of the skin upon the sole of their unshod feet accounts in some measure for their ability to perform this "miracle." In all respects natural sole leather is superior to that provided by the "leather trust."

A pleasing art which still survives, but is doomed to extinction, is the making and decorating of tapa, or *masi*, as it is called in Fiji, where

it is still used for screens in houses, and for various decorative purposes. Women alone take part in the manufacture of tapa. They carefully cultivate the paper mulberry (*Broussonetia papyrifera*), and, when about six feet high, the young trees are cut down, and the bark peeled off and soaked in water. The outer skin is then scraped off with a sharp-edged shell, and the soft fibrous inner bark is ready for beating, although it may be kept indefinitely before this process is begun. For beating, the strips of bark must be thoroughly water-soaked and soft, and two are placed one over the other upon a flattened log and beaten with a rectangular mallet, *iki*, having three of its flat sides grooved and one plane. Each pair of strips of an inch in original width may thus be beaten out into a thin sheet of felted fibers nine inches wide, although the length is reduced. Separate sheets are then welded together by beating, the overlapping edges being first glued with a paste made from arrowroot boiled in water, this welding being so cleverly done that it is almost impossible to tell where the pieces overlie one another. The sheet is then spread upon the grass and exposed to the sun to bleach. These sheets may be very large, one we measured being 160 feet long and 12 feet wide, but Williams mentions a sheet 180 yards long!

After being bleached, they produce a pattern upon the tapa with a brown dye derived from the *Aleurites triloba*, the dull color of which is relieved at intervals by large black circular spots, thus by contrast giving a bright and effective pattern. This process of decorating is described in detail by Thomas Williams in his most interesting work upon "Fiji and the Fijians." Strips of bamboo are placed in the form of the design upon a flat surface, or the design is carved in relief in a board. Then the tapa is stretched over the template and the cloth rubbed with the dye, whereupon the color adheres to all raised places and fails to appear in the hollows, and a "printed" pattern is produced. So characteristic are the chequered patterns of the tapas of the several islands that the locality of each piece can be determined upon the most casual inspection. The black and white tapas of Taviuni are most effective, and those of Lakemba probably the most artistic made in the group. It seems strange that although these tapas have for ages been printed in designs, little or no meaning was associated with the details of the pattern. There were, however, certain appropriate patterns for weddings and other ceremonies, and the flags of the various classes of warriors were more or less distinctive. Thus at Rewa the banner of the king's or high chief's party was white with four or five vertical black stripes at one end, that of the vumivalu or general had horizontal stripes, and that of the land owners was plain white. Yet the tapa flags never became tribal emblems, on the one hand, or personal coats-of-arms, on the other, but remained merely class badges, and thus no precise symbolism was associated with the designs.

In groups other than Fiji the inner bark of the bread-fruit tree, and of the yellow hibiscus *Paritium tiliaceum* are used in making tapa. Yellow turmeric, bone charcoal, brilliant red and rich brown dyes, are displayed upon tapas of the Pacific.

The art must surely disappear, for Manchester is now printing calicos in the patterns of the native tapas and these are being sold to the islanders, who prefer them to designs of their own making. In some groups traders have brought in anilin dyes which the natives call "missionary colors," the word "missionary" being applied to almost any newly introduced thing. Thus is an ancient and primitive art being debased, and another means of employment must disappear from native life. At the time of the author's visits the beating of the *ikis* (mallets) was the most characteristic sound in a Fijian village, but in a few more years this too must go the way of many another activity which once engrossed the attention and stimulated the imagination of the natives.

Tapa in Fiji was once used for the white turbans of the chiefs and the simple waist band or *malo* worn by all men. In the case of chiefs the ends of the waist cloth formed long streamers, those of king Tanoa being so long that they trailed upon the ground. When yaqona was served, all chiefs removed their turbans, excepting only the Roko Tui of Mbau who was regarded as being a human personification of a god.

The women never wore tapa, but were clothed in the simple *liku* or waist band of hibiscus bark or grasses which is still worn among the mountain tribes, although along the coast the Europeans have abolished both it and the *malo*, obliging all to wear a waist-cloth of calico. In some respects they were a modest people before these changes were effected, and fortunately for the natives their new rulers did not oblige them to don more clothing. In other parts of the Pacific the missionaries have forced the natives to wear European garments, far too hot for tropical climates. Such clothes are so expensive that few or none of the natives can afford to own more than one suit, and this soon becomes a filthy menace to health. Tuberculosis stalks in when European clothes appear, and all unprejudiced observers will agree that the most diseased and immoral races now in the Pacific are those who have been obliged to wear the most clothing.

Their own clothes permitted the natives to bathe freely, but the whites now demand that the natives shall don special bathing suits or at least enter the water clothed in some European garments. This practically forces them either to abstain from their health-giving sport of former times or to swim fully clothed, as they now do in Hawaii. These cold wet clothes are a cause of influenza leading to tuberculosis, and everywhere the natives are less cleanly as Christians than they were as heathens.

In former times the Fijians took great pride in the arrangement of their hair, and a wide range of individual taste was permitted in this respect, as may be seen in the illustrations given by Williams in his "Fiji and the Fijians," or the colored plate published in the narrative of the voyage of the *Challenger*. Usually they trained the hair to grow into a huge thick mop standing out on all sides fully eight inches from the head, and sometimes as much as 62 inches in circumference. In order to effect this, the hair was saturated with oil mixed with charcoal and then dyed so that blue, white, brilliant red, black or parti-colored mops were in fashion. The high chiefs had barbers whose sole duty was to care for the hair of their masters, and whose hands were tabu from feeding themselves so that others had to provide them with food and drink. Such a barber might not remove a cigarette from his mouth or hold it in his hands and was thus obliged to twist a twig around it in order to avoid the weed's coming in contact with his hands. Curiously enough, barbers might work in their gardens, but were not permitted to use their hands in eating their own vegetables. Probably no savage race devoted more care to hair and beards than did the Fijians. They are very rarely bald, and indeed this was considered to be a great disfigurement, and the defect was concealed by a wig. To preserve these unwieldy mops of hair, the natives were obliged to sleep upon a wooden pillow which was placed under the neck and held the head four or five inches above the floor.

To the European, all customs are apt to be classed as "bad" in proportion as they *differ* from those of his own race, but it should be said that in Fiji the missionaries have been more conservative and displayed far more sympathy and sense in their reforms than elsewhere in the Pacific. Nevertheless, all forms of really active exercises or keen enjoyment have a somewhat wicked appearance to a certain type of religious mind, and unhappily the mediocre man is the one who is apt to rule in deciding the fate of such affairs. They too often fail to see that when an old custom is to be abolished *something* should be devised to take its place. Thus their vandalism of bigotry has resulted in destroying or hindering the open practise of nearly all the old arts and amusements; and almost nothing but hymns and prayers and a cheerless sabbath resembling that of Puritan days in old New England have been given to the natives in exchange for all they have been forced to surrender.

The Fijians once took great delight in their club dances, but these have now been repressed and have lost much of their former animation. In one of these festivities which we witnessed the men leaped frantically in perfect unison, brandishing their clubs and throwing them from hand to hand, often shielding their eyes with one hand as if searching for a hidden or distant enemy. At regular intervals they

shouted *Wa hoo!* in a fierce yell that could have been heard at a distance of a quarter of a mile, while all the village crowded in a square around the dancers, beating log drums, clapping hands and chanting something which sounded like "Somo seri rangi tu Somo seri somo," over and over again. Often the meanings of words used in their songs are unknown to the natives of modern times. Wilkes gives an excellent description of a club-dance in which the best dancers were mimicked by a clown covered from head to foot with green and dried leaves, and wearing a mask half orange and half black.

The milder mekes (songs with gestures) are wisely encouraged by the missionaries, and these are still a source of constant amusement to the natives. Fiji has not yet been suppressed into a realm of sullen silence as have too many parts of the Pacific.

There is a fascination in the elemental force of the word-pictures in these songs. We stifle in the heavy air of the dull and ominous calm. Then comes the rising roar of the onrush and our hearts go out to the frail canoes struggling so bravely in a maddened sea, and the pathos of life and death is there when the hot sun glares down once more, and the ripples glint unheedingly around the silent floating thing over which the sea-birds scream.

A HISTORY OF FIJI

BY DR. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

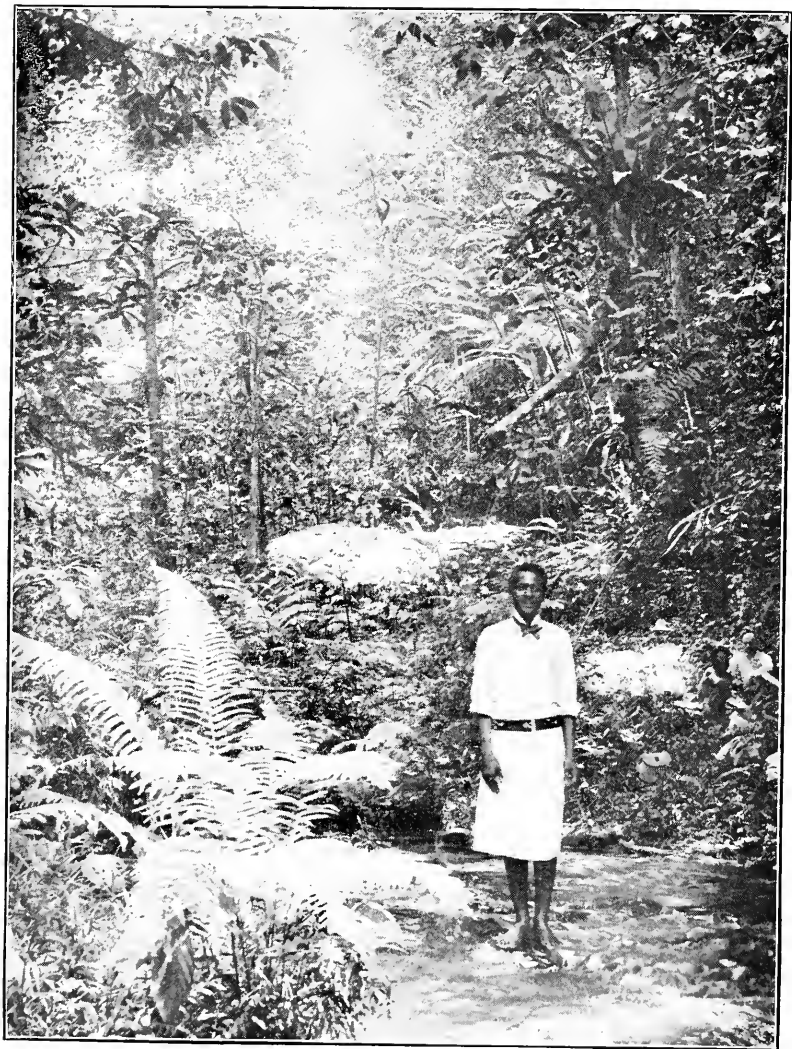
IV

THE Fijians had a well-organized social system which recognized six classes of society. (1) Kings and queens (Tuis and Andis). (2) Chiefs of districts (Rokos). (3) Chiefs of villages, priests (Betes), and land owners (Mata-ni-vanuas). (4) Distinguished warriors of low birth, chiefs of the carpenter caste (Rokolas), and chiefs of the turtle fishermen. (5) Common people (Kai-si). (6) Slaves taken in battle.

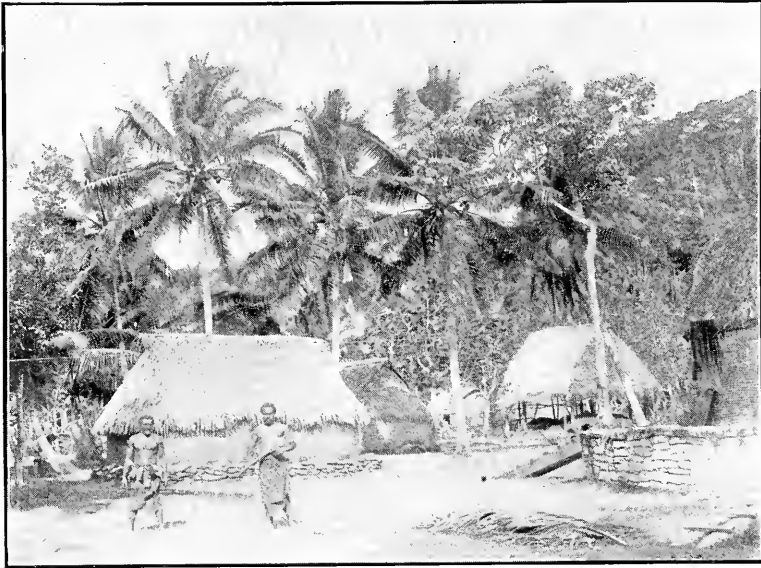
The high chiefs still inspire great respect, and indeed it has been the policy of the British government to maintain a large measure of their former authority. Thus of the 17 provinces into which the group was divided, 11 are governed by high chiefs entitled Roko Tui, and there are about 176 inferior chiefs who are the head men of districts, and 31 native magistrates. In so far as may be consistent with order and civilization these chiefs are permitted to govern in the old paternal manner, and they are veritably patriarchs of their people. The district chiefs are still elected by the land owners, mata-ni-vanuas, by a showing of hands as of old.

Independent of respect paid to those in authority, rank is still revered in Fiji. Once acting under the kind permission and advice of our generous friend Mr. Allardyce, the colonial secretary, and accompanied by my ship-mates Drs. Charles H. Townsend, and H. F. Moore, I went upon a journey of some days into the interior of Viti Levu, our guide and companion being Ratu Pope Seniloli, a grandson of king Thakombau, and one of the high chiefs of Mbau. Upon meeting Ratu Pope every native dropped his burdens, stepped to the side of the wood-path and crouched down, softly chanting the words of the tama, *muduo! wo!* No one ever stepped upon his shadow, and if desirous of crossing his path they passed in front, never behind him. Clubs were lowered in his presence, and no man stood fully erect when he was near. The very language addressed to high chiefs is different from that used in conversation between ordinary men, these customs being such that the inferior places himself in a defenceless position with respect to his superior.

It is a chief's privilege to demand service from his subjects; which was fortunate for us, for when we started down the Waidina River from



RATU POPE SENILOLI, GRANDSON OF KING THAKOMBAU OF FIJI.



A FIJIAN VILLAGE, KAMBARA ISLAND, FIJI.

Nabukaluka our canoes were so small and overloaded that the ripples were constantly lapping in over the gunwale, threatening momentarily to swamp us. Soon, however, we came upon a party of natives in a fine large canoe, and after receiving their *tama* Ratu Pope demanded: "Where are you going"? The men, who seemed somewhat awe-stricken, answered that it had been their intention to travel up the river. Whereupon Ratu Pope told them that this they might do, but we would take their canoe and permit them to continue in ours. To this they acceded with the utmost cheerfulness, although our noble guide would neither heed our protests nor permit us to reward them for their service, saying simply, "I am a chief. You may if you choose pay me." In this manner we continued to improve our situation by "exchanging" with every canoe we met which happened to be better than our own, until finally our princely friend ordered a gay party of merry-makers out of a fine large skiff, which they cheerfully "exchanged" for our leaky canoes and departed singing happily, feeling honored indeed that this opportunity had come to them to serve the great chief Ratu Pope Seniloli; and thus suffering qualms of conscience, we sailed to our destination leaving a wake of confusion behind us. Moreover I forgot to mention that many natives had by Ratu Pope's orders been diverted from their intended paths and sent forward to announce the coming of himself and the "American chiefs." Thus does one of the Royal house of Mbau proceed through Fiji.

At first sight such behavior must appear autocratic, to say the least, but it should be remembered that a high chief has it in his power fully

to recompense those about him, and this without the payment of a penny. Indeed, many intelligent natives still regret the introduction of money into their land, saying that all the white man's selfishness had been developed through its omnipotence. In Fiji to-day there are *no poor*, for such would be fed and given a house by those who lived beside them. The white man's callous brutality in ignoring the appeal of misery is incomprehensible to the natives of Fiji. "Progress" they have not in the sense that one man possesses vast wealth and many around him struggle helplessly, doomed to life-long poverty; nor have they ambition to toil beyond that occasional employment required to satisfy immediate wants. Yet if life be happy in proportion as the summation of its moments be contented, the Fijians are far happier than we. Old men and women rest beneath the shade of cocoa-palms and sing with the youths and maidens, and the care-worn faces and bent bodies of "civilization" are still unknown in Fiji. They still have something we have lost and never can regain.

It is impossible to draw a line between personal service such as was rendered to Ratu Pope and a regular tax (*lala*) for the benefit of the entire community or the support of the communal government; and the recognition of this fact actuated the English to preserve much of the old system and to command the payment of taxes in produce, rather than in money.

Land tenure in Fiji is a subject so complex that heavy volumes might be written upon it. In general it may be said that the chief



THE CHIEF'S HOUSE AT NABUKALUKA, VITI LEVU ISLAND, FIJI. The white cowrie shells studding the projecting ridge pole and hanging pendant from the roof-beam indicate that the house is the residence of a chief.



THE STRANGER'S HOUSE AT MBAU IN 1899.

can sell no land without the consent of his tribe. Cultivated land belonged to the man who originally farmed it, and is passed undivided to all his heirs. Waste land is held in common. Native settlers who have been taken into the tribes from time to time have been permitted to farm some of the waste land, and for this privilege they and their heirs must pay a yearly tribute to the chief either in produce or in service. Thus this form of personal lala is simply rent. The whole subject of land-ownership has given the poor English a world of trouble, as one may see who cares to read the official reports of the numerous intricate cases that have come before the courts.

For example, one party based their claims to land on the historic fact that their ancestors had eaten the chief of the original owners, and the solemn British court allowed the claim.

Basil Thomson in his interesting work upon "The Fijians; a Study of the Decline of Custom," has given an authoritative summary of the present status of taxation and land tenure, land being registered under a modification of the Australian Torrens system.

In order to protect these child-like people from the avarice of our own race they are not permitted to sell their lands, and the greater portion of the area of Fiji is still held by the natives. The Hawaiian Islands now under our own rule furnish a sad contrast, for here the natives are reduced by poverty to a degraded state but little above that of peonage. The Fijians, on the other hand, may not sell, but may with

the consent of the commissioner of native affairs lease their lands for a period of not more than twenty years.

The Fijians appear never to have been wholly without a medium of exchange, for sperm-whale's teeth have always had a recognized purchasing power, but are more especially regarded as a means of expressing good will and honesty of purpose. A whale's tooth is as effective to secure compliance with the terms of a bargain as an elaborately engraved bond would be with us. More commonly, however, exchanges are direct, each man bringing to the village green his taro, yaqona, yams or fish and exchanging with his neighbors; the rare disputes being settled by the village chief.

In traveling you will discover no hotels, but will be entertained in the stranger's houses, and in return for your host's hospitality you should make presents to the chief. Indeed to journey in good fashion you should be accompanied by a train of bearers carrying heavy bags full of purposed gifts, and nowhere in the world is the "rate per mile" higher than in Polynesia.

As in all communities, including our own world of finance, a man's wealth consists not only in what he possesses but even more so in the number of people from whom he can beg or borrow. Wilkes records an interesting example of this, for he found that the rifle and other costly presents he had presented to King Tanoa were being seized upon by his (Tanoa's) nephew who as his *vasu* had a right to take whatever he might select from the king's possessions. Indeed, in order to keep his property in sight, Tanoa was forced to give it to his own sons, thus



END OF THE STRANGER'S HOUSE, MEAU, FIJI.

escaping the rapacity of his nephew. The construction of the British law is such that a *vasu* who thus appropriates property to himself could be sued and forced to restore it, but not a single Fijian has yet been so mean as to bring such a matter into court.

An individual as such can hardly be said to own property, for nearly all things belong to his family or clan, and are shared among cousins. This condition is responsible for that absence of personal ambition and that fatal contentment with existing conditions, which strikes the white man as so illogical, but which is nevertheless the dominant feature of the social fabric of the Polynesians, and which has hitherto prevented the introduction of "ideals of modern progress." The natives are happy; why work when every reasonable want is already supplied? None are rich in material things, but none are beggars excepting in the sense that all are such. No one can be a miser, a capitalist, a banker, or a "promoter" in such a community, and thieves are almost unknown. Indeed, the honesty of the Fijians is one of those virtues which has excited the comment of travelers. Wilkes, who loathed them as "condor-eyed savages," admits that the only thing which any native attempted to steal from the *Peacock* was a hatchet, and upon being detected the chief requested the privilege of taking the man ashore in order that he might be roasted and eaten. Theft was always severely punished by the chief; Maafu beating a thief with the stout stalk of a cocoanut leaf until the culprit's life was despaired of, and Tui Thakau wrapping one in a tightly wound rope so that not a muscle could move while the wretch remained exposed for an entire day to the heat of the sun.

During Professor Alexander Agassiz's cruises in which he visited nearly every island of the Fijis, and the natives came on board by hundreds, not a single object was stolen, although things almost priceless in native estimation lay loosely upon the deck. Once, indeed, when the deck was deserted by both officers and crew and fully a hundred natives were on board, we found a man who had been gazing wistfully for half an hour at a bottle which lay upon the laboratory table. Somehow he had managed to acquire a shilling, a large coin in Fiji, and this he offered in exchange for the coveted bottle. One can never forget his shout of joy and the radiance of his honest face as he leaped into his canoe after having received it as a gift.

Even the great chief Ratu Epele of Mbau beamed with joy when presented with a screw-capped glass tobacco jar, and Tui Thakau of Somo somo had a veritable weakness for bottles and possessed a large collection of these treasures.

Intelligent and well-educated natives who know whereof they speak have told me that they desire not the white man's system, entailing as it does untold privation and heart-burnings to the many that the few

may enjoy a surfeit of mere material things. As the natives say, "The white man possesses more than we, but his life is full of toil and sorrow, while our days are happy as they pass."

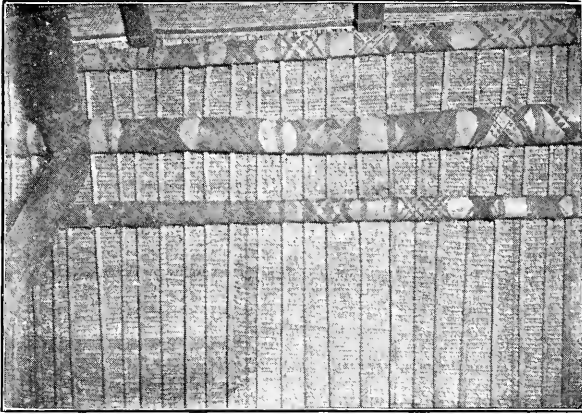
Thus in the Pacific life is of to-day; the past is dead, and the future when it comes will pass as to-day is passing. Life is a dream, an evanescent thing, all but meaningless, and real only as is the murmur of the surf when the sea-breeze comes in the morning, and man awakens from the oblivion of night.

Hoarded wealth inspires no respect in the Pacific, and indeed, were it discovered, its possession would justify immediate confiscation. Yet man must raise idols to satisfy his instinct to worship things above his acquisition, and thus rank is the more revered because respect for property is low. Even to-day there is something god-like in the presence of the high chiefs, and none will cross the shadow of the king's house. Even in war did a common man kill a chief he himself was killed by men of his own tribe.

As it is with property so with relationships. The family ties seem loosened; every child has two sets of parents, the adopted and the real, and relationships founded upon adoption are more respected than the real. Rank descends mainly through the mother. The son of a high chief by a common woman is a low chief, or even a commoner, but the son of a chieftainess by a common man is a chief. Curiously, there are no words in Fijian which are the exact equivalent of widow and widower. In the Marshall group the chief is actually the husband of all the women of his tribe, and as Lorimer Fison has said in his "Tales from Old Fiji," their designation and understanding of relationships suggests that there was once a time when "all the women were the wives of every man, and all the men were the husbands of every woman," as indeed was almost the case in Tahiti at the time of Captain Cook's visit to this island.

The social customs of Fiji are rarely peculiar to Fiji itself, but commonly show their relationship or identity with those of the Polynesians or Papuans. Curiously indeed, while the original stock of the Fijians was probably pure Papuan, their social and economic systems are now dominated by Polynesian ideas, and only among the mountain tribes do we find a clear expression of the crude Papuan systems of life and thought. This in itself shows that under stimulation the Fijians are capable of advancement in cultural ideals.

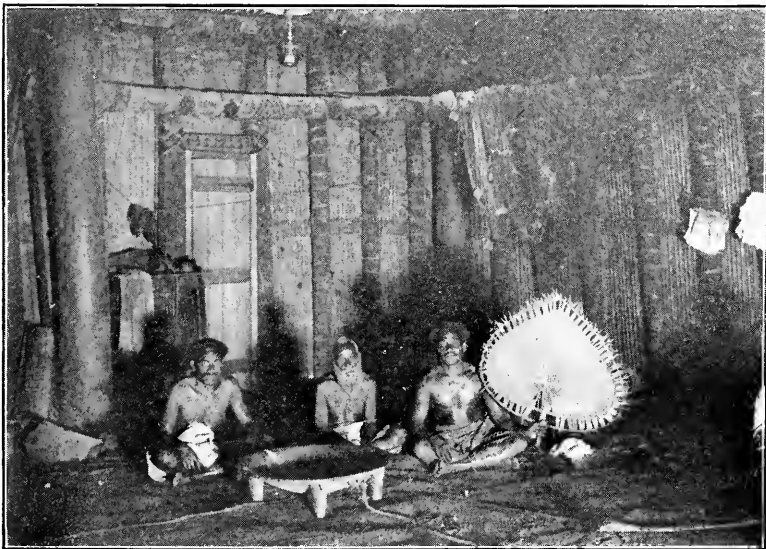
This superposition of a Polynesian admixture upon a barbarous negroid stock may account for the anomalous character of the Fijians, for in the arts they equalled or in some things excelled the other island peoples of the Pacific, and some of their customs approached closely to the cultural level of the Polynesians, but in certain fundamental things they remained the most fiendish savages upon earth. Indeed



COCOANUT FIBER SENNIT WOUND AROUND THE ROOT-BEAMS OF A CHIEF'S HOUSE AT MBAU, FIJI.

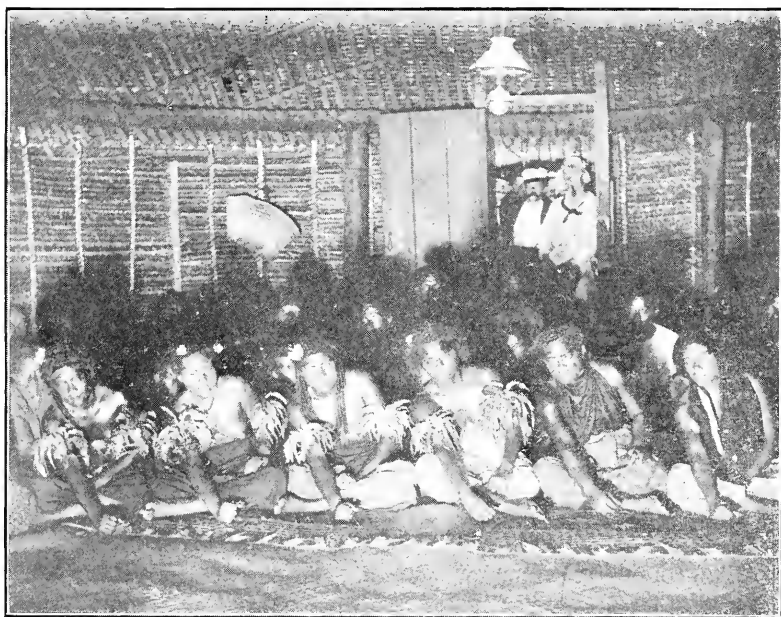
we should expect that contact with a somewhat high culture would introduce new wants, and thus affect their arts more profoundly than their customs.

In common with all primitive peoples, their names of men and women are descriptive of some peculiarity or circumstance associated with the person named. Indeed, names were often changed after important events in a person's life, thus our old friend Thakombau began life as Seru, then after the *coup d'état* in which he slaughtered his father's enemies and reestablished Tanoa's rule in Mbau he was called Thakombau (evil to Mbau). At the time he also received another



INTERIOR OF THE CHIEF'S HOUSE AT NABUKALUKA, FIJI, SHOWING THE YAQUONA BOWL AND CEREMONIAL FAN.

name Thikinovu (centipede) in allusion to his stealthiness in approaching to bite his enemy, but this designation, together with his "missionary" name "Ebenezer," did not survive the test of usage. Miss Gordon Cumming gives an interesting list of Fijian names translated into English. For women they were such as Spray of the Coral Reef, Queen of Parrot's Land, Queen of Strangers, Smooth Water, Wife of the Morning Star, Mother of Her Grandchildren, Ten Whale's Teeth, Mother of Cockroaches, Lady Nettle, Drinker of Blood, Waited For, Rose of Rewa, Lady Thakombau, Lady Flag, etc. The men's names were such as The Stone (eternal) God, Great Shark, Bad Earth, Bad Stranger, New Child, More Dead Man's Flesh, Abode of Treachery,



A MEKE IN THE CHIEF'S HOUSE AT KAMBARA, FIJI.

Not Quite Cooked, Die Out of Doors, Empty Fire, Fire in the Bush, Eats Like a God, King of Gluttony, Ill Cooked, Dead Man, Revenge, etc.

In the religion of a people we have the most reliable clue to the history of their progress in culture and intelligence, for religions even when unwritten are potent to conserve old conceptions, and thus their followers advance beyond them, as does the intelligence of the twentieth century look pityingly upon the conception of the cruel and jealous God of the Old Testament, whose praises are nevertheless still sung in every Christian church. Thus in Tahiti the people were not cannibals, but the gods still appeared in the forms of birds that fed upon the

bodies of the sacrificed. The eye of the victim was, indeed, offered to the chief, who raised it to his lips but did not eat it. In Samoa also where the practise of cannibalism was very rare and indulged in only under great provocation, some of the gods remained cannibals, and the surest way of appeasing any god was to be laid upon the stones of a cold oven. In Tahiti and Samoa, while most of the gods were malevolent, a few were kindly disposed towards mortals; in Fiji, however, they were all dreaded as the most powerful, sordid, cruel and vicious



THE PAPER MULBERRY FROM THE INNER BARK OF WHICH TAPA IS MADE.

cannibal ghosts that have ever been conjured into being in the realm of thought.

All over the Pacific from New Zealand to Japan, and from New Guinea to Hawaii, ancestor-worship forms the backbone of every religion as clearly as it did in Greece or Rome. There are everywhere one or more very ancient gods who may always have existed and from whom all others are descended. Next in order of reverence, although not always in power, come their children, and finally the much more

numerous grandchildren and remote descendants of these oldest and highest gods. Finally, after many generations, men of chieftain's rank were born to the gods. Thus a common man could never attain the rank of a high chief, for such were the descendants of the gods, while commoners were created out of other clay and designed to be servants to the chiefs.

But the process of god-making did not end with the appearance of men, for great chiefs and warriors after death became *kalou yalo*, or spirits, and often remained upon earth a menace to the unwary who might offend them. Curiously, these deified mortals might suffer a second death which would result in their utter annihilation, and while in Fiji we heard a tale of an old chief who had met with the ghost of



YAUQUONA, OR KAVA, PLANTS GROWING IN A FIJIAN'S GARDEN. The roots are used in brewing the drink called yaquona in Fiji, and kava in Samoa.

his dead enemy and had killed him for the second and last time; the club which served in this miraculous victory having been hung up in the Mbure as an object of veneration.

Of a still lower order were the ghosts of common men or of animals, and most dreaded of all was the vengeful spirit of the man who had been devoured. The ghosts of savage Fiji appear all to have been malevolent and fearful beings, whereas those of the more cultured Polynesians were some of them benevolent. As Ellis says of the Tahitian mythology:

Each lovely island was made a sort of fairyland and the spells of enchantment were thrown over its varied scenes. The sentiment of the poet that

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep”

was one familiar to their minds, and it is impossible not to feel interested in a people who were accustomed to consider themselves surrounded by invisible intelligences, and who recognized in the rising sun, the mild and silver moon, the shooting star, the meteor's transient flame, the ocean's roar, the tempest's blast, or the evening breeze the movements of mighty spirits.

The gods and ghosts of Fiji often entered into the bodies of animals or men, especially idiots.

Thus when the Carnegie Institution Expedition arrived at the Murray Islands in Torres Straits, the scientific staff were much pleased at the decided evidences of respect shown by the natives until it came out that the Islanders considered their white guests to be semi-idiots, and hence powerful sorcerers to be placated. Fijian religion had developed into the oracular stage, and the priest after receiving prayers and offerings would on occasions be entered into by the god. Tremors would overspread his body, the flesh of which would creep horribly. His veins would swell, his eyeballs protrude with excitement and his voice, becoming quavering and unnatural, would whine out strange words, words spoken by the god himself and unknown to the priest who as his unconscious agent was overcome by violent convulsions. Slowly the contortions grew less and with a start the priest would awaken, dash his club upon the ground and the god would leave him. It may well be imagined that the priests were the most powerful agents of the chiefs in forwarding the interests of their masters, for, as in ancient Greece or Rome, nothing of importance was undertaken without first consulting the oracle.

Surrounded by multitudes of demons, ghosts, and genii who were personified in everything about him, religion was the most powerful factor in controlling Fijian life and politics. In fact, it entered deeply into every act the native performed. The gods were more monstrous in every way than man, but in all attributes only the exaggerated counterparts of Fijian chiefs.

War was constantly occurring among these gods and spirits, and even high gods could die by accident or be killed by those of equal rank so that at least one god, Samu, was thus dropped out of the mythology in 1847.

Ndengei was the oldest and greatest, but not the most universally revered god. He lived in a cavern in the northeastern end of Viti Levu, and usually appeared as a snake, or as a snake's head with a body of stone symbolizing eternal life. Among the sons and grandsons of Ndengei were Roko Mbatindua, the one-toothed lord; a fiend with a huge tooth projecting from his lower jaw and curving over the top of his head. He had bat's wings armed with claws and was usually regarded as a harbinger of pestilence. The mechanic's god was eight-handed, gluttony had eighty stomachs, wisdom possessed eight eyes. Other gods were the adulterer, the abductor of women of rank and

beauty, the rioter, the brain-eater, the killer of men, the slaughter god, the god of leprosy, the giant, the spitter of miracles, the gods of fishermen and of carpenters, etc. One god hated mosquitoes and drove them away from the place where he lived. The names and stations of the gods are described by Thomas Williams, who has given the most detailed account of the old religion.

As with all peoples whose religion is barbarous, there were ways of obtaining sanctuary and many a man has saved his life by taking advantage of the tabus which secured their operation. No matter how desirous your host might be of murdering you, as long as you remained a guest under his roof you were safe, although were you only a few yards away from his door he would eagerly attack you.

But not only did the Fijians live in a world peopled by witches, wizards, prophets, seers and fortune-tellers, but there was a perfect army of fairies which overran the whole land, and the myths concerning which would have filled volumes could they ever have been gathered. The gnome-like spirits of the mountains had peaked heads, and were of a vicious, impish disposition, but were powerless to injure any one who carried a fern leaf in his hand.

Sacred relics such as famous clubs, stones possessing miraculous powers, etc., were sometimes kept in Fijian temples, but there were no idols such as were prayed to by the Polynesians.

The fearful alternatives of heaven and hell were unknown to the Fijians. They believed in an eternal existence for men, animals, and even canoes and other inanimate things, but the future life held forth no prospect either of reward for virtues or punishment for evil acts committed while alive. So certain were they of a future life that they always referred to the dead as "the absent ones," and their land of shades (Mbulu) was not essentially different from the world they lived in. Indeed, their chief idea of death was that of rest, for as William's states, they have an adage: "Death is easy: Of what use is life? To die is rest."

There were, however, certain precautions the Fijian felt it advisable to take before entering the world to come. If he had been so unfortunate as not to have killed a man, woman or child, his duty would be the dismal one of pounding filth throughout eternity, and disgraceful careers awaited those whose ears were not bored or women who were not tattooed upon parts covered by the liku. Moreover, should a wife not accompany him (be strangled at the time of his death) his condition would be the dismal one of a spirit without a cook. Thirdly, as one was at the time of death so would the spirit be in the next world. It was therefore an advantage to die young, and people often preferred to be buried alive, or strangled, than to survive into old age. Lastly and most important, one must not die a bachelor, for such are invariably

dashed to pieces by Nanggananga, even if they should succeed in eluding the grasp of the Great Woman, Lewa-levu, who haunts the path of the departed spirits and searches for the ghosts of good-looking men. Let us imagine, however, that our shade departs this life in the best of form, young, married, with the lobes of his ears pierced, not dangerously handsome and a slayer of at least one human being. He starts upon the long journey to the Valhalla of Fiji. Soon he comes to a spiritual Pandanus at which he must throw the ghost of the whale's tooth which was placed in his hand at time of burial. If he succeeds in hitting the Pandanus, he may then wait until the spirit of his strangled wife comes to join him, after which he boards the canoe of the Fijian Charon and proceeds to Nambangatai, where until 1847 there dwelt the god Samu, and after his death Samuyalo "the killer of souls."

This god remains in ambush in some spiritual mangrove bushes and thrusts a reed within the ground upon the path of the ghost as a warning not to pass the spot. Should the ghost be brave he raises his club in defiance, whereupon Samuyalo appears, club in hand, and gives battle. If killed in this combat, the ghost is cooked and eaten by the soul killer, and if wounded he must wander forever among the mountains, but if the ghost be victorious over the god he may pass on to be questioned by Ndengei, who may consign him either to Mburotu, the highest heaven, or drop him over a precipice into a somewhat inferior but still tolerable abode, Murimuria. This Ndengei does in accordance with the caprice of the moment and without reference either to the virtues or the faults of the deceased. Thus of those who die only a few can enter the higher heaven for the Great Woman and the Soul destroyer overcome the greater number of those who dare to face them. As for the victims of cannibal feasts, their souls are devoured by the gods when their bodies are eaten by man.

In temperament and ambitions the spirits of the dead remained as they were upon earth, but of more monstrous growth in all respects, resembling giants greater and more vicious than man. War and cannibalism still prevailed in heaven, and the character of the inhabitants seems to have been fiendish or contemptible as on earth; for the spirits of women who were not tattooed were unceasingly pursued by their more fortunate sisters, who tore their bodies with sharp shells, often making mince-meat of them for the gods to eat. Also the shade of any one whose ears had not been pierced was condemned to carry a masi log over his shoulder and submit to the eternal ridicule of his fellow spirits.

Altogether, this religion seems to have been as sordid, brutal and vicious as was the ancestral negroid stock of the Fijians. Connected with it there was, however, a rude mythology, clumsy but romantic, too much of which has been lost; for the natives of to-day have largely for-

gotten its stories or are ashamed to repeat it to the whites. In recent times the natives have tended to make their folk-lore conform to Biblical stories, or to adapt them to conditions of the present day. The interesting subject of the lingering influence of old beliefs upon the life of the natives of to-day has engaged the attention of Basil Thomson in "The Fijians, a Study of the Decay of Custom."

As in every British colony, the people are taught to respect the law. Sentences of imprisonment are meted out to natives for personal offences which if committed by white men would be punished by small fines, but the reason for this is that in the old native days such acts were avenged by murder, and it is to prevent crime that a prison term has been ordained. The natives take their imprisonment precisely as boys in boarding school regard a flogging, the victim commonly becoming quite a hero and losing no caste among his fellows. Indeed it is a common sight to see bands of from four to eight stalwart "convicts" a mile or more from the prison marching unguarded through the woods as they sing merrily on their way "home" to the jail. Once I recall seeing two hundred prisoners, all armed with long knives, engaged in cutting weeds along the roadside, chanting happily as they slashed, while a solitary native dressed only in a waist-cloth and armed only with a club stood guard at one end of the line, and this not near the prison, but in a lonely wood fully a mile from the nearest house.

In 1874, the British undertook the unique task of civilizing without exploiting a barbarous and degraded race which was drifting hopelessly into ruin. They began the solution of this complex problem by arresting the entire race and immuring them within the protecting walls of a system which recognized as its cardinal principle that the natives were unfit to think or act for themselves. For a generation the Fijians have been in a prison wherein they have become the happiest and best behaved captives upon earth. During this time they have become reconciled to a life of peace, and have forgotten the taste of human flesh; and while they cherish no love for the white man, they feel the might of his law and know that his decrees are as finalities of fate. All are serving life sentences to the white man's will, and the fire of their old ambition has cooled into the dull embers of resignation and then died into the apathy of contentment with things that are. Worse still, they have grown fond of their prison world, and the most pessimistic feature in the Fijian situation of to-day is the evident fact that there is almost no discontent among the natives. Old things have withered and decayed, but new ambition has not been born.

It is in no spirit of criticism of British policy that I have written the above paragraph for it was absolutely necessary that the race should "calm down" for a generation at least before it could be trusted to arise. Now, however, there are no more old chiefs whose memories

hark back to days of savagery, and now for the first and only time has come the critical period in the unique governmental experiment the British have undertaken to perform, for now is the time when the child must learn to walk alone and the support of guardian arms must in kindness be withdrawn, else there must be nurtured but a cripple, not a man.

Among the generation of to-day the light of a new ambition must appear in Fiji or the race shall dwindle to its death. No *real progress* has been made by the Fijians; they have received much from their teachers, but have given nothing in return. They are in the position of a youth whose schooling has just been finished, life and action lie before him; will he awaken to his responsibility, develop his latent talent, character and power, and recompense his teachers by achievement, or will he sink into the apathy of a vile content?

The situation in Fiji is one of peculiar delicacy for the desire for better things must arise among the Fijians themselves, and should it once appear, the paternalism of the present government must be wisely withdrawn to permit of more and more freedom in proportion as the natives may become competent to think and act rightly for themselves. A cardinal difficulty is the unfortunate fact that the natives *desire* no change, and even if individually discontented and ambitious, they know of no profession, arts or trades to which they might turn with hope of fortune. The establishment of manual training schools wherein money-making trades should be taught, if possible *by native* teachers, is sorely needed in Fiji.

At present there is too little freedom of thought in Fiji; fear of the chief and of Samuyalo's club has been replaced by fear of the European and his hell. Free, fearless thought is the father of high action, and while their minds remain steeped in an apathy of dread there can be no soil in which the seed of independence can germinate.

Yet it is still *possible* that the Fijians may attain civilization. Of all the archipelagoes of Polynesia, Fiji alone may still be called the "Isles of Hope." As one who has known and grown to love these honest, hospitable, simple people, I can only hope that the day is not far distant when a leader may arise among them who will turn their faces toward the light of a brighter sky, and their hands to a worthier task than has ever yet been performed in Polynesia.

Yet why civilize them? Often does one ask oneself this question, but the answer comes as the voice of fate, "they must attain civilization or they must die." Should the population continue to decline at its present rate, the time is imminent when the dark-skinned men of Fiji will be not the natives, but the swarming progeny of the coolies of Calcutta.

Nowhere over all the wide Pacific have the natives been more wisely

or unselfishly ruled than in Fiji, yet even here native life seems to be growing less and less purposeful year by year. In time it is hoped a reaction may set in and that with the decline of communism new ambitions may replace the old, but then will come the problem of the rich and the poor—a thing unknown in Fijian life to-day.

Hardly the first lessons in civilization have been taught in Polynesia, yet who can predict the noon day, should even the faintest glow appear in native hope. In former ages the Japanese were a barbarous insular people, and as in our own civilization the traditions and habits of rude Aryan ancestors still color our fundamental thoughts so in Japan we find evidences of a culture essentially similar to that of the Pacific Islands of to-day. The ancient ancestor worship of Japan is strangely like that of the tropical Pacific with its gods, the ghosts of long departed chiefs, and its high chief a living god to-day. Moreover in the Pacific Islands the house consists of but a single room, and such to-day is essentially the case in Japan, save only that delicate paper screens divide its originally unitary floor-space into temporary compartments. As in the South Seas, matting still covers the floor of the Japanese house, its roof is thatched, and is constructed before the sides are made, there is no chimney, the fire-place is an earthen space upon the floor or is sustained within an artistically molded bronze brazier, the refined descendant of the cruder hearth. In Polynesia as in Japan one seats oneself anywhere in tailor-fashion upon the floor, and upon this floor the meals are served, and here one sleeps at night, nor will the women partake of food in the presence of the men. In essential fundamental things of life the Japanese show their kinship in custom and tradition to the insular peoples of Asiatic origin now occupying the Pacific, and if Japan has attained to so great a height in culture and civilization, why may we not hope for better days for the South Sea Islanders?

PAPUA, WHERE THE STONE-AGE LINGERS

By DR. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

WITH their undaunted spirit for braving the wilds, the English entered New Guinea in 1885. For centuries the great island had remained a mere outline upon the map, the fever-haunted glades of its vast swamps and the broken precipices of its mountain ranges having defied exploration, more than the morose and savage character of its inhabitants. Even in the summer of 1913, Massy Baker, the explorer, discovered a lake probably 100 miles or more in shore-line, which had remained hidden in the midst of the dark forests of the Fly and Strickland River regions, and here savages still in the stone age, who had never seen a white man, measured the potency of their weapons against the modern rifle.

To-day there are vast areas upon which the foot of the white man has not yet trodden, and of all the regions in the tropical world New Guinea beckons with most alluring fascination to him to whom adventure is dearer than life.

Far back in the dawn of European exploration, the Portuguese voyager, Antonio de Abren, may have seen the low shores of western New Guinea, but it is quite certain that sixteen years later, in 1527, Don Jorge de Meneses cruised along the coast and observed the woolly-headed natives whom he called "Papuas." The name "New Guinea" was bestowed upon the island by the Spanish captain, Ynigo Ortz de Retes, in 1545, when he saw the negroid natives of its northern shores.

Then there came and passed some of the world's greatest navigators. Torres wandering from far Peru, to unknowingly discover the strait which bears his name; Dampier, the buccaneer-adventurer, and, in 1768, the cultured, esthetic Bougainville, who was enraptured by the beauty of the deep forest-fringed fjords of the northeastern coast. Cook, greatest of all geographers, mapped the principal islands and shoals of the intricate Torres Strait in 1770; and a few years later came Captain Bligh, the resourceful leader of his faithful few, crouching in their frail sail boat that had survived many a tempest; since the mutineers of the *Bounty* had cast them adrift in the mid-Pacific. In the early years of the nineteenth century the scientifically directed *Astrolabe* arrived, under the command of Dumont D'Urville, and, later, Captain Owen Stanley in the *Rattlesnake*, with Huxley as his zoologist.



NATIVES OF BOIRA VILLAGE, BRITISH NEW GUINEA. The photographs illustrating the article were taken by the author in November, 1913.

Then, in 1858, came Alfred Russel Wallace, the codiscoverer of Darwinism, who, by the way, is said to have been the first Englishman who ever actually resided in New Guinea.

The daring explorers and painstaking surveyors came and went, but the great island remained a land of dread and mystery, guarded by the jagged reefs of its eastern shores, and the shallow mud flats, stretching far to sea-ward beyond the mouths of the great rivers of its southern

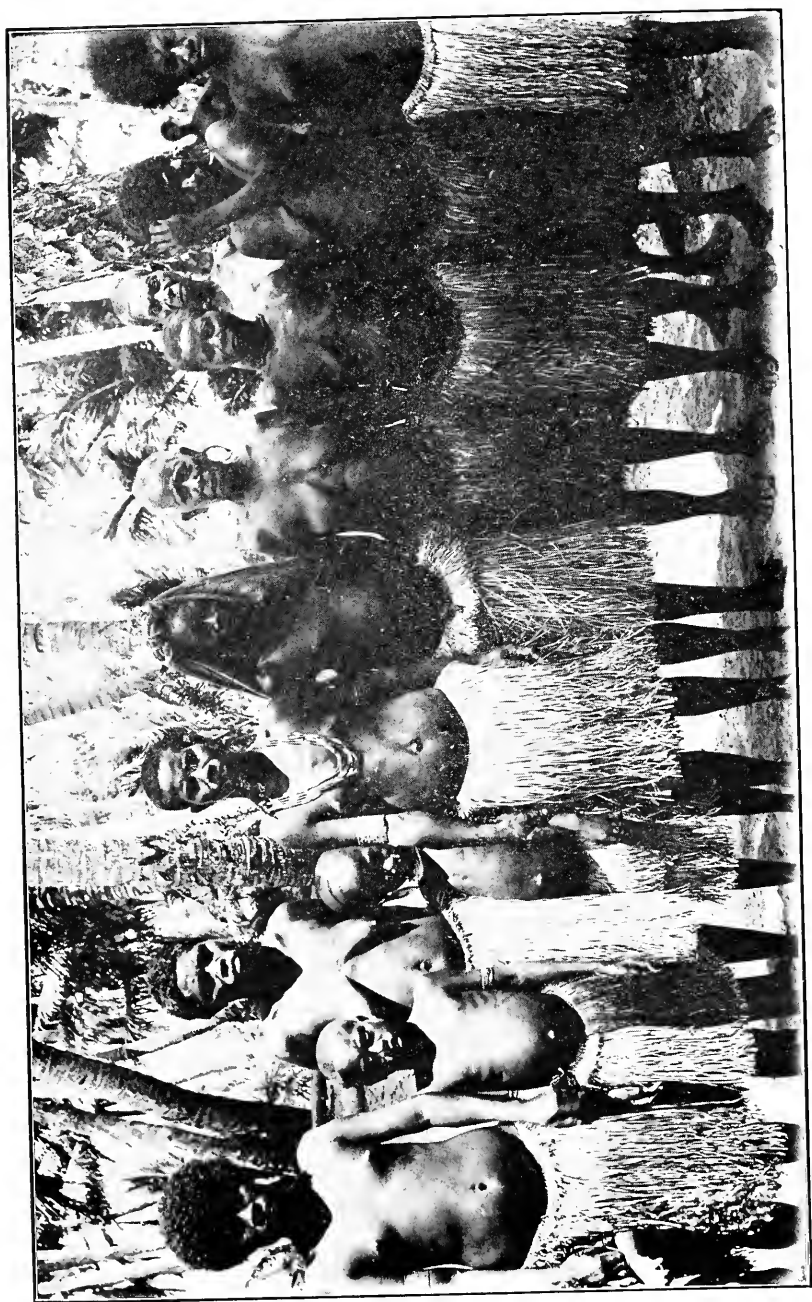
coast. So inaccessible was Papua that even the excellent harbor of Port Moresby, the site of the present capital, was not discovered until 1873. One has but to stifle for a while in the heavy air that flows lifeless and fetid over the lowlands as if from a steaming furnace, or to scent the rank odors of the dark swamps, where for centuries malaria must linger, to appreciate the reason for the long-delayed European settlement of the country. But those who blaze the path of colonial progress are not to be deterred by temperatures or smells; let us remember that Batavia, "the white man's graveyard," is now one of the world's great commercial centers; and Jamaica, the old fever camp of the British army, is now a health resort for tourists.

Papua, the land of the tired eyes and the earnest face, of the willing spirit and the weary body, waning as strength fails year by year in malaria and heat, the land wherein the heart aches for the severed ties of wife and home; its history has hardly yet begun, but the reward of generations of heroism will be the conquest of another empire where England's high standards of freedom are to be raised anew. A victory of peace it is to be, as noble as any yet achieved in war; and great though its death roll, and forgotten though the workers be, the fruits of their labors will bless that better world Great Britain is preparing for those of ages yet to come.

There are great resources in Papua with its area of 90,500 square miles. Untrodden forests where the dark soil moulders beneath the everlasting shade; swamps bearing a harvest of thousands of sago and nipa palms, and mountains in a riot of contorted peaks rising to a height of 13,200 feet in the Owen Stanley range.

It is still a country of surprises, as when petroleum fields, probably 1,000 square miles in area, were discovered only about four years ago along the Vailala River, the natives having concealed their knowledge of the bubbling gas springs through fear of offending the evil spirits of the place. It is evident that although the country has been merely glanced over, there are both agricultural and mineral resources of a promising nature in Papua. It remains but for modern medicine to overcome the infections of the tropics for the region to rise into prominence as one of the self-supporting colonies of the British empire.

The early history of British occupation centers around the striking personality of James Chalmers, the great-hearted, broad-minded, missionary, one of the most courageous who ever devoted his life to extending the brotherhood of the white man's ideals. Chafing, as a young man, under the petty limitations of his mission in the Cook Islands, he sought New Guinea, as being the wildest and most dangerous field in the tropical Pacific. Here, for twenty-five years, he devoted his mighty soul to the work of introducing the rudiments of civilization and Christianity to the most sullen and dangerous savages upon earth.



NATIVES OF BOIRA VILLAGE.

Scores of times his life hung in the balance of native caprice; wives and friends died by his side, victims to the malignant climate and to native spears, while he seemed to possess a charmed life; until, true to his prediction, he was murdered by the cannibals of Dopina at the mouth of the Fly River in 1901.

Hundreds of scattered tribes had learned to revere their great leader "Tamate," as they called him, who brought peace and prosperity to his followers. Yet a danger to Papua that he himself foresaw and did all in his power to avert came as a result of the introduction of the very civilization of which he was the champion, for with peace came new wants that the most unscrupulous of traders at once sought to supply at prices ruinous to the social and moral welfare of the natives.

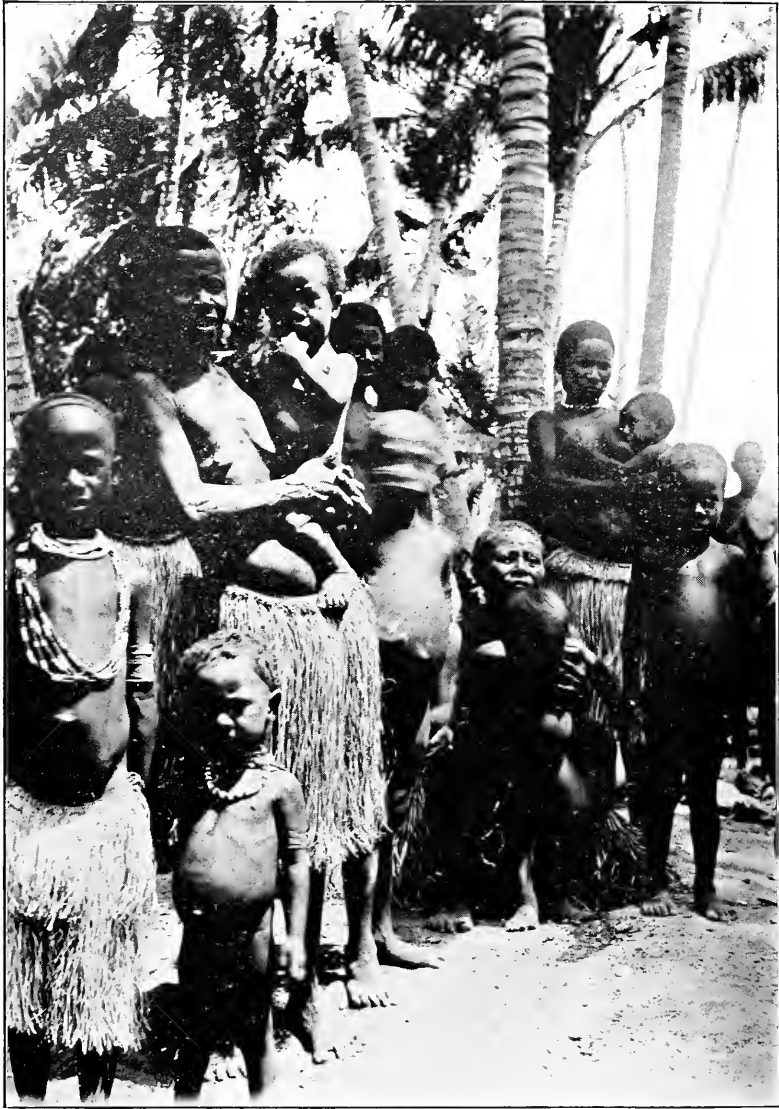
Also, the proximity of Queensland threatened to become a menace; for Chalmers himself was well aware of the dark history of the "black-bird trade" wherein practical slavery was forced upon the indentured laborers, lured from their island homes to toil as hopeless debtors upon the Australian plantations. A government of the natives for the native interests he desired; not one administered from the Australian mainland in the interest of alien whites. The hopes of Chalmers were only partially realized, for Papua is still only a territory of Australia.

In most respects this condition appears to be unfortunate. The crying needs of a new country are usually peculiarly local and not likely to be appreciated by a distant ruling power. Moreover, Australia is itself an undeveloped land and requires too large a proportion of its own capital for expansion at home to be a competent protector of a colony across the sea. One feels that Papuan development might have proceeded with greater smoothness had the colony been more directly under the British empire, rather than an Australian dependency.

The strategic necessity that Australia should command both the northern and the southern shores of Torres Straits might still have been secured without the sacrifice of any important initiative in matters of government upon the part of Papua.

The cardinal evil that Chalmers feared has, however, been averted. The natives still own 97½ per cent. of the entire land area, and wise laws guard them in this precious possession, and aim to protect them from all manner of unjust exploitation. It is much to the credit of the government that the cleanest native villages and the most healthy, ambitious and industrious tribes, are those nearest the white settlements. Contact between the races has resulted in the betterment, not in the degradation, of the Papuan natives.

The touch of a master hand is apparent in a multitude of details in managing the natives of Papua; and it is of interest to see that in broad essentials the plan of government is adapted from that which the Eng-



NATIVES OF BOIRA VILLAGE.

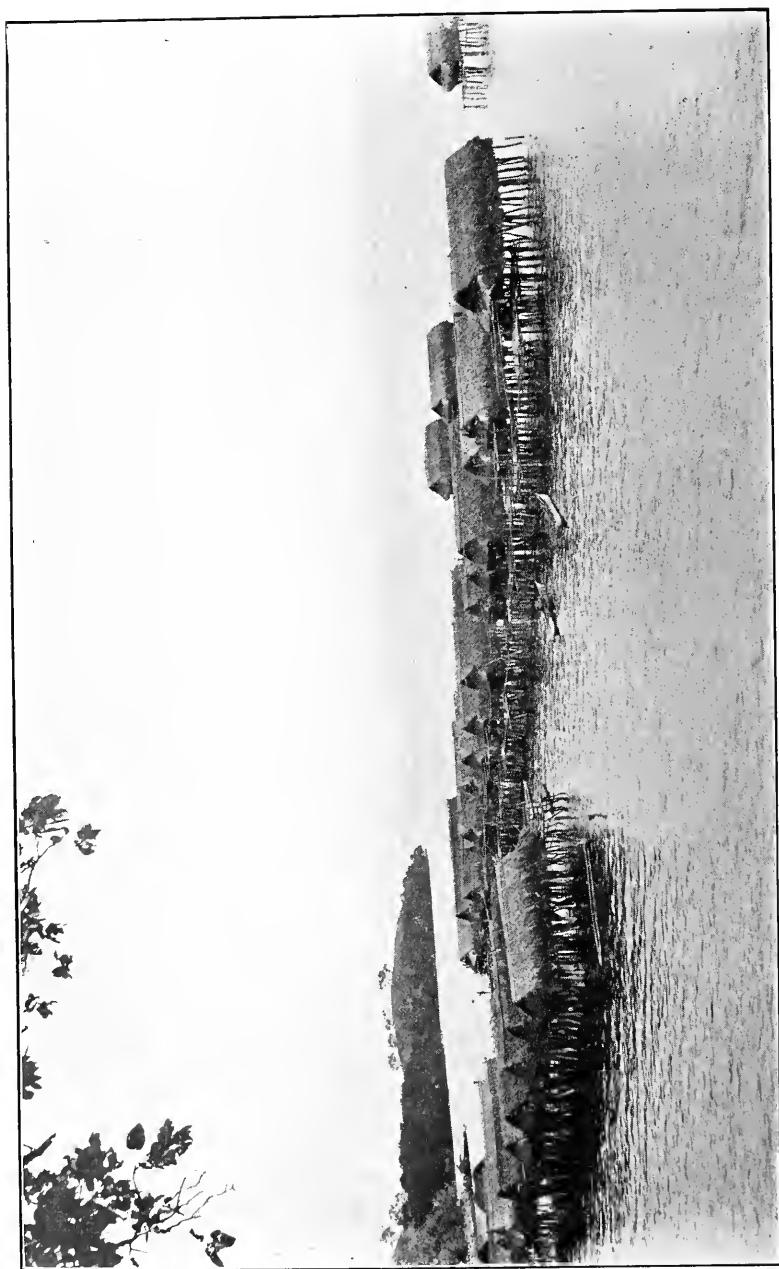
lish have put to the test of practise in Fiji; the modifications being of a character designed to meet the conditions peculiar to Melanesia, wherein the chiefs are relatively unimportant in comparison with their rôle in the social systems of the Polynesians and Fijians.

Foremost in the shaping of the destiny of Papua stands the commanding figure of Sir William Macgregor, administrator and lieutenant governor from 1888 to 1898. As a young man Macgregor was government physician in Fiji, where he became prominent not only as a com-

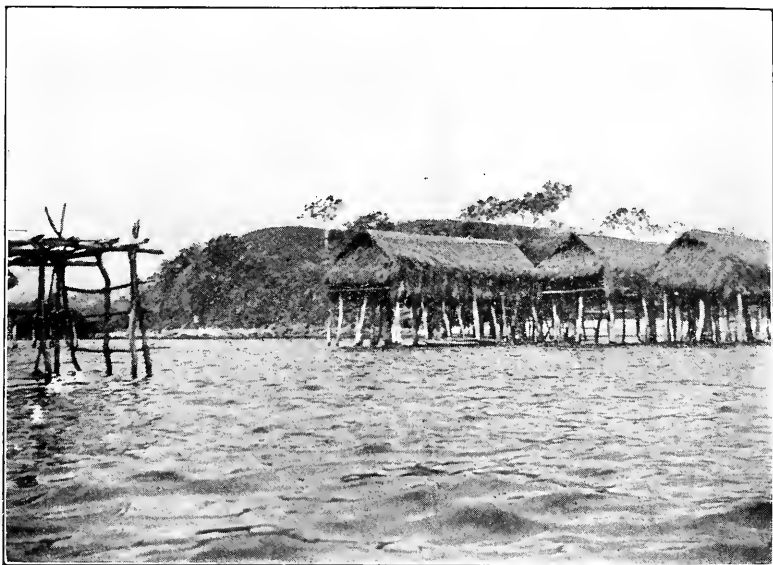
petent guardian of the health of the natives, but as a leader in the suppression of the last stronghold of cannibalism along the Singatoka River. In Papua his tireless spirit found a wide field for high endeavor, and upon every department of the government one finds to-day the stamp of his powerful personality. Nor did he remain closeted in Port Moresby, a stranger to the races of his vast domains, for over the highest mountains and through the densest swamps his expeditions forced their way; the Great Governor always in the van. It was thus that he con-



BELLES OF BOIRA VILLAGE.



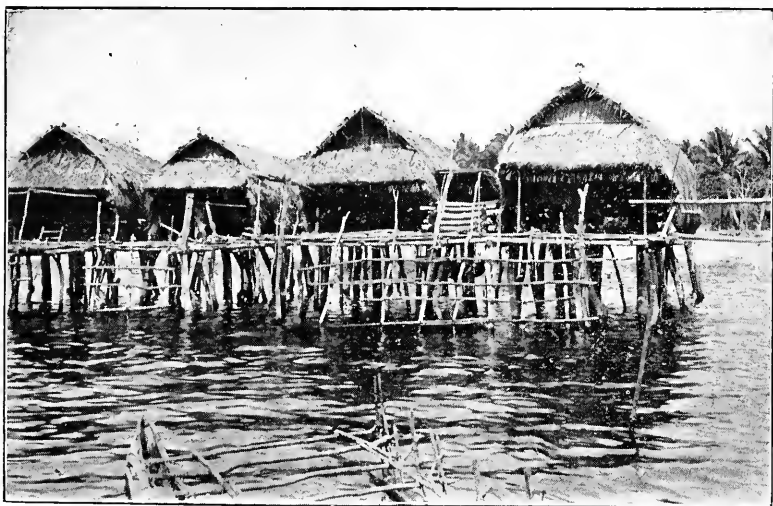
BARAKAU VILLAGE, ABOUT 20 MILES EAST OF PORT MORESBY, BRITISH NEW GUINEA.



BARAKAU VILLAGE.

quered the fierce Tugeri of the Dutch border, who for generations had been the terror of the coasts; and wherever his expeditions passed, peace followed, and the law of the British magistrate supplanted the caprice of the sorcerer.

But his hardest fight was not with the mountain wilds or the malarious morasses. It was to secure from the powerful ones of his own race the privileges of freemen for the natives of Papua.



BARAKAU VILLAGE.



HANUABADA VILLAGE, PORT MORESBY.

In his youth he had seen the blessings that came with the advent of British rule in Fiji; and here, in broad New Guinea, upon a vaster scale, he strove to make fair play the dominant note in the white man's treatment of a savage race.

Arrayed against Chalmers and Macgregor were conservatism and suspicion founded in ancient precedent, and a commercial avarice that saw in native exploitation the readiest means to convert New Guinea into a "white man's country." Aversion there was also in high places to embarking upon a possibly fruitless experiment, involving generations of labor and expense for a remote and uncertain harvest. Chalmers and Macgregor, however, through the force of their high convictions and the wisdom of their wide experience, won the great fight for fairness; for civilization's cardinal victories are those, not of the soldier, but of the civil servant who dares risk his reputation and his all for those things he deems just and generous; and when Papua comes to erect statues to her great leaders, those of these two patriots must surely occupy the highest places, as champions of the liberties of the weak. The noble policy of Macgregor is still, and let us hope it long may be, the keynote of the administration in Papua, which to-day is being ably carried forward under the great governor's disciple, the Honorable John H. P. Murray.

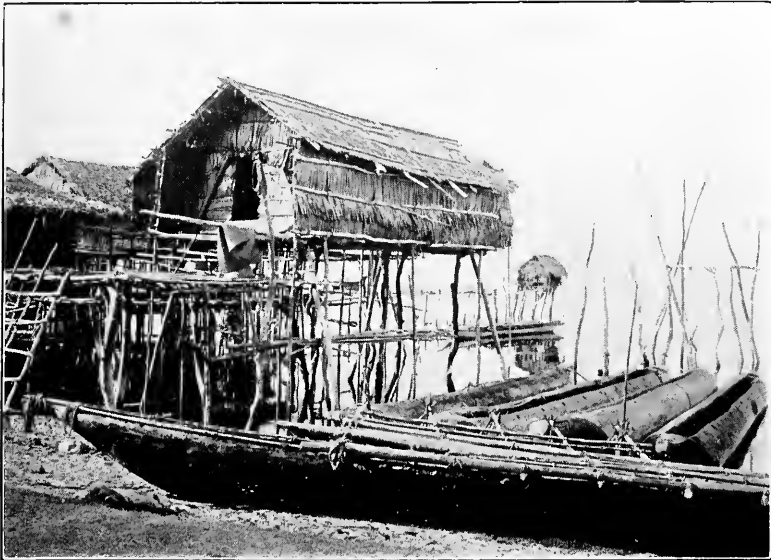
The proclamation given by Captain Erskine in 1884 declared that a British Protectorate had become essential for the safeguarding of the lives and property of the natives of New Guinea and for the purpose of preventing the occupation of the country by persons whose proceedings

might lead to injustice, strife and bloodshed, or whose illegitimate trade might endanger the liberties and alienate the lands of the natives.

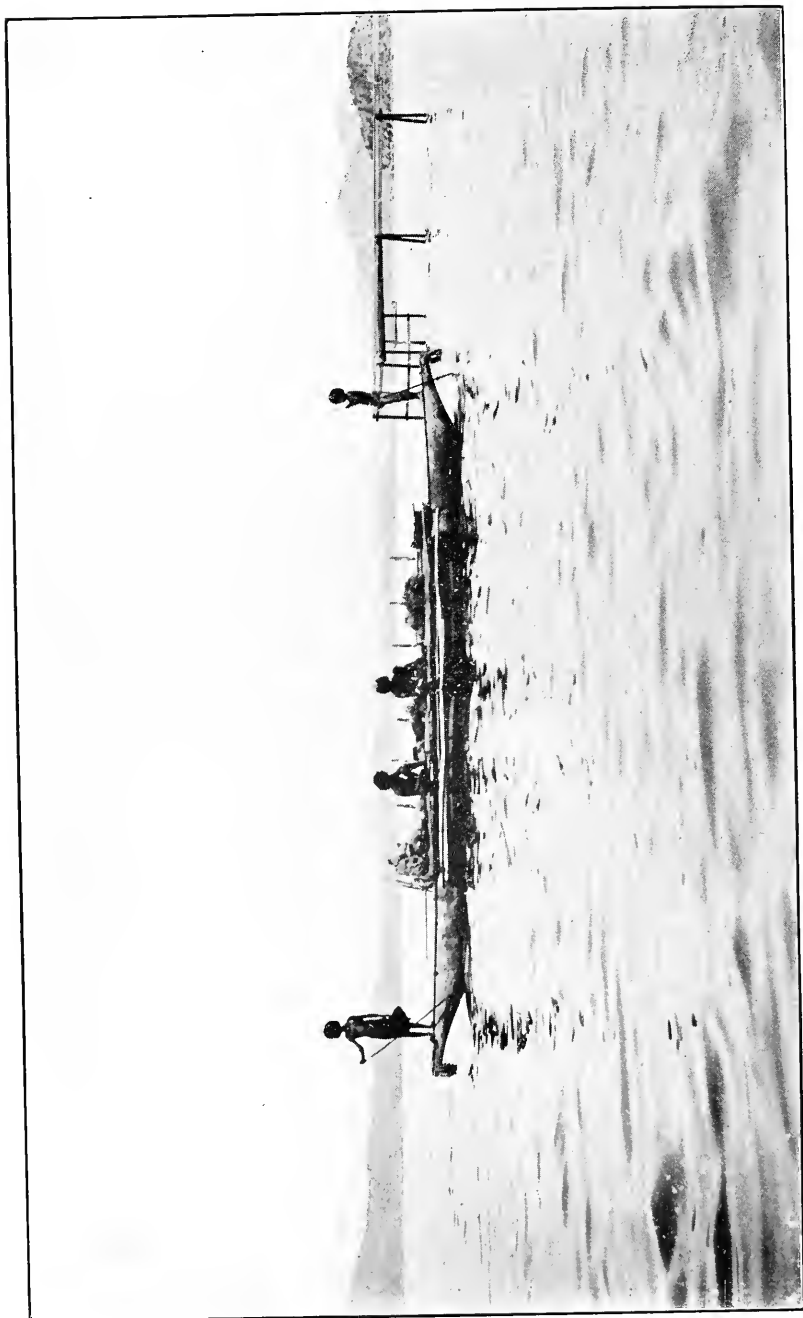
It is, however, one thing for a government to declare its altruistic intentions, but often quite another to carry them into effect.

In Papua, every effort has been made to prevent robbery of the natives by unscrupulous whites. The natives are firmly secured in the possession of their lands, which they can neither sell, lease nor dispose of, except to the government itself. Thus the natives and the government are the only two landlords in the country. To acquire land in Papua, the European settler must rent it from the government, for he is not permitted to acquire fee simple rights. The whites are thus tenants of the government, and are subject to such rules and regulations as their landlord may decree. The tenant is, however, recognized as the creator and owner of any improvements he may erect upon the land, and, at the expiration of his lease, the government undertakes to pay him a fair compensation for such improvements, provided he has lived up to the letter of regulations respecting his tenure.

For agricultural land a merely nominal rental is demanded, ranging from nothing for the first ten years to a final maximum of six pence per acre; yet this system has had the effect of retarding European settlement, for, although its area is twice that of Cuba, Papua had but 1,064 whites in 1912, and only one one hundred and seventy-fourth of the territory is held under lease.



HANUABADA VILLAGE.



CANOE AT PORT MORESBY.

Men of the type who can conquer the primeval forests and create industries prefer to own their land outright, and are apt to resent the restrictions of complex government regulations, however wisely administered. Socialism, while it may in some measure be desirable in old and settled communities, serves but to dull that sense of personal freedom which above all spurs the pioneer onward to success in a wild and dangerous region.

Possibly in the end, the government may find it advantageous to permit certain lands to be acquired by Europeans, in fee simple; for until this is done the settlement of the country must proceed with extreme slowness. Moreover, mere tenants owning nothing but their improvements, and even these being subject to government appraisalment, may be unduly tempted to drain, rather than to develop, the resources of the land they occupy.

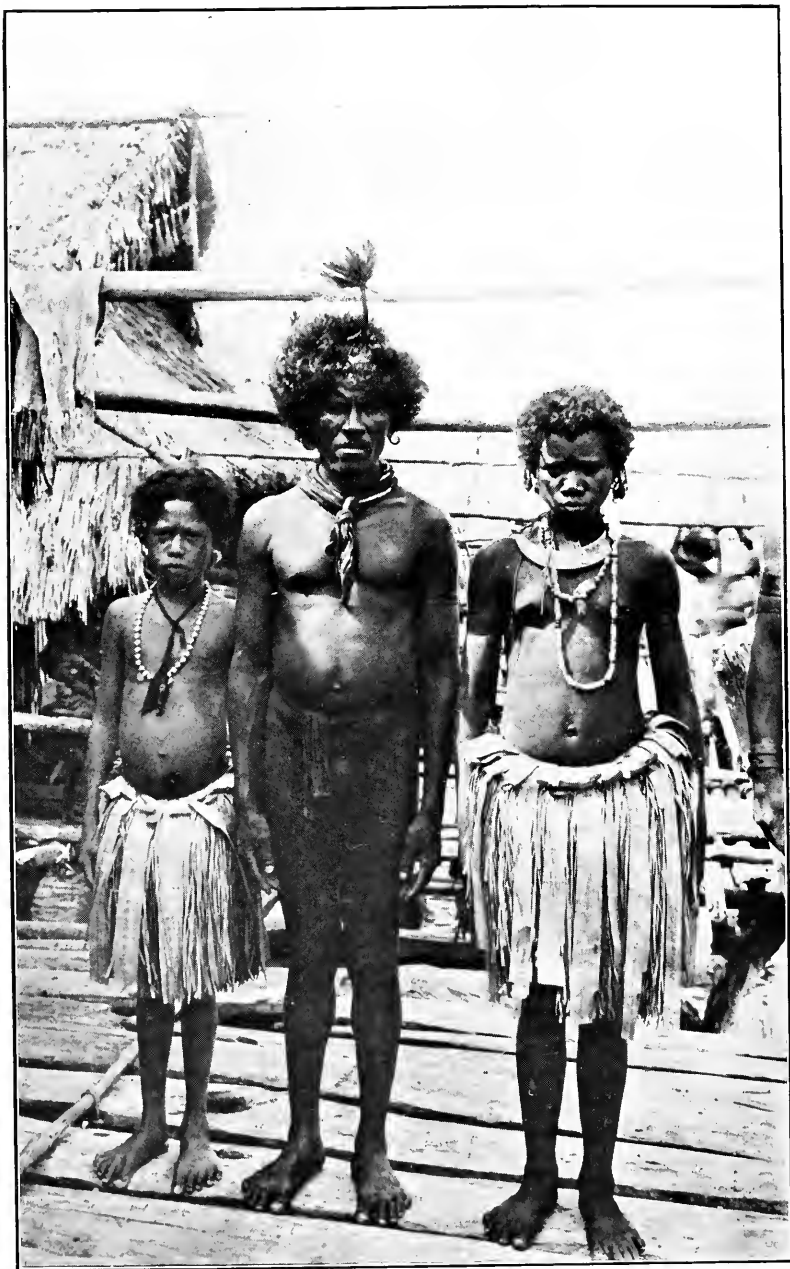
But the chief aim of the Papuan government is to introduce civilization among the natives, and a slow increase in the European population is of primary necessity to the accomplishment of this result.

At present the natives are not taxed, the chief sources of revenue being derived from the customs duties upon imports, the bulk of which are consumed by the Europeans, and this source of income is supplemented by an annual grant of about £25,000 from the Australian Commonwealth, but, due to the duties upon food and necessities, the cost of living is higher than it should be in a new country.

Judging, however, from the experience of the English in Fiji and of the Dutch in Java, the natives would be benefited rather than oppressed by a moderate poll tax to be paid in produce, thus developing habits of industry, and in some measure offsetting the evil effects of that insidious apathy which follows upon the sudden abolition of native warfare.

Every effort should also be made to encourage and educate the Papuans in the production and sale of manufactured articles. One must regret the loss of many arts and crafts among the primitive peoples of the Pacific, which, if properly fostered under European protection to insure a market and an adequate payment for their wares, would have been a source of revenue and a factor of immeasurable import in developing that self respect and confidence in themselves which the too sudden modification of their social and religious systems is certain to destroy. The ordinary mission schools are deficient in this respect, devoting their major energies to the "three R's" and to religious instruction, and, while it is pleasing to observe a boy whose father was a cannibal extracting cube roots, one can not but conclude that the acquisition of some money-making trade would be more conducive to his happiness in after life.

It is not too much to say that the chief problem in dealing with



NATIVES OF BARAKAU VILLAGE.

an erstwhile savage race is to overcome the universal loss of interest and decline in energy which inevitably follows upon the development of that semblance of civilization which is enforced with the advent of the white

man. The establishment of manual training schools wherein arts and crafts which may be profitably practised by the natives as life-professions, is a first essential to the salvation of the race. These schools should and would in no manner interfere with the religious teaching received from missionaries, but would indeed be a most potent factor in the spread of true Christianity among the natives. Whether Christianity be true or false does not affect the case, for the natives are destined to be dominated by Christian peoples, and it primarily essential that they should understand at least the rudiments of Christian ideals and behavior.

The realization of the importance of training them to the pursuit of useful arts and trades, which would enable the natives to become self-supporting in the European sense, has been perceived by certain thinkers among the missionaries themselves, and in certain regions efforts are being made the success of which should revolutionize our whole method of dealing with the problem of introducing civilization among a primitive people.

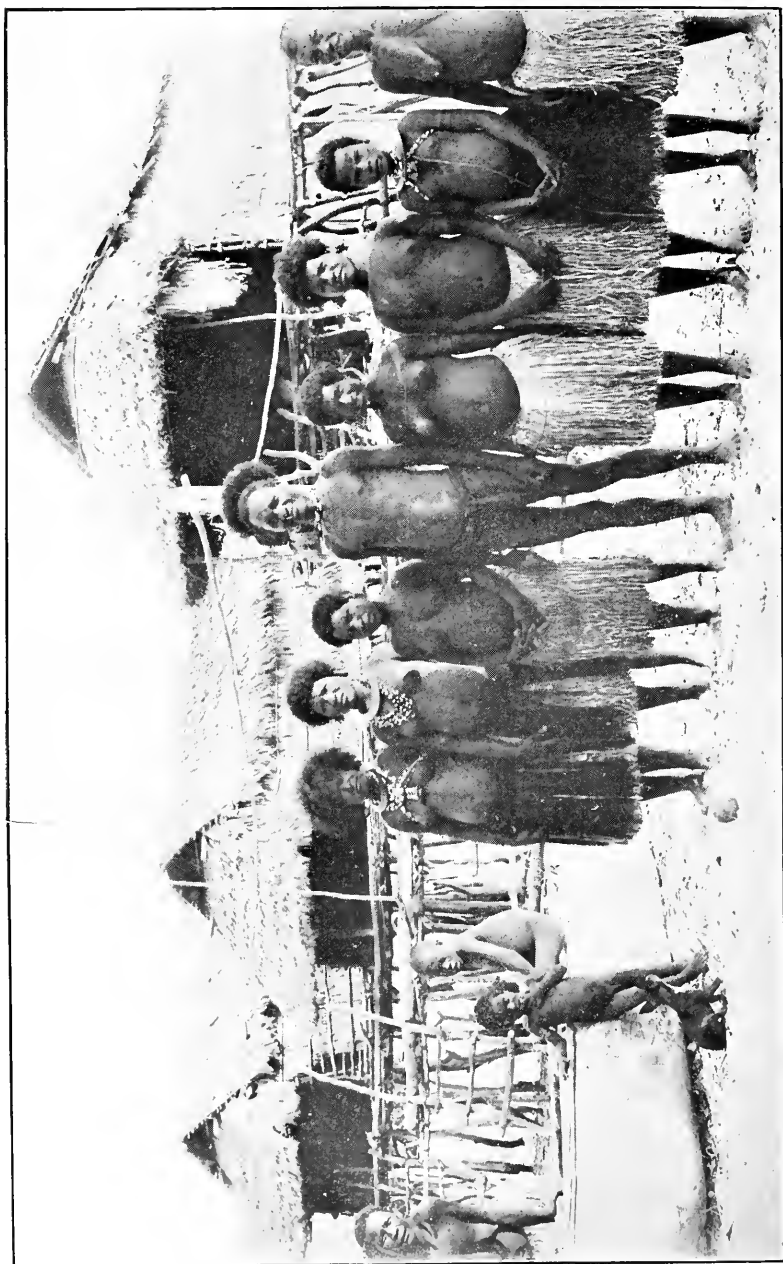
Keep their minds active and their hands employed in self-supporting work and their morals and religion will safely fall into accord with Christian standards.

Up to the present native education has been left to the devoted efforts of the missionaries, who have more than 10,000 pupils under their charge, but the time is coming when the government should co-operate in establishing trade schools wherein crafts, providing life-vocations to the natives, may be taught.

There may be more than 275,000 natives in Papua, but, due to lack of knowledge of the country, the actual number is unknown.

Among the mountain fastnesses, defending themselves in tree-houses, one finds a frizzly-headed black negrito-like race hardly more than five feet in height. These are probably remnants of the "pigmy" pre-Dravidian or Negrito-Papuan element, which constituted the most ancient inhabitants of the island and who long ago were driven inland from the coveted coast.

The burly negroid Papuans of the Great River deltas of western Papua differ widely from the lithe, active, brown-skinned, mop-headed natives of the eastern half of the southern coast; and Professors Haddon and Seligmann have decided that in eastern New Guinea many Proto-Polynesian, Melanesian and Malayan immigrants have mingled their blood with that of the more primitive Papuans. Thus there are many complexly associated ethnic elements in New Guinea, and often people living less than a hundred miles apart can not understand one another; in fact, each village has its peculiar dialect. Social customs and cultural standards in art and manufacture vary greatly from the same cause, and each tribe has some remarkable individual characteristics. In the Fly-River region, the village consists of a few huge houses with



NATIVES OF BOREBADA VILLAGE.

mere stalls for the families, which crowd for defence under the shelter of a single roof. Along the southern side of the eastern end of the island, however, each family has its own little thatched hut, and these are often built for defense upon piling over the sea, reminding one of the manner of life of the prehistoric Swiss-lake dwellers.

Nearly 12,000 natives are at present employed by the whites as indentured laborers in Papua, their terms of service ranging from three years, upon agricultural work, to not more than eighteen months in mining. Their wages range from about \$1.50 to \$5.00 per month, and all payments must be made in the presence of a magistrate and in coin or approved bank notes.

At every turn both employer and employed are wisely safeguarded; the native suffering imprisonment for desertion, and the employer being prohibited from getting the blacks into debt, or from treating them harshly or unjustly. Their enlistment must be voluntary and executed in the presence of a magistrate, and, after their term of service, the employer is obliged to return them to their homes.

One is impressed with the many manifestations of a fair degree of efficiency on the part of the native laborers, who are really good plantation hands and resourceful sailors. In fact, trade has always been practised to a considerable extent by the shore tribes, the pottery of the eastern end of the coast being annually exchanged for the sago produced by the natives of the Fly River Delta. It is a picturesque sight to see the large lakatois, or trading canoes, creeping along in the shadow of the palm-fringed shores under the great wall of the mountains, the lakatoi consisting of a raft composed of six or more canoes lashed together side by side, and covered by a platform which bears a thatched hut serving to house the sailors and their wares. The craft is propelled by graceful crescent-shaped lateen sails of pandanus matting and steered by sweeps from the stern. Trading voyages of hundreds of miles are often undertaken, the lakatois starting from the east at the waning of the southeast trade wind in early November and returning a month or two later in the season of the northwest monsoon.

The Papuan is both ingenious and industrious when working in his own interest, and with tactful management he becomes a faithful and fairly efficient laborer. Perhaps the most serious defect in the present system of employment in Papua is the usually long interval between payments. The natives are not paid at intervals of less than one month and, often, not until the expiration of their three-year term of service. With almost no knowledge of arithmetic and possessed of a fund which seems large beyond the dreams of avarice, he is practically certain to be cheated by the dishonest tradesmen who flock vulture-like to centers of commercial activity. This evil might be in large measure prevented were the natives to be paid at monthly intervals, for they would then gradually



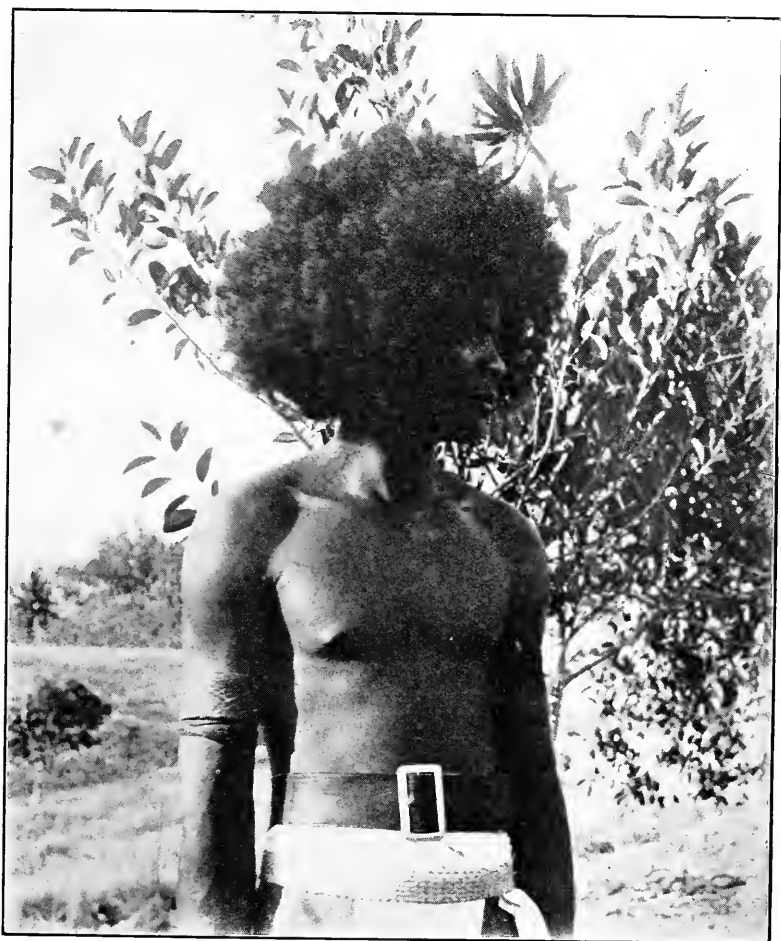
THE GOVERNOR'S SERVANTS, PORT MORESBY, GOVERNMENT HOUSE GROUNDS.

become accustomed to the handling of money and would gain an appreciation of its actual value.

Generations must elapse before more than a moderate degree of civilization is developed in Papua, but the foundations are being surely and conservatively laid, and already in the civilized centers natives respect and loyally serve their British friends and masters.

In common with many another British colony, the safeguard of Papua lies not in the rifles of the whites, but in the loyal hearts of the natives themselves, and in Papua, as in Fiji, the native constabulary under the leadership of a mere handful of Europeans may be trusted to maintain order in any emergency. As Governor Murray truly states in his interesting book "Papua, or British New Guinea," the most valuable asset the colony possesses is not its all but unexplored mineral wealth or the potential value of its splendid forests and rich soil, but it is the Papuans themselves, and let us add that under the leadership of Great Britain the dawn of Papuan civilization is fast breaking into the sunlight of a happiness such as has come to but few of the erstwhile savage races of the earth.

Without belittling the nobility of purpose or disregarding the self-sacrificing devotion of the missionary for his task, let us also grant to the civil servant his due share of praise. His duty he also performs in the dangerous wilds of the earth; beset with insidious disease, stifling in unending heat, exiled from home and friends, with suspicious savages around him, he labors with waning strength in that struggle against climate wherein the ultimate ruin of his body is assured. Yet in his heart there lives, growing as years elapse, the English gentleman's ideal of service, and for him it is sufficient that, though he is to be invalided and forgotten even before he dies, yet his will have been one of those rare spirits who have extended to the outer world his mother country's ideal of justice and fair play.



"HENI" THE GOVERNOR'S SERVANT, PORT MORESBY.

THE MEN OF THE MID-PACIFIC

By ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

MORE than 2,000 years ago, there lived upon the Islands from Sumatra to the Philippines an ancient sea-faring race, the brown-skinned Sawaiori. Of their origin we know nothing, but that they had long been separated from the Indian Peninsula is evident, for there are no Sanscrit words in the language of their descendants.

Much as the Polynesians are to-day, their ancestors, the half-mythical Sawaiori, probably were in those ages long past, for even to-day no Polynesian population has developed a national solidarity. Their political and social unit is and always has been the village, fortified, self-centered, with no communal interest and no civic virtue extending beyond the limits of its ramparts of rattan.

Weak as a house divided against itself were the Sawaiori when before the dawn of our Christian era, hordes of Malay pirates began to swarm out from southeastern Asia and to overrun the off-lying islands.¹

We may picture village after village obliterated in an orgie of massacre and outrage. From the roar of burning thatch the weak ones slunk away, while to the cat-like Malay the heroes fell a prey. One desperate resource remained to the persecuted race—flight over the wide and unknown waters of the Pacific.

Eastward went the fugitives in two great streams, one along the northern and the other skirting the southern coast of New Guinea.

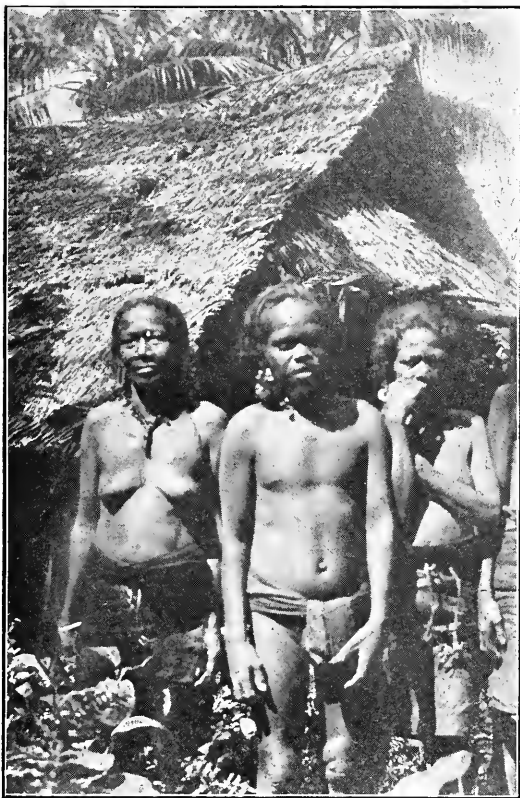
But, although forced by hunger to conquer a landing place, there to grow the broad-leaved taro for the onward voyage, no home for the Sawaiori could be found upon New Guinea, for ever in his rear there lurked the Malayan prahn, while the forests around him secreted cannibals hungering for his flesh. Before the dawn of history they sailed, these mariners of a weak and exiled race, who heavy with many a fear the world has long outlived, yet braved the unknown perils of this loneliest of seas—the ocean of the long low heave, the never stilled breathing of the monster in his sleep; for calm over the Pacific has but the semblance of peace and over its hours of stillness there broods the threat of storm—to them but the inaction of a demon nursing his rage.

¹ For a résumé of his own and previous researches upon this subject one should consult William Churchill's "Polynesian Wanderings," published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington in 1911.

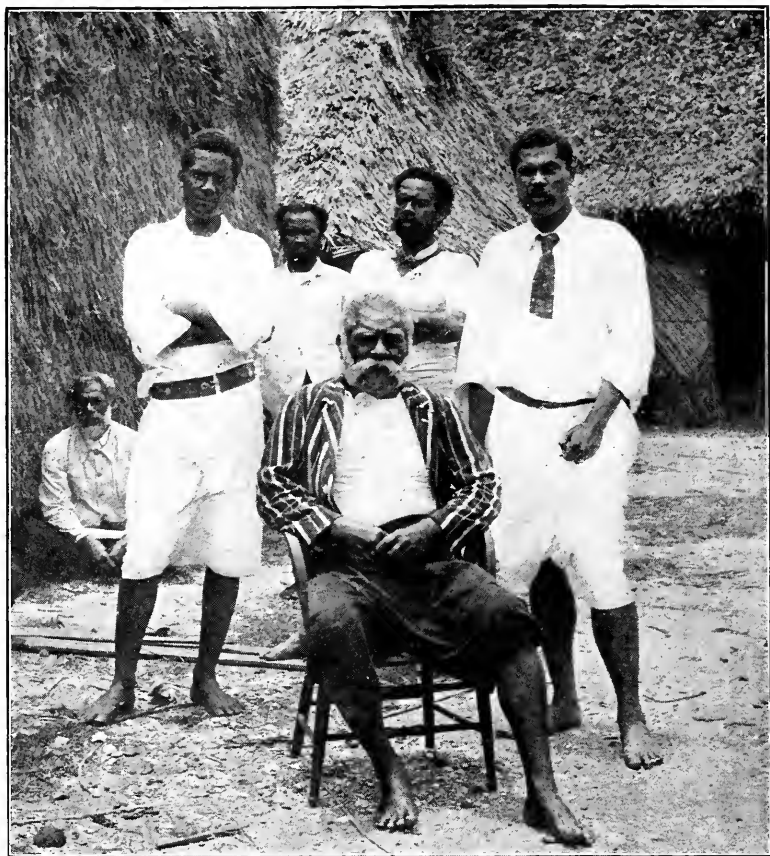
Thus onward sped the disheartened bands until New Guinea and the Bismarck Archipelago faded beneath the western sea, and the high mountains of the Salomons rose majestically above the eastern horizon. Then along the coast of these Islands, so fair to look upon, our wanderers still sailed searching always for the land of peace and finding only the abode of the Melanesian savage, but still beyond, luring them onward toward the rising sun, lay the untried ocean.

Forced at last to leave all land behind, they did as wise sailors would have done, steered close into the southeast trades that blow so constantly over this vast expanse of ocean. Thus when starvation hovered near, when the last of the meagre store of fermented bread fruit had been consumed, and slaves began to fall to sustain the master voyagers, there still remained as a last resource the fair wind to bear them back to the known but dreaded shores of the Salomons.

Such a course from the southeasternmost Salomons close hauled on the tropical wind, would carry our navigators to the Santa Cruz group where once again they had to encounter their old foe the negroid Mela-



NATIVES OF UOLA, TRUK ATOLL, CAROLINE ISLANDS.



KING AND HIGH CHIEFS OF FIJI, AT MEAU, IN 1899.

nesian. Thus after conquering only enough of the coveted shore to suffice for a temporary resting place, they sped onward and away to discover Rotumah where at last peace from all but their own ambitions awaited them.

Then as years passed and little Rotumah became overpopulated, and jealousies engendered savage wars, some long-forgotten Columbus of the Pacific made a last and final voyage of 600 miles over the open ocean to beautiful Samoa, the El Dorado of the Polynesian race.

With faces toward the rising sun they had gone their fearsome way, and as beaten fugitives taking awful chances a remnant of their race had found the seclusion of a land untrodden by any but their own feet. Yet, as men treasuring the memory of their past, they turned their homesick faces toward the setting sun, whence the spirits of their dead returned over the ocean to the mythical fatherland the old songs still de-



THREE MAIDENS OF FUNAFUTI ATOLL, ELLICE ISLANDS. Types of the Polynesian race.

scribe. For somewhere, far to the westward lay the half-forgotten home, and the something that stands for Europe to us in America, is the fabled Hawaiki to the Polynesians of to-day.

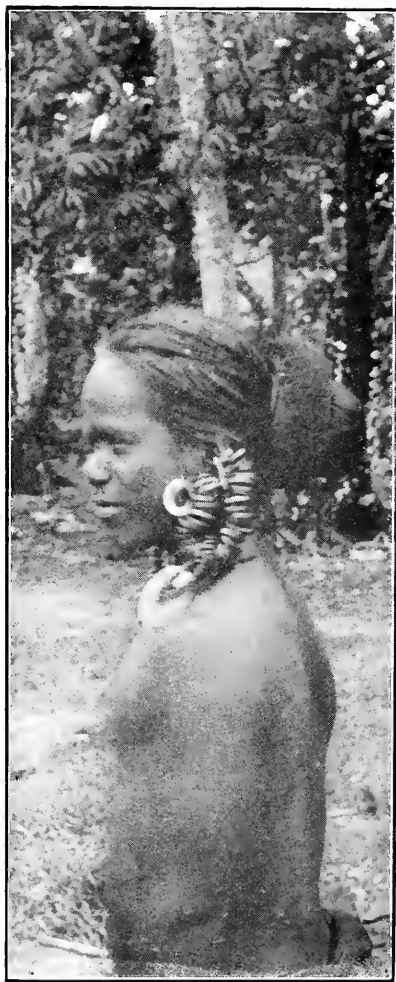
Generations came and passed, but Samoa remained to them by right of eminent domain. Yet history constantly repeats itself, and wars and persecutions again operated as of old, so that within historic times, from five hundred to three hundred years ago, so the old songs tell, great voyages were made from Samoa to Hawaii, to the Cook Islands and thence to New Zealand; to Tahiti, Fiji, Tonga, the Ellice and Gilbert Islands, and to the remotely isolated Easter Island. In Samoa the story is of the departing fugitives and in Hawaii or New Zealand the song tells of their arrival, and the dates of these achievements are fixed by the generations of the chiefs that have been and passed away, and are now but names known but to the chanting priests. For two thousand miles around Samoa the men of Polynesian race were masters of the island-world, and thus from Rotumah to Easter Island four thousand miles from west to east, and from New Zealand to Hawaii

four thousand miles from south to north, one general language is spoken even to our day.

Throughout this vast area, islands uninhabited to-day show crude carvings on the rocks, as at Pitcairn, evidencing the presence of voyagers long dead. There is reason to believe that for centuries before the white man came, the arts of canoe-making and sailing had been declining in Polynesia. Yet centuries



MAAFU MAATU, A HIGH CHIEF OF TONGA, nephew of Maafu, who conquered the Lau Group of the Fiji Islands.



MAN OF TRUK GROUP, CAROLINE ISLANDS. Ear-rings made of turtle and snail shells. Malay admixture is apparent.

before our ancestors dared venture from the sight of land, the Polyne-sians were lords of the vastest ocean empire of the earth.

Thus far, we have considered only the northern current of adventurers, those who sailed along the northern shore of New Guinea; but as Churchill shows, there were others, who, forced out from the region of Sumatra, wandered eastward along



A WARRIOR OF TARI TARI ISLAND, GILBERT ISLANDS, dressed in coconut fiber armor and shark's skin belt, and holding weapons edged with shark's teeth.

the southern shore of New Guinea until they reached the region of Torres Straits, where traces of their language still remain. Then, as they, too, sailed outward over the Pacific, certain of their canoes found a final resting place upon the New Hebrides, as at Efaté, Aniwa and Fotuna, where the negroid Melanesians still retain many Polynesian words and phrases; then, finally, these southern wanderers found Fiji, there to amalgamate with the more primitive Melanesians and to give rise to one of the finest races now inhabiting the Pacific.

As for the remnant of Sawaiori words now found in the speech of the Malays, it is such as one would expect the sons of conquerors to acquire from their mothers of the conquered race.

The purest examples of the Polynesian stock to be seen to-day are in Samoa, the Society, and Ellice Islands. The once superb men of New Zealand, and the giant race of Tahiti have degenerated, the population

of the Marquesas is upon the verge of extinction and the Hawaiians are declining and amalgamating with the Chinese.

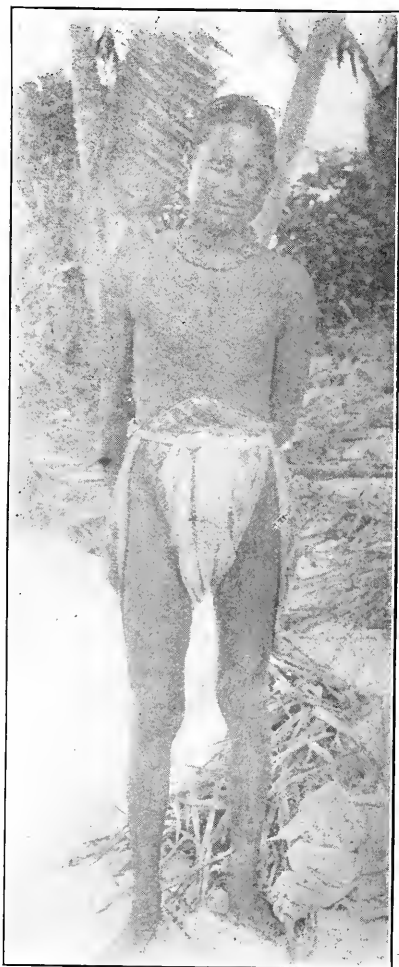
In color the Polynesian is a rich bronze-brown, and when not sun-burned he may be said to be about twice as dark as a Spaniard or Southern Italian. The black hair, slightly waving, falls in heavy masses over the fine broad shoulders. The somewhat flattened never prominent nose and chin are very characteristic. The lips are full but not protrusive, and the eyes are almond-shaped, giving so close a general resemblance to the Japanese peasant that one has difficulty in distinguishing one from the other when both are mingled in a crowd. The Polynesian is, however, far larger and more muscular in appearance than the Japanese and as he stands superbly erect, his shoulders never bent under the weight of servile burdens or stooped to the student's yolk of mental labor, one is forced to liken him to a bronze statue turned to life, so charming is the symmetry of his superb body. In contrast with the athletes of our own race, his chest-muscles are far finer, and instead of



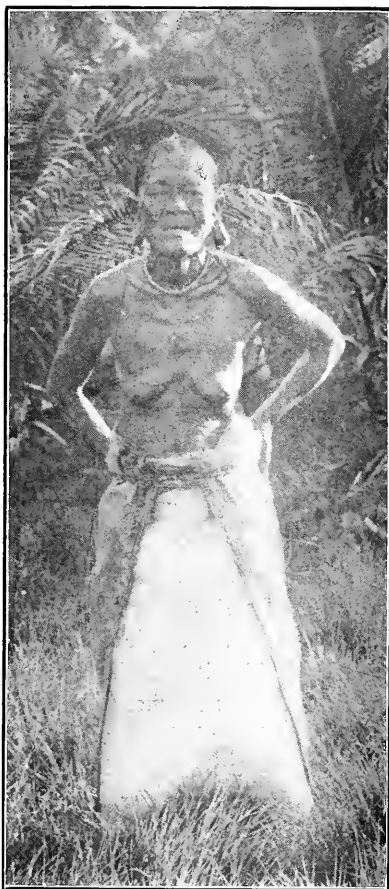
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, TARAWA ISLAND, GILBERT ISLANDS.

being good only in arms or legs his uniformity of development is remarkable. None of his muscles stands out in distorted swollen form, but all in all he is the epitome of graceful manly strength, not thin and cat-like as is the treacherous Malay.

In contrast with the Polynesian stands the Papuan of Eastern New Guinea for, despite his Polynesian



YOUTH OF ROGELAB ATOLL, MARSHALL ISLANDS, showing the mode of wearing the mat. Micrones'ian type.



WOMAN SHOWING PIERCED EARS, AND MODE OF WEARING MATS. ROGELAB ATOLL, MARSHALL ISLANDS.

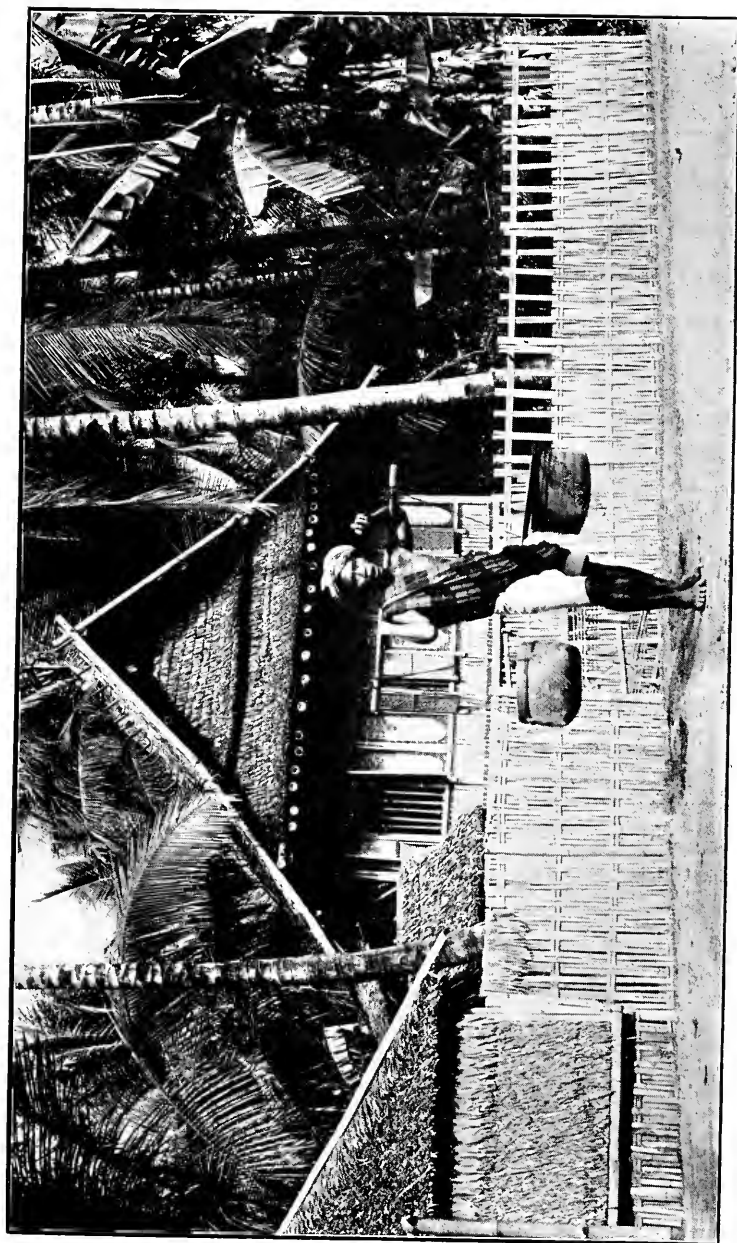
admixture, in essential characteristics he remains negroid, with a huge mop-like mass of coarse crinkled hair. His skin is dark chocolate, his arms long, his poorly developed legs short and bent at the knees, and his body weakly made, his small eyes bloodshot and sinister, nose large but only moderately flattened, and the weak chin and thick protrusive lips revealing descent from Africa.

In Fiji, and to a lesser degree in Tonga we find a mixed race with

the mop-like hair and small cruel eye of the Papuan, but with a splendidly developed body, the proud heritage from Polynesian ancestors. In Tonga and Fiji the average height is probably quite six feet, and the symmetry of form and perfection of development of every muscle in these huge but shapely men seem more statuesque than human to us, accustomed as we are to shoulders bent by the physical and mental tasks of civilization. "A Shrimp" the huge Fijian laughingly designates the white man, in allusion to his puny strength and stooping figure. It is a new thing to us, this sight of superb bronze-brown men and women, all unconscious of their scantiness of clothes, the most beautiful of all nature's children in their naturalness. Nor is it to be assumed that being unclothed is conducive to immorality, for the morals of a Fijian village would put those of our own towns to the blush.

In striking contrast to the finer races of the Pacific is the Australian who is among the lowest of existing men, apparently comparable in culture with the savage who lived in Europe before the Glacial epoch, and whose remains have occasionally been found in caverns as at Neanderthal and Spee. The lowest of the Australians are those of the vast spinifex deserts of the interior, while the highest in physique and culture are found in the tropical forests of Queensland or along the shores of the Northern Territory, where an admixture of Papuan blood has improved the race. But nowhere does the Australian rise to the intellectual level of the natives of the Pacific Islands. His little eyes glitter suspiciously from deeply sunken orbits nearly hidden under unkempt locks of matted hair that conceal the low retreating brow, furrowed and frowning. The dark chocolate color of his face with its huge flat nose, broad-lipped slit-like mouth, projecting teeth, and weak retreating chin form a demon-like picture as he skulks silent and snake-like through the thickets where he seeks the kangaroo. He wears no clothing, but for decoration he may carry a crude necklace of shells or seeds, and his body is seamed by the scars of deep cuts attesting to his clan-brand and manhood in the tribe, and to his duty done in mourning for lost relatives. As one listens to the chattered sounds of these creatures of the wilds and observes them feasting gluttonously upon half-cooked snakes, insects; or lily pads the thought that man is but the descendant of ape-like forms overwhelms one with a horror of conviction as we realize that our own ancestors may once have been such as these.

Only where Papuan influence is apparent does he exhibit any considerable skill in arts, and even here nearly all his implements are designed either for war or the chase. He never cultivates the soil, and lives crouching under the shelter of miserable domelike huts of bark or leaves. The boomerang is his most characteristic weapon, although the spear is actually in more universal use in Australia, and it is doubtful whether even the boomerang was invented in Australia for it is known to the



MALAY HOUSES IN THE CELEBES.

natives of Ceylon and Timor through which the Australians are supposed to have passed on their way from India.

There are rarely more than fifty persons in a tribe, and they live segregated from and suspicious of all others of their race. So restricted is intercourse that in Queensland alone there are more than one hundred distinct languages. Indeed everything about them points to the extreme antiquity of this primitive race whose apparent Indo-Aryan affinities appear to ally them more closely to ourselves than to the Papuans of New Guinea. There is indeed some reason for the conjecture that these hideous people of Australia came originally from Hindustan where their modern cousins are represented in the tribes of the Dravidian coast.

Women occupy a hopelessly degraded position among the Australians, being little more than slaves of their savage captors, who may wound and maltreat them in a shocking manner. Yet in all things the Australian is better where his contact with civilization has been least, for all that is corrupt among us gathers to his ruin and, after a few generations of lingering agony, he vanishes a prey to hideous disease. Far from the coast, hidden in the dense forests of tropical Queensland or in the vast wilds of the Northern Territory there are still superb specimens of this fated race, and even in higher qualities the Australian may not be wanting. One must indeed admire the courage of the lone native of the desert who with a single spear withstood the coming of the explorer Giles and his caravan of camels which must have appeared to him as demons from a supernatural realm.

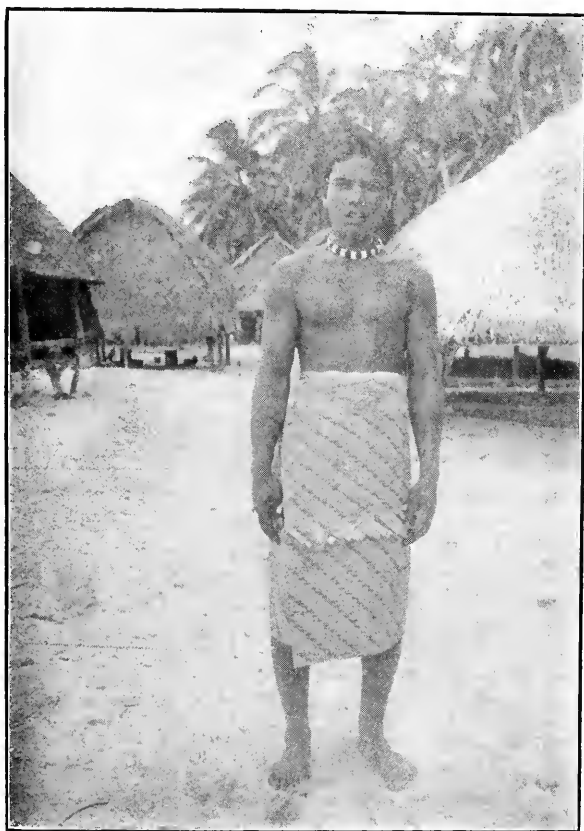
Courage, an attribute of all mankind, they have yet in common with ourselves, and as with all simple people, their deepest fears are but the figments of their own imaginations, thus in Papua and elsewhere where the chiefs have but little power, the sorcerer becomes the dreaded tyrant of the tribe. Here as elsewhere over the Pacific, the whites found the natives shuddering under the espionage of a host of evil spirits of their myths, and even to-day when Christianity has in great measure supplanted old beliefs, it is the sermon narrating the horrors of hell that commands their entranced attention. A deity of love is still to them but an unnatural abstraction and a vengeful, jealous demon, delighting in his opportunity to punish, is still the favorite god of the natives of the Pacific.

Yet primitive though the Australians are in most respects and unresponsive to the influences of higher cultures as they have always remained, the researches of Baldwin-Spencer in the Northern Territory show that the natives have been systematically under-rated by previous observers, for in their complex and picturesque ceremonial of propitiation to gods, ghosts and ancestral spirits, as well as in their rigorous etiquette and respect for fundamental rights within the tribe, they chal-

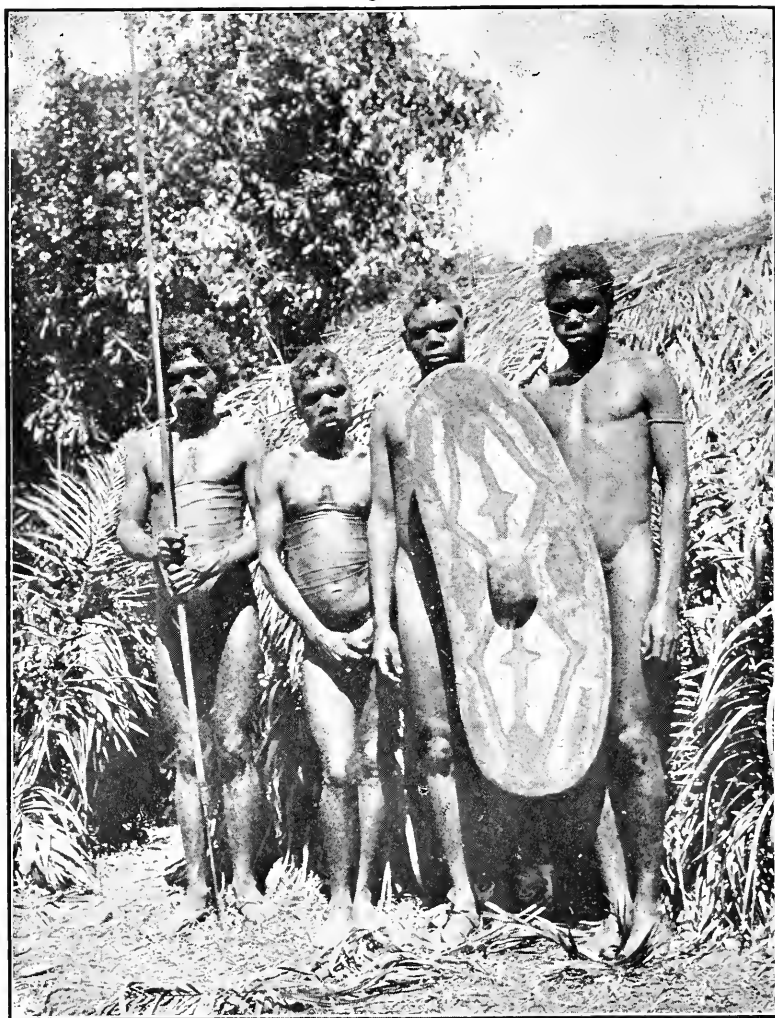
lenge high admiration. A ceremonial deep-rooted in tradition and fixed by unchangeable custom controls nearly every act, and tinctures every thought of their lives. Even in the minds of the young men this ceremonial occupies an important place, but as years go on a greater and greater proportion of time is devoted to its observance, so that religious rites and dances become practically the sole occupation of the aged.

The skill of the Australians in tracing barely discernible trails through the forest is extraordinary, for they follow at a run the track of a horse which passed over the ground five days previously. Their young children learn to read with greater rapidity than do those of the whites but advancement soon ceases, and arithmetic is a stumbling block which they rarely or never overcome. Indeed, in the wilds they are commonly unable to count beyond three or four without objective aid.

So small are the tribes, and so transient their settlements, that there is little communal organization for defense, and thus it is that in Australia the chiefs are held in but little respect, whereas among the Poly-



MAN OF TARI TARI ISLAND, GILBERT ISLANDS. A type of the Micronesian.



NATIVES OF KURANDA, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA, standing in front of their house. The self-inflicted scars denote mourning for dead friends and relatives.

nesians where the village is a store-house of valued property whose owners must be both defended and aggressive, the chief gains so high an importance among conditions incident to a state of feudalism, that he becomes a semi god-like personage across whose shadow none dare pass, and who must be addressed in language more primitive and ceremonious than that used in conversing with ordinary men. A great body of tradition transmitted verbally from generation to generation has grown up in Polynesia, and the ancestry of the chiefs of the Malietoa family of Samoa is traced thus for twenty-five generations, and stories of voyages from Samoa, the Cook Islands, and Tahiti appear in the songs and myths



THE PRECIPICE NEAR KATOOMBA IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

of New Zealand and Hawaii. The question "What canoe did your ancestor come over in" is an important one in Polynesia as well as in Massachusetts. Yet in Polynesia, as with ourselves, the treasured traditions are those telling of the achievements of ancestors and the great deeds of aliens are soon forgotten. Thus, when Cook reached New Zealand in 1769 he was surprised to find that the natives retained no traditions respecting Tasman's visit to their shores in 1642.

As La Farge says it is remarkable that the development of art among

the peoples of the Pacific is by no means commensurate with the standard of their general culture. It is true that the Australians, who are probably the lowest, display no considerable skill in their arts, but the Papuans excel the more cultured peoples of Samoa and Tahiti. In the Pacific, as with all savages, art constantly manifests a symbolic and religious tendency. In Eastern New Guinea and the Trobriand Islands, the theme of the decoration is the representation of the head of the worshipped frigate bird, while in the Cook Islands the elaborately carved paddles were covered with the conventionalized figures of tribal heroes. Almost if not every design, could we discover its history, would be found to be a picture-prayer to a demon, ghost, or ancestral spirit of the tribe. Art's chief concern is to placate spirits powerful for good or evil. Yet human nature in far Polynesia is not different from its co-type in Paris, and in every savage tribe those who love form and color, love it for its own sake and, like Whistler, feel that art *is* and needs no mission to justify its being.

It is always the spirit of the man who has been murdered that the South Sea Islander dreads, and should a tree fall, all within hearing flee to avoid the sight of the disemboweled ghost of the victim of some half forgotten feast. The very breeze among the palm trees whispers tales of a horrible past.

Everywhere over the Pacific Islands, be the inhabitants of what race they may, there are certain fundamental things in which they are alike. The house is but a single room, and among the cruder tribes it serves not only as a shelter for the family, but also for the housing of pigs and chickens. Property in Polynesia is possessed by the family or the community rather than by the individual, and under certain conditions if a member of the tribe steals from his neighbor and succeeds in secreting his possession for several days he acquires a personal right to that which he covets, and may then appear acknowledged by all as its owner by right of strategy. The system of barter is usually direct without the intervention of any sort of currency, and presents in our sense are unknown in the Pacific. Your intended gift will be received as proffered barter, and returned at once if it be undesired. Thus it is that white-handled knives could not be disposed of even as "gifts" in Fiji, while black were readily accepted, and conspicuously patterned red and white waist-clothes must be presented in Tahiti, but dark blue ones are in vogue in Fiji.

Everywhere one finds traces of the customs of cannibal days revealed at times in acts the significance of which is now unthought of. Thus in Samoa the village reprobate is wrapped in leaves and carried through the town, and then placed upon the cold stones of an oven, the fire in these days remaining unlighted. In Fiji, the deepest insult is to refer to a man as the "son of a roasted father."

Among uncultured peoples the rulers aided by the priests soon invent



EUCALYPTIS TREES AND SANDSTONE PRECIPICES NEAR WENTWORTH FALLS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

means to relegate to themselves privileges which once were shared among the many, and matters thus restricted to the few finally become shielded from the masses by religious screens which take the form of tabus. Thus over the Pacific, cannibalism which once simply satisfied the appetite, of the starving, became religious in its significance and restricted to the aristocracy, among whom it was supposed to transmit to the victor the virtues of the vanquished; to this end being practised by the North American Indian as well as by the Pacific Islander.

Man must measure all things in terms of his own experience, and to the Pacific Islander we ourselves are imagined to live in small communities upon distant islands. We are supposed to know personally all other white men and many an unfortunate mariner has been held responsible for the evil acts of those of other ships—his friends and tribesmen from the native's point of view. Thus it was that, in 1839, Williams the great missionary was murdered in the New Hebrides in revenge for outrages committed upon the natives by previous visitors, and the philanthropic Commodore Goodenough met death at Santa Cruz from a similar cause in 1875.

All sorts of miracles are expected from the white man, and it is only rarely that a native evinces any surprise at our acts. The working of great steam engines, the phonograph, photography and the electric light are taken as matters of course even though seen for the first time. I have, however, seen a Polynesian chief too greatly alarmed to wait for his beverage when upon pressing a button an electric bell jingled in the adjacent room; another leaped overboard in a paroxysm of fear when given a cake of ice, while in another instance the uncanny event of the visit was the glowing of an electric light immersed beneath the sea. Wilkes found that the Fijians were far more afraid of his rockets ("fiery spirits") than of his guns or cannon. Miracles to be received as such must fall within the field of our partial comprehension, the wholly inexplicable is neither miraculous nor interesting. A Fijian



LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY FROM GOVETT'S LEAP IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.



A TREE FERN IN THE PRIMEVAL WOODS OF QUEENSLAND.

taken to Sydney gazed stolidly upon the great buildings with no expression of surprise, but was deeply stirred upon seeing a two-wheeled push-cart laden heavily with bananas.

A custom which is probably of Polynesian origin, but has spread universally over the Pacific, is that of the tabu which was a consequence of the communistic ownership of property. The ceremony of the tabu is pronounced by the high chief, and thereafter none may molest the protected place or thing. Thus the cocoa-nut palms are made tabu while the fruit is maturing. There are, however, many forms of personal tabu which merge into witch-charms and threats of evil, for belief in witches is universal over the Pacific.

In the South Sea Islands women are considered to be the property of men and the ceremony of marriage where it exists shows its kinship with that of the tabu. Struggles for the possession of women are almost the sole cause of native warfare, and everywhere woman is the servant rather than the companion of man, although in some places her domestic

duties may be the reverse of our conception, as in Truk in the Carolines where the woman goes out upon the sea to fish, while the husband remains at home to care for house and children. The "house" is however only a combination of chicken-roost and pig pen. It is due to the looseness of the marriage tie and not to respect for women that name and rank descend through the maternal side, the mother alone being ascertainable with certainty.

A pleasing element in the life of the Polynesians is their system of entertaining strangers. The largest edifice in the village is set aside for this purpose and is called the "strangers' house," and upon the coming of guests it resounds far into the night with the sound of song and dance. When the copra is to be gathered, or the taro matures in the swamps, or the yams have grown big upon the mountain sides then one hears the songs of many a canoe bearing youthful visitors gaily decked in garlands, and singing to the rhythmic splash of paddles as they glide along the



NATIVES OF PONAPI, CAROLINE ISLANDS.



HOUSE AT EUA ISLAND, TONGA.

shore. The entertaining village is then full of merriment until the labor of the harvest is over when the chief apportions all among the families of his village and their guests. For socialism is the dominant spirit of life in Polynesia.

The chief holds property only in the name of his tribe, the individual hardly exists as a personal owner of earthly things, and intelligent natives have declaimed to me against "the money of the white man" saying that "it was the cause of all our selfishness." When I spoke of our paupers to a head chief of Fiji he asked in surprise how could this be for "surely their friends would feed them were they hungry." In Fiji years ago, so the story goes, an ambitious young native became a clerk to a grocer in Suva, and so good a salesman was he that his English master sent him back to his native village with a goodly supply of grocer's stores. Whereat old friends and neighbors came to partake of these things but were told that all were to be sold as did "the white man in Suva." In a storm of rage the contents of the budding grocer's shop were divided among all in the village, and the "meanest man in Fiji" returned to "the white man's town."

In Polynesia an era of dark portent dates from the white man's coming, for long ago they were content in the thought that the village had always been there since the sea-god Hiro had piloted their ancestral canoe to the Island from that other Island of Hawaiki far to the westward in the region of Pulotu where the dead go home in the evening. Through all the ages since those long gone days the thatched houses

had clustered under the shadows of the cocoa palms, and rustling leaves and murmuring surf had lulled the village in its sleep. As it always had been so it was, and so men felt it would endure as did the long blue line whereon the ocean met the sky. Unchanged it always would be so the old dreamer Maui sang until a canoe would come that would float upright without an outrigger; an impossibility as all men knew.

But one day it came, that God's canoe without an outrigger. Cloud-like it shaped itself and grew ever more ominous and vast until its huge sails towered above the palm trees, and it came to rest. It was the canoe of the Papalangi, they "who came from beyond the sky." Then pale-faced ghosts—"the sailing gods"—came upon the island, and the new era commenced for the little village.

A long sad era that endures to-day, darkened by the horrors of strange disease and death, humiliated by the domination of avaricious and unsympathetic masters who peonized the bodies and despised the traditions of the people of the little village so that to-day it lingers silent and withering, where once its songs of merriment were heard.

May we from our cultural heights descend to cheer with kindly sympathy these children of the Island World? Is there aught in our civilization that can serve to instil into their minds new hope, to reestablish industry, and renew ambition? The task is difficult indeed, for the weak have always been the victims of the strong, be they civilized or savage.

The very possession of skill in arts and trades has penalized the



CANOE AT VAVAU, TONGA.

natives and subjected them to the persecution of the bigoted and the avaricious.

Fair play is sadly needed—indeed the thing most needed—in the Pacific of to-day. Only through governmental action can adequate craft-schools be maintained and markets found and developed for the products of native manufacture.

It is a sad reflection upon our civilization that, through wanton neglect, the world has lost the art of the famous wood carvers of New Zealand, the mat and fan makers of the Marshall Islands, and the tapa decorators of Hawaii, Samoa, and Fiji. Yet under sympathetic guidance these crafts might have been modified to conform to the demands of world wide markets and the carved furniture of New Zealand, the artistic floor matting of the Marshall Islanders, and the attractive wall papers of the Hawaiians might have been the prized possession of many an American and European home.

Grant them but a just profit for their labor and the races that now are dying of apathy would suddenly awaken into ambitious, self-respecting men and women.

THE ISLANDS OF THE MID-PACIFIC

BY DR. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

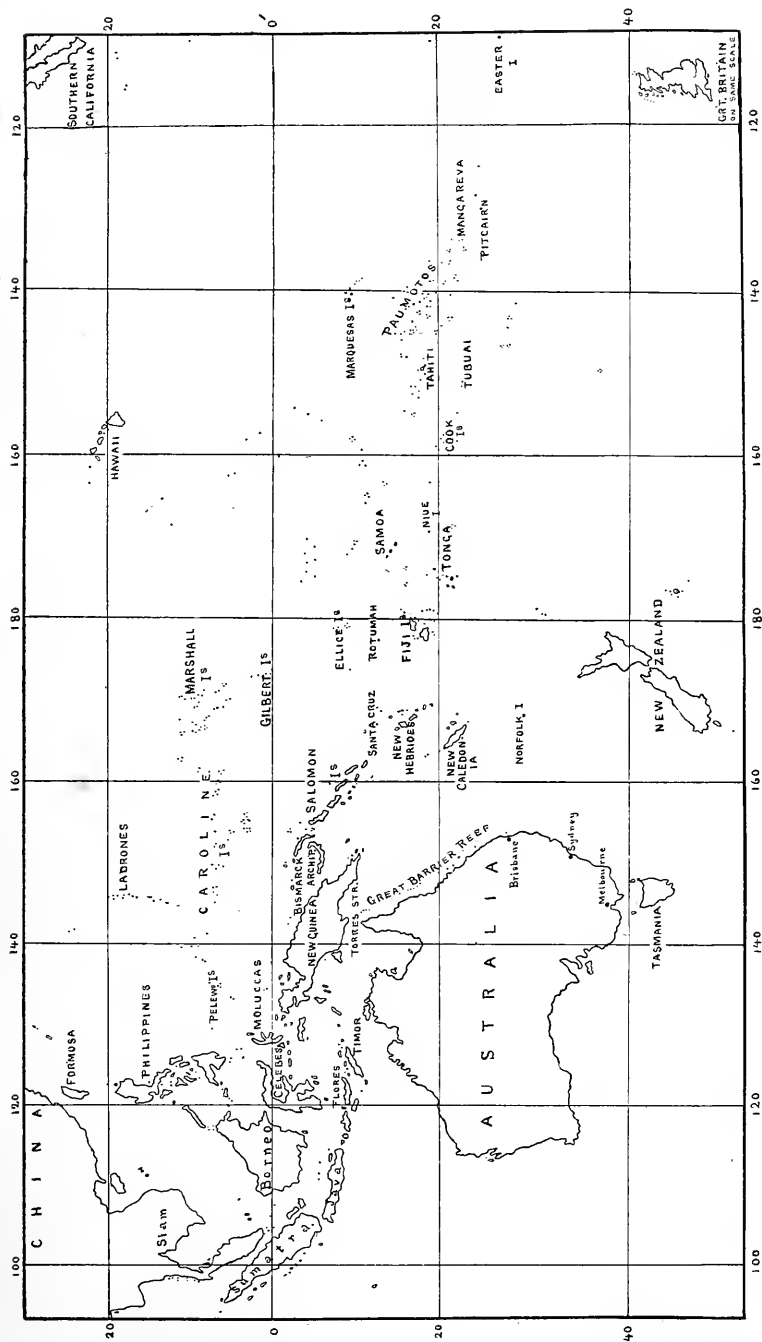
THE map of the mid-Pacific shows about eight hundred small islands dotting the expanse of the tropical sea. So prominent do these appear upon the chart with their names stretching over hundreds of miles that the voyager is surprised to find that they are in reality all but lost upon the vast area of the waters. Thus it was that in 1521 Magellan sailed 8,000 miles across the ocean and saw only four small uninhabited islets until he came upon the Ladrões in the far eastern Pacific.

During the century that elapsed after Magellan's voyage, only two important mid-Pacific groups, the Marquesas and the Paumotos, were discovered, for the explorers made the best speed they could with the southeast trade wind from the coast of South America, and such a course even from Cape Horn carries one to the northward of the great archipelagoes which lie in the tropical regions of the southern hemisphere.

Yet in the Pacific even in these days of steam, there stretches for days and weeks around one only the monotony of sea and sky, and it is with the delight of surprise that the far mountain peak is seen looming cloud-like through the haze, or, if the island be an atoll, a ragged row of cocoanut palms thrusts suddenly above the long line of the horizon.

Apart from such large land masses as New Caledonia and New Zealand, which contain continental rocks, the islands of the mid-tropical Pacific are either volcanoes, or elevated limestone reefs, or low-lying atolls which are believed to rest upon the submerged peaks of extinct volcanoes.

Sir John Murray tells us that the area of the Pacific is about 69,000,000 square miles, 65 per cent. of which is between 12,000 and 18,000 feet in depth. Indeed, the floor of the ocean between the Galapagos and the Paumotos is a plain in comparison with which the wide levels of Russia and of our Middle States are diversity itself. This vast flat bottom of the eastern Pacific is the widest area of deep water upon earth. Asia, Africa, and North and South America might all be sunken beneath it and not overlap. Indeed, one might sail nearly 8,000 miles south-eastward from Behring Strait to the Antarctic, and for 7,000 miles of the course the least depth would be 12,000 feet, and at no place would the bottom be within a mile of the surface. The continental shores rise abruptly from this deep, floor, and in a few places we find trough-



ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

like or pit-like depressions sunken far below the bed of the sea, or an isolated volcanic cone rises dome-like from the plain, but the diversified landscape of hill and valley has no counterpart in the hidden world beneath the sea.

The deepest regions of the oceans are commonly close to the shore and are believed to have been caused by the crumpling inward of the earth's crust due to the pressure of the near land. Such is the "Tuscarora Deep," a long narrow trough which extends northward from Japan along the coast of Asia; its bottom being more than 27,600 feet below the surface of the sea and 12,600 feet below the general level of the ocean's floor. An even more profound abyss is the Aldrich Deep close to the Tongan and Kermadec Islands which sinks to a depth of 30,930 feet. The greatest yet found, however, is the Swire Deep off Mindanao of the Philippines, this being 32,089 feet or 3,089 feet deeper than Mount Everest of the Himalayas is high.

However, one gains an idea of the rarity of such abyssal regions from the fact that of the 9,750 soundings that have been made and reported in water over 1,000 fathoms in depth, only 17 were greater than 4,000 and only 3 exceeded 5,000 fathoms in depth. The greatest recorded depth of the ocean is only 409 feet more than six miles.

By contrast with these troughs and pits, submerged plateaus rise gently above the general level of the ocean floor, and here and there and at rare intervals a mountain obtrudes above the submarine plain. All these isolated mountains are volcanoes and thus every truly oceanic island is but the summit of a pyramid thrown upward until its corroding peak may rise 13,800 feet above the sea as does Mauna Kea in Hawaii, or if now submerged, it may be capped by a thickness of several hundred feet of limestone and coral as in Bermuda.

The fairest islands in all the tropic world are those of Marquesas and Tahiti, where jagged sheets of basalt tower in grotesquely sculptured precipices thousands of feet above the soft lavas and tufas that the rains have washed away. Long ago these islands were volcanoes of an explosive type such as *Ætna* of to-day, and molten basalt welled upward from the depths and filled the gaping rents in the pyramids of softer ash and lava. Then, after the fires had died, the tropical rains began their slow persistent work so that to-day deep valleys wind sinuously downward from the summits to the sea, and the sound of rushing brooks is forever upon the ear. Green as corroding malachite set in the azure of the sea, the splendid peaks and shaded gorges lie mantled in the soft mist-loving verdure of the tropics, where the banana, orange, bread-fruit, mango, kavika, alligator pear, and Tahitian chestnut grow in wild profusion.

The surf in these tropical regions is far less destructive than along our own frost-ravaged shores, for this is the domain of coral reefs, and



TAE-O-HAE VALLEY, NUKUHIVA ISLAND, MARQUESAS.

many a crumbling volcanic cone lies protected within an encircling break water upon which the wave is smothered into foam, leaving only ripples to reach the palm-fringed shore.

Sheltered thus from the wear of the sea, lies the slumbering volcano whose fires have been dead for many a thousand years. At night, the cool air of its mountain heights wafts downward to the sea, fragrant with jessmine and spice, and all the subtle perfume of a tropic wild. By day the sea-breeze assumes the mastery, and awakens the snowy flash of breakers where the rollers die into wavelets a mile or more from shore. This silvery line of surf marks the position of the barrier reef which encircles the island, leaving a calm and shallow channel between the reef-rim and the shore. Here protected the native plies his frail canoe, knowing as he does all the haunts of the fish among the coral clusters which here and there rise abruptly from the depths to the surface; and on calm days we may wade along the outer edge over many a place where a single seaward step would plunge one into water a hundred feet in depth.

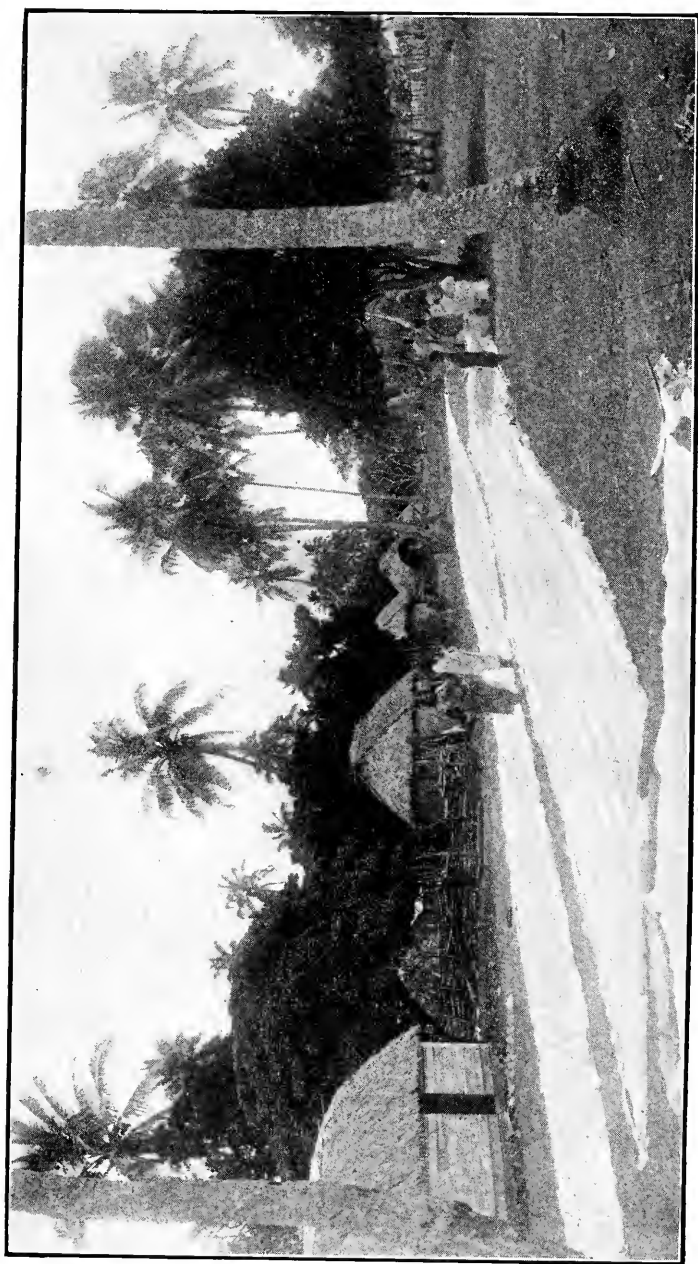
Rich coral reefs usually occur in inaccessible places and are so studiously shunned by commercial vessels that the ordinary traveler has but little opportunity of seeing them at close range. The living corals rise in clusters above the volcanic rock or limestone upon which they have acquired an anchorage. They are, as is well known, animals closely

related to sea-anemones, and their young when as small as a pin's head, are cast out into the water as little pear-shaped larvæ covered with vibrating cilia. After being drifted by currents and swimming feebly for a few days, the little creature settles down upon the bottom and soon grows into a minute sea-anemone-like animal whose skin secretes lime and thus forms a skeleton, and it is this stony support, after the animal itself has died, that we commonly call "coral." After it has become attached to the bottom, the little polyp acquires tentacles which surround the mouth and then it begins to grow either into a simple form, or by budding to assume a shape in accordance with the habit of its species. At first but a single polyp it buds or divides so that there may be thousands of such with their stomachs more or less connected. Thus the animal is a colonial one, and when one polyp captures a minute crustacean, the other polyps in its neighborhood share in the benefit. Doctor T. Wayland Vaughan, who has studied them most carefully, tells us that corals are voracious creatures and feed upon almost any small floating animal they can capture, but plants they will have none of for they are strictly carnivorous.

Olive and yellow-greens, mauve and purple-browns are the colors of the living corals. Glinting they lie in the limpid water with the glistening white of limestone sands around them. Here and there accentuating the color of the scene is a deep blue starfish (*Linckia*), or a flower-like sea-anemone a foot or more in width beautifying a crevice with tracery rivaling old Venetian glass, while closely wedged within its



CANOE AND WARRIOR OF UOLA ISLAND, TRUK GROUP, CAROLINE ISLANDS.



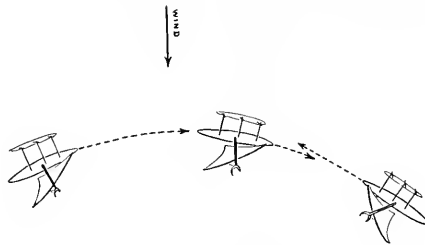
SHEETS OF TAPA BEING BLEACHED AND PRINTED IN ANTICIPATION OF THE WEDDING OF A CHIEF. TONGATABU ISLAND, TONGA.

special cavern lies the giant clam (*Tridacna*), the sinuous cleft between its valves, a zigzag of malachite and blue, green or mottled brown. Among the corals, one finds delicate forests of fused branches rich purple-brown with pink and snowy tips (*Acropora*), or green-olive and yellow-green nodular forms such as *Porites*, *Orbicella*, or *Goniastrea*. Some of the species of *Porites* upon the Great Barrier Reef of Australia are twenty or more feet in diameter and must surely have been a century in growing, for it is known that in Torres Straits under favorable conditions they may enlarge in diameter at the rate of nearly two inches per annum.

Silt and drifted mud are fatal to corals, for they stifle the feeding polyps and the dead surface is soon honeycombed by a host of worms and weeds and mollusks, so that the base of each old coral-head is cavernated with intricate retreats which form the home of the reef fish—those living jewels of the tropical sea, rivalling the butterflies in color.

Opposite the mouth of every mountain stream, we find an opening in the wall of the encircling reef; for the outflow of brackish water and silt prevent the growth of corals in such places and thus a harbor is formed. Here nestled under the shadows of palm trees close to the protected shore lie the thatched houses of the natives, resembling haystacks as one sees them from afar.

Drawn up in an irregular line, for all is hap-hazard in the South Seas, lie the canoes of the village, carved in strange symbolism to propitiate gods and tribal heroes. Each has its slender outrigger ingeniously constructed, a marvel of flexibility and strength, and its sail woven of pandanus leaves is carefully covered under a matting to protect it from the molding due to damp. In sailing, the outrigger is always on the



MODE OF TACKING AN OUTRIGGER CANOE.

windward side, and the sail itself is never reefed, but instead one, two or three men place themselves upon the outrigger. Breezes are known therefore as "one," "two," or "three-man winds." A high degree of skill is required in sailing these canoes, for the outrigger must skim lightly through the water. Should it rise into the air, the canoe overturns, and if it sinks, a sudden luff capsizes the navigators; not, however, a serious accident where all are swimmers from earliest childhood. As the outrigger must always remain upon the weather side the method



HOUSE AT EVA ISLAND, TONGA, showing a wooden drum and drumstick in the foreground.

of tacking is curious, for instead of luffing up into the wind, they put the helm up and hold the canoe off until the wind is abaft. Then the "tack" or lower point of the lateen sail is carried aft and tied down;



THE COUNCIL HOUSE OF FONGAFALI, FUNAFUTI ATOLL, ELLICE ISLANDS.

and the canoe starts backward, that which was the stern now becoming the bow.

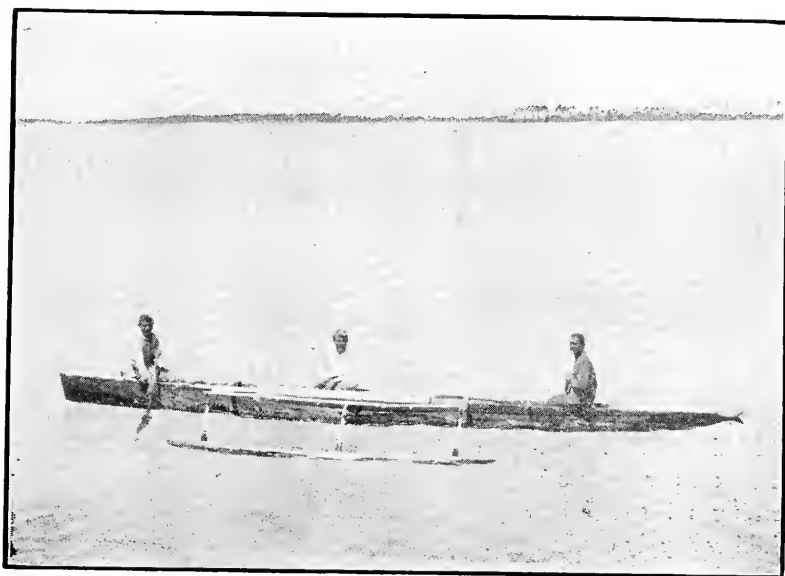
Such is the life of man upon the "high islands" of the tropical Pacific, and as for the islands themselves, the fascination of their isolation is the keynote of their charm, set as they are in the amethystine blue of the coral sea that flashes into emerald over shallows near the shore. Forests rich with fruit, and many a stream and coral reef afford sustenance in abundance to the natives of these favoured regions of the tropical Pacific.

But there is another, much commoner, and wholly different type of island—the atoll. The popular idea that atolls are circular or regularly



A HOUSE OF FUNAFUTI, ELLICE ISLANDS.

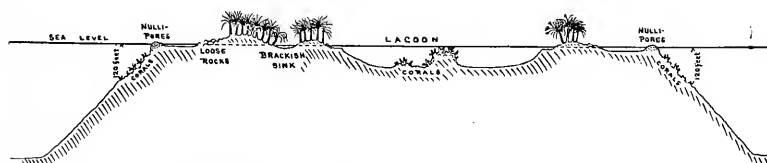
elliptical in outline is false, for they commonly consist of a straggling line of long, low islets enclosing with many breaks an irregularly-shaped basin, or lagoon, the bottom of which is quite level and about one hundred feet in depth, although often many miles in width. Another erroneous impression is that the islets are composed mainly of coral. Broken fragments of corals are cast upon their shores, it is true, and may form an irregular wall twelve or more feet in height along the seaward beach, but usually the bulk of the material forming the islets is composed of fragments of shells, calcareous plants, and other organic limestones which after being churned and pounded in the surf are finally tossed up by wave and wind, above the reach of the sea.



THE FISH-TAILED CANOE OF FUNAFUTI ATOLL, ELLICE ISLANDS.

Darwin thought that atolls owed their formation to subsidence. He imagined a coral reef encircling a volcanic cone. Then should the volcano slowly sink beneath the sea, the ring of coral would as constantly grow upward until finally the central mountain would disappear leaving only the ring of the coral reef. Simple as this hypothesis appears upon paper, it does not accord with the observed facts, for it fails to explain the remarkable flatness of the bottom of the lagoon with its prevalent uniform depth of 20 fathoms.

The general seaward slope of the atoll is nearly 45° , so that one commonly finds a depth of three quarters of a mile within a mile from



DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION OF A TYPICAL PACIFIC ATOLL.

shore. Only the upper part of this slope is, however, covered with living reef-corals and these form a mere veneer between depths of 120 feet and the surface. Indeed, the upper rim of the reef is apt to project as a low ridge several inches above high tide. This ridge is dull red in color, and consists in a dense growth of stony sea-weed, *Lithothamnion*, and nullipore.

Between the nullipore ridge and the shore there is a submerged platform over which the breakers drive so fiercely during storms that few corals can cling within its scanty crevices. This platform is usually from one hundred to six hundred feet wide and its floor is commonly not more than three feet in depth at low tide. The seaward beach of the island is a chaotic mass of dead and broken coral-heads which have been torn from the outer reef and driven inward over the platform to be cast high above the wash of ordinary waves. On the lagoon side, also, we sometimes find the same conditions repeated upon a miniature scale; the slope, the platform, and the wave-raised coral-heads being similar to the corresponding formations of the seaward side of the islet, but the nullipore rim is commonly absent from the lagoon side for these limestone-making plants thrive only in heavy breakers.

In the center between the seaward and lagoon-ward ridges, one finds the lowest part of the islet, this region often being below sea level, and forming a brackish swamp, whose noxious waters constitute the only drinking supply of the atoll.

Brain corals and other huge, massive forms grow close to the seaward edge of the reef, where the surges dash over and among them, but the forests of fragile stag-horns (*Acropora*) thrive best in more protected places. Others of the genus *Fungia* are attached, only in early life, by a slender stalk which soon breaks, and they then lie loosely upon the reef like petrified mushrooms pushed about at the



A CANOE UPON THE LAGOON BEACH OF FUNAFUTI ATOLL, ELLICE ISLANDS.



A BELLE OF FUNAFUTI, ELLICE ISLANDS.

caprice of the waves. Others (*Siderastrea*), called "rolling stone corals," may break loose and be rolled about, the upper side always regenerating and growing so that the mass becomes egg-shaped or spherical. In general, however, as has been shown by Vaughan and others, the small branching and slender forms must grow either at considerable depths or in protected places to withstand the rough treatment of the sea, thus the deep parts of the seaward precipices of the coral reef are covered with fragile corals, *Oculina*, and *Eusmilia*, and the leaf-like

Turbinaria and *Agaricea* secure in their quiet depths beneath the agitation of the storm.

Reef corals do not commonly grow, however, at depths greater than 100 feet, and indeed the most flourishing are in water less than six feet deep, and some are even laid bare at the lowest tides. In times of hurricanes vast masses of broken coral are caught in the rush of the waters and tossed far up upon the outer edges of the reef flats, and rocks weighing tons may thus be lifted fully fifteen feet above the level of the sea. In this manner the originally submerged rim of the reef has in some places gradually been raised, new corals growing upon the shattered fragments of the old, but we must always remember that the slow persistent effects of everyday conditions have far more to do with shaping atolls than have hurricanes.

In coral reef regions, the bottom of the sea is often found to be covered with fine white limestone mud. This becomes converted into rock and may form plateaus thousands of square miles in area and hundreds of feet thick as in the Bahamas and in Florida. This chalky deposit was formerly called "coral mud," but recently, Drew and Kellerman have shown that it has no relation to corals, for according to these authors the warm surface waters of the tropical ocean are infested with bacilli which set up a complicated chemical reaction that enables the calcium to combine with the dissolved carbon dioxide and to form a chalky precipitate, the myriad little granules of which may possibly cause the wonderful blue color of the tropical sea. In any event, in the Atlantic this precipitate sinks to the bottom and there forms into oolite in the manner described by Linck and by Vaughan.

It may be of interest to observe that the relative paucity of nitrogen in the waters of the tropics may account for the few seaweeds found in warm regions, for nowhere in the tropics are there anything like the kelps and fucus that cover the rocks of the north Atlantic shores of Europe and America. Also the scarcity of plant life in the tropical ocean is correlated with the comparative absence of the swarms of floating marine animals such as are so characteristic of Arctic seas, for in cold seas individuals are abundant, but species are few, whereas in the tropics there are many species, but most of them are rare.

In the tropics, where frost is unknown, the moist shell-sand of the beaches is dissolved by rain water and then precipitated, the fragments becoming cemented into a solid rock-mass, this action being especially noticeable between tidal levels, but by no means confined to such places, for in the Bahamas hills several hundred feet high have been formed in this manner out of wind-blown shell-dust and limestone particles. Indeed, rain water charged with carbonic acid derived from the decomposition of vegetation dissolves limestone and thus each little grain of shell-sand is partially dissolved, and then, if the water evaporates or



CANOE DRAWN UP UPON THE BEACH AT RONGELAP ATOLL, MARSHALL ISLANDS. The sail is covered with a thatch of pandanus leaves to protect it from rain. The little deck-house on the outrigger is for storing food when voyaging.

the limestone be precipitated, the grains become cemented one to another by little bridges of calcium carbonate, and thus a *Coquina* is formed, such as one may see at St. Augustine in Florida, and on most of the atoll islands of the world.

Currents, waves, and winds have much to do with the building up of the islets of the atolls. The waves press constantly over the rim, and the basin of the lagoon is filled to overflowing, so that most of the water thus driven into it must escape on the leeward side. Accordingly, the deepest openings are always so placed that we must beat up into the wind in attempting to enter the lagoon. Practically every deep entrance into a Pacific lagoon is partially blocked on the inner side by an islet which has formed in the vortex from materials drawn together by the outrushing water.

Even when the tide is high, there is apt to be an outflow of water through all openings on the leeward side of the atoll, but at low tide the whirlpools and breakers in such places are often fearful to behold.

In opposition to Darwin's theory, an hypothesis, prominently presented by Professor Reginald A. Daly, is gaining ground. This states that the great polar ice-caps of the glacial period must have been formed from water taken up from the ocean by evaporation to constitute the snows of the polar regions. Thus the level of the tropical oceans of those days may have become about 120 feet lower than at present. Now, if this were the case, the sea would wash away the shores, forming platforms at sea level for the corals being mainly killed by the low temperature could not protect the Island from the waves. Then, when the ice-caps melted and the ocean rose and again grew warm the corals growing upon the outer edges of these platforms formed the present atolls and barrier reefs. If this be true, all the modern coral reefs are upon platforms which the corals themselves did not build up, but around the outer edges of which they form rim-like sea-walls. In confirmation of this, Andrews has shown that the platform upon the seaward edge of which the barrier reefs of Australia have grown, extends southward beyond the latitude of coral growth. We may observe that it also extends northward to New Guinea, beyond the region where the corals are killed by the silt from the Fly River. Dr. Vaughan has



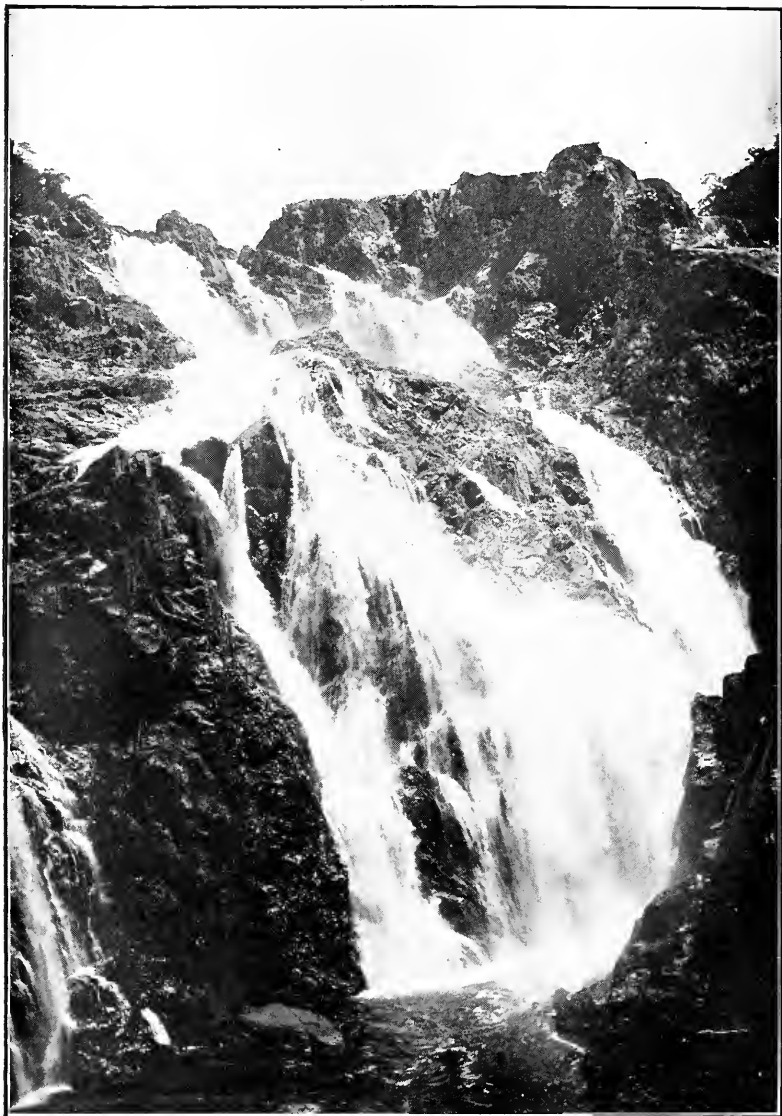
SEA-GOING WAR-CANOE OF UOLA ISLAND, TRUK GROUP, CAROLINE ISLANDS. Canoe 25 feet long.



PRIMEVAL FOREST OF QUEENSLAND, NEAR KURANDA.

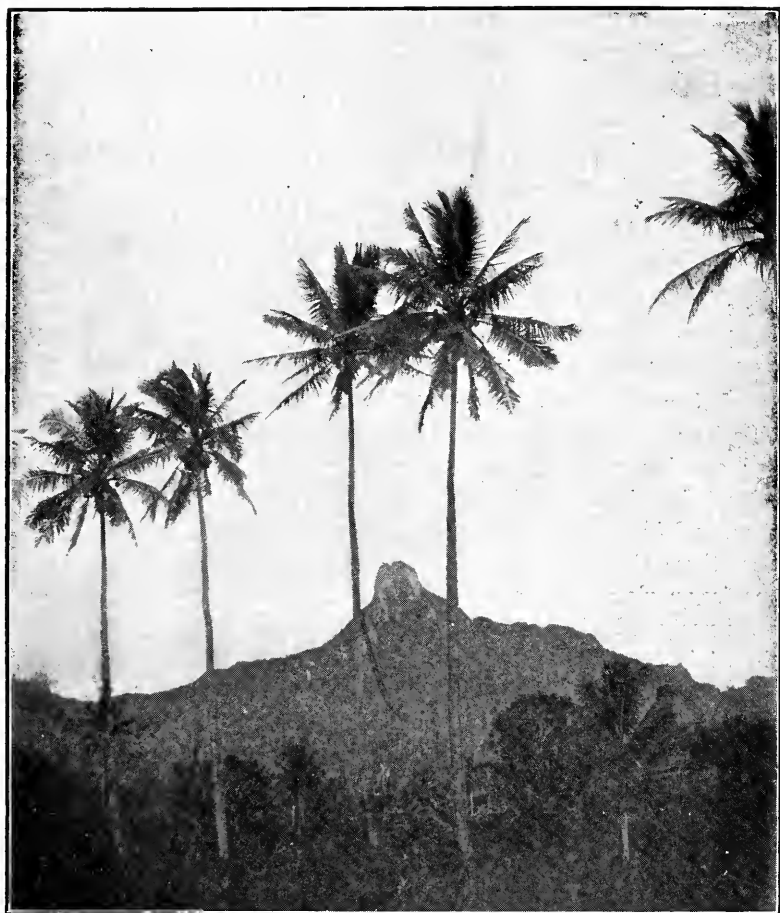
also demonstrated that the platform upon which the Florida reef has grown extends northward from Fowey Rocks into a region too cold for corals, and he shows that this relation appears to be general among coral reefs.

As one approaches the atoll presents a charming picture. At first only a line of clustered palms seemingly arising out of the ocean itself. Then the white glint of sandy beach and, finally, we sail through a narrow opening and find ourselves securely anchored in the limpid waters of the calm lagoon surrounded by a narrow broken ring of islets.



BARRON FALLS, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA, IN THE DRY SEASON. These falls are about 700 feet high.

Glistening and brilliant it lies with the sunlit sea around it, a shimmer of turquoise and emerald set in the everlasting blue of the Pacific where the flash of flying spray gives action to the scene. With its palm groves murmuring to the breeze, its alabaster beach, and by contrast the soft colors of withered thatch where palm-leaf houses nestle beneath the shade along the lagoon's shore. All splendid and sparkling, none can resist the invitation of its charm.



COCOANUTS AND OLD VOLCANOES OF RARATONGA, COOK ISLANDS.

But once on land, one is doomed to disappointment. The natives are starved and sickly in comparison with their more favored cousins of the high islands. The scintillating heat of the blistering sands, the sparse and thorny plants of less than fifty kinds, redeemed only by the cocoanut and the pandanus, without which man must starve or die of thirst—all illusions vanish in the stifling of the barren, glaring, thorny place and we long for the ship's cool deck and the awning's gracious shade. Life is poor and dull upon these atolls, rarely more than an eighth of a mile wide, with neither hills nor valleys, without streams or springs, and with the heavy murmur of breakers forever in one's ears.

Pure drinking water is the most prized luxury of the atoll. To obtain it, the natives cut furrows extending diagonally down the stems of cocoanut palms and leading into a cavity cut in the trunk of the tree,

within which a few ounces may collect. Failing of this meagre supply, they resort in time of drought to the mosquito haunted swamps which occur here and there in the center of the islet.

Thus it is that the natives of the atolls are less cultured, less interesting and poorer both in material and intellectual things than are their relatives upon the high volcanic islands.

An intermediate geological condition is seen in another type of island which the non-geological traveler is apt to confuse with the volcanic, but which is actually only an elevated atoll or coral reef. In volcanic regions, considerable local oscillations of level are common and it is known that between the fifth and the twelfth centuries long stretches of the shore of the Bay of Naples sank forty feet beneath the sea and then rose 20 feet above its lowest level. In the Pacific greater oscillations have occurred, for some of the coral reefs of the Fijis are now more than eight hundred feet above the ocean, and other examples of elevated atolls or coral reefs are found in Niue, Eua and Vavau in Tonga, and in Makatea of the Paumotos islands.

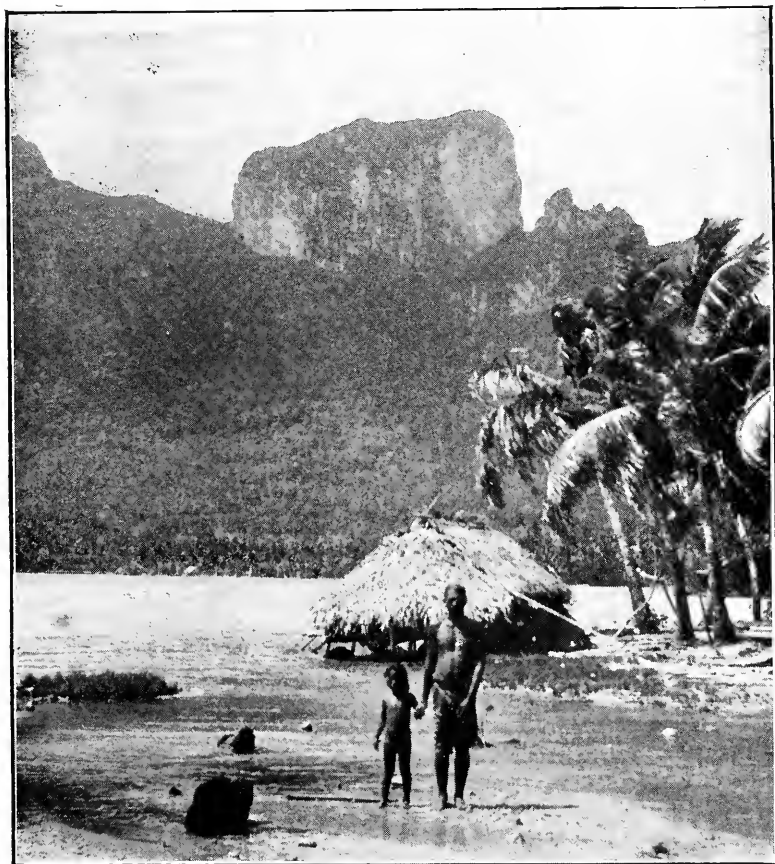
In these elevated coral islands, bold precipices of dull gray limestone frown gloomily upon the sea, their hostile walls stained here and there a rusty red where coral heads have decomposed, leaving the ruddy stain of iron. Caverns with stalactytes drooping like curtains from their roofs are found along the steep face of the cliff, and within them the chiefs of other days lie buried. In places the sea gains access to these caverns, and in the darkened pools live some of the creatures whose true home is upon the dimly-lighted bottom of the sea, 1,000 feet below the surface. Yet here in the everlasting shade flower-like crinoids crawl slowly over the rocks, and long, lythe sea-whips (*Alcyonaria*) coil and uncoil in the dying surge that wanders to their far retreats:

The torrential rains of the tropics have for ages been beating down upon these elevated coral islands so that the whole surface is a riot of jagged projections. If flames were by a magician's wand suddenly turned to rock, they would not be more grotesque or flaring than these knife-edged masses which everywhere project over the surface of an elevated coral island. Here and there and everywhere the mouths of treacherous caverns yawn to entrap the traveler. So clinker-like is this barren rock which rings with a metallic sound when struck, that the non-geologist at once concludes that the island is volcanic, and only the sight of corals heads imbedded here and there in the scoriaceous-looking mass will convince him that he is treading upon an elevated reef. One's boots are torn to shreds, yet the bare-footed natives leap from crag to crag uninjured; a marvellous example of the superiority of natural shoe-leather.

The soil of these islands collects in the numerous crevices, and here

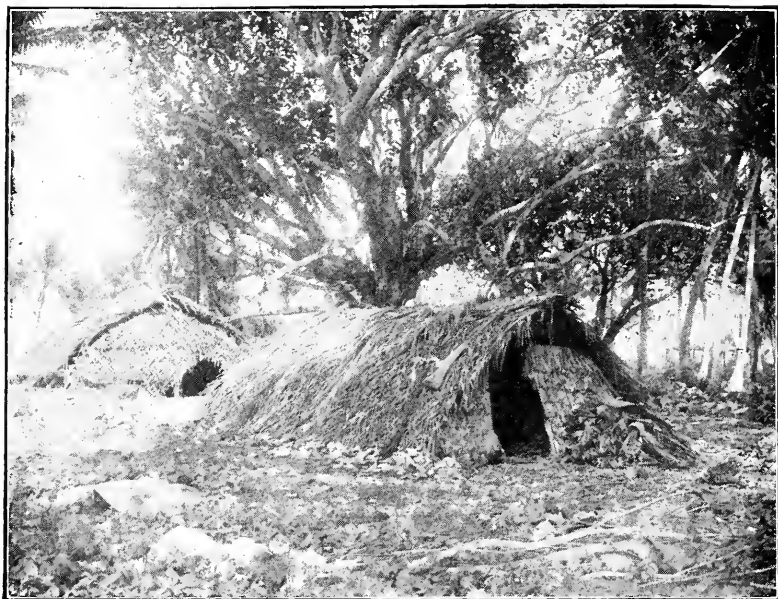
the banana grows in the dark-red ferruginous earth that gathers in the bottom of many a pit. Thus the older these islands, the deeper does their soil become, so that at Namuka, Vavau, or Eua in Tonga, or in Niue, we find the surface covered with a rich rusty soil which supports a vegetation almost as varied as that of the volcanic islands.

Only half conscious of the present, wantonly forgetful of the past



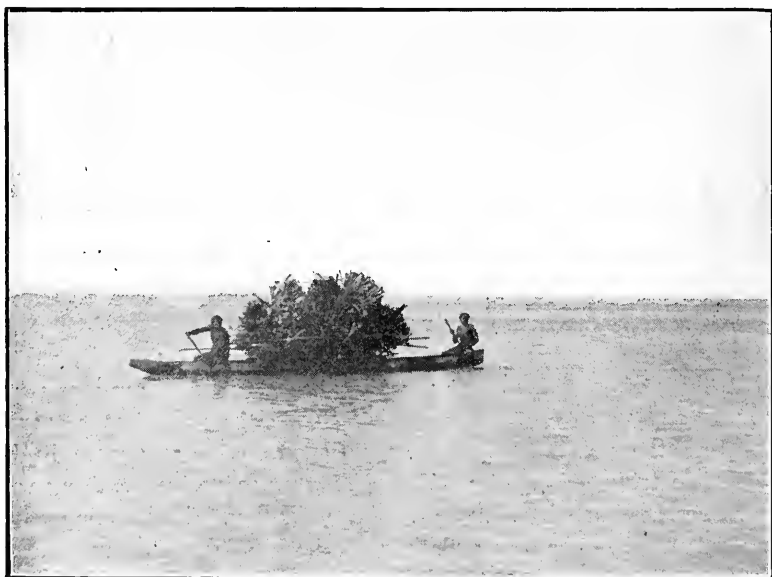
THE BASALTIC PEAK OF BORA BORA, SOCIETY ISLANDS, showing the trade wind in the palm trees.

and heedless of the future, life in the south seas passes as a day-dream, a reverie aimless as the airs that trifle among the palm leaves only to lapse into the nothingness of things that were. Yet nature in the tropics is a trixy jade, and at times drops her seductive, soothing ways and rushes headlong into tragedy. All other memories may lapse into forgetfulness, but the day and year of the hurricane is recalled, and the story of it passes into myth and is handed down from generation to generation.



NATIVE HUTS AT JALUIT, MARSHALL ISLANDS.

Hurricanes come in the autumn; in that season when the long, hot calms of the tropical summer are about to break into the steady trade winds of the winter months. Thus in September and October in the West Indies, and in February and March in the South Pacific,



CANOE LADEN WITH MATERIALS FOR CONSTRUCTING A HOUSE, FIJI ISLANDS.



SACRED BATS OF HIIHIFA VILLAGE, TONGATABU.

the heated air rising above the sea is believed to set up an inrush from all sides and a great whirlwind gathers, aided probably by the close proximity of the developing trade winds, and by the rotation of the



COCOANUT PALMS. LAGOON BEACH OF FAKARAVA ATOLL, PAUMOTOS. Robert Louis Stevenson lived within this grove.

earth, for the swirl is always contra-clockwise in the northern and clockwise in the southern hemisphere, while the storm as a whole drifts with the currents of the upper air in a curving course to westward and then away from the equator.

The hurricane of fiction is always preceded by an ominous brooding calm with a sky of sickly green against which palm leaves stand out like spikes of copper, but in reality the great storm is usually ushered in by gales which increase in violence until they break into a riotous tumult.

The very air becomes an entity, a thing real as the rush of water, overwhelming all in its path. A roar, unearthly in its might, rises at intervals into wild shrieks that overwhelm one's voice. The solid rain drives horizontally and buildings leak more through their sides



HOUSE AT PAPARA, TAHITI.

than through their roofs. The crests of waves are blown far and away, and the sea flattens under the crushing pressure of the storm, the dark waters hidden beneath a white sheet, gray swirls scudding ghost-like over all. The wind comes, not straight, but in fearful twisting swirls and bits of seaweed strike against lighthouse windows one hundred and sixty feet above the sea. One stifles. The air, no longer a pellucid nothingness, has become an enemy against which one can not stand; above which one can not shout, and, in the mighty presence of which, man is an ant-like thing, his smug assumption of mastery

over nature a ridiculous pretence. There is no protection anywhere, even the strongest, highest wall serves but to create a maelstrom behind it.

The trunks of stately palms bend humbly to the onrush until they thrash upon the ground, or tearing loose fly upward into the vapor of the storm. Great trees fall, but one hears no crash; houses change in shape and crumble and there is no noise from them, for all sounds of earth are as silence in the presence of the vast voice of the air.

Then, after hours that seem as years, as if all nature had fallen into war and peace could never come again, the wind unexpectedly ceases and the demon of the storm smiles down upon a blighted world. A candle flame may live in the sullen air, yet all around the horizon lies the black wall of the hurricane glistening in silver where it presses on the sea, and a confusion of huge waves come toppling in from all directions, crashing one against the other, and the barometer sinks to its lowest level. Afar off, one hears again the dull roar, then onward it comes with sudden fury, but reversed in direction, to finish the work of destruction it had but half accomplished.

After all is over the sun—the long-forgotten sun—shines out upon a land, hideous in its ruin. The forest lies in shattered skeletons and dangling here and there are blackened rag-like things that once were leaves. The houses of the village lie shapeless, strewn among the common wreckage of the palms where the great waves let them lie, and strange rocks weighing tons have risen from the sea as monuments to the reality of nature's awakening in a region where once she seemed but to dream and soothe with gentle airs and flirt with all things real.¹

Yet tropical nature knows no mourning and laughs at death and ruin. New life seizes covetously the lost places of the old and in a few years only the trained eye of the native can detect traces of the work of the great hurricane.

Once or twice in every generation each island is devastated by such a storm. Yet so wanton is tropic life, so heedless, listless and resigned to things that are, that nowhere in the South Seas have the natives taken the trouble to construct hurricane-proof refuge houses into which the village might retreat in time of need.

¹ Such a rock is to be seen upon the reef-flat of Lottin Harbor, Kusaie Island in the Carolines. It is 15 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet high.

JAVA, THE EXPLOITED ISLAND

By Dr. ALFRED GOLDSBOROUGH MAYER

A SURVIVOR from an age of richer color than our own is the templed hill of Borobodoer in the middle of Java.

Here, more than a thousand years ago, the Hindu conquerors wrought honor to their "Mount of Buddha" by surrounding the dome-like reliquary at its summit with ten ornamented terraces of stone, encasing the sides of the hill in an ordered symmetry of angled walls, and portals, and of lattice-covered statues of the Buddha, all wonderful in the vast labor of the sculptured story of their creed.

Then, in after centuries, the sword and the Koran came from beyond the seas and the day of the Hindu passed, to be forgotten as only the East can forget a glory that has gone. Then it was that those who loved the old temple were forced to bury the doomed shrines beneath the kindly sod, and thus in oblivion they survived until the European came to cherish and restore.

Secluded in the deep country far from the haunts of trade, within but apart from the modern world, the temple lies as if dreaming in the spirit of its worshipper's Nirvana; peaceful in the sunset of its days, while green around it lies a valley rich in rice and palms, and, high above, one sees the smoking summits of volcanoes hushed in slumber.

The horde of Mahomet came and the Buddhist died in tragedy, yet after a thousand years the stones of Borobodoer remain as an Alhambra-like reminder of his culture and his pride; but Java with its thirty millions toils on unmoved by any inspiration from its past. Nourished in body, yet starved in spirit, it plods through its thousand rice fields within sight of the temple walls.

The garden *par excellence* of the tropic world is Java, yet intellectually it is but a cemetery of withered hopes and ambitions wrecked in mockery, for over all there broods the dull fatalism of despair—the "sufficient unto the day" of the conquered follower of Mahomet.

Ambition, if it exists in the Java of to-day, seems powerless to raise its people above the condition of the Asiatic peasant. There is no well-to-do class of native artisans, and one may travel throughout the land and find hardly a native shop upon whose wares the European may bestow a glance of admiration, save only for the vanishing art of batik cloth, and the still more moribund manufacture of the Krees.

Ant-like over the whole land, in every view, there swarms the dull-faced, docile coolie of the soil. Measured by standards of morality, culture and ambition, the Javanese of to-day are negative. Their Mohammedanism is of an insipid type that tolerates the drinking of wine, permits women to go unveiled, is lax respecting the observance of prayer, and sanctions the representation of the human form in art provided the figures conform to the spider-like grotesqueness of the batik decorations. Even a pig fattens comfortably in the back yard, destined, however, to be sold to the "heathen" Chinese. A cloud of abnegation, the despair of a beaten race, broods over the whole land, and bright though the sun may be and green the fertile fields, the spirit of man is colorless and gray, and it is difficult to realize that these crouching, silent forms and averted faces, expressionless as drawn parchment, are those of the descendants of the warriors of Mataram.

How long will the inscrutable face of the East hold back the expression of its hate? One travels from one end of the land to the other and never a hearty laugh is heard, and the air seems heavy with bitter thoughts unuttered. There are latent things in Java more to be dreaded than the slopes of Krakatoa, where, under a fair covering of flowers, titanic fires lie hidden.

Granted that the only civilization is that which a race achieves for itself, never that which is thrust upon it, yet there is still something wrong here, for the present Javanese outlook upon life is narrower than it was in the past, and a primary cause of the continuance of the evil is not far to seek, for the Dutch, with all their admirable administration of affairs, have, as yet, done little or nothing for the general education of the masses of Java. In the villages, one commonly looks in vain for the temple of any creed, and the school-house, even when present, leaves much to be desired.

A few good schools for the sons of chiefs there are, and upon elementary native education the government spent in 1913 the paltry sum of \$1,321,000; and the much larger sum of \$3,000,000 upon the improvement and development of agriculture; an investment upon which Java returns a yearly interest, to mention only three commodities, of 3,100,000,000 pounds of sugar, 35,650,000 pounds of coffee, and 92,000,000 pounds of tobacco, the total of her exports amounting to fully \$75,000,000 per annum. There are 9,315,000 acres cultivated by the natives and the population of the island is 594 to the square mile; yet of its 30,000,000, the total native population of the five largest cities, Batavia, Samarang, Soerabaya, Djokjakarta, and Solo, is hardly more than 400,000. The vast mass of the people are agriculturalists living in thatched huts in myriads of little villages that cluster among the cocoanut groves of every valley in the land; and practically the only occupations open to natives of Java are those connected with the cultivation of the soil.

This narrowness of industrial outlook has, on several occasions, been a source of commercial weakness, and Java has not always "paid," despite her conquerors' efforts to secure as much profit from her as their conscience and the public spirit of their times would permit.

The water supply of her countless mountain streams might turn the wheels of many a mill, but Java still sends her products abroad in the form of raw materials, and the cultivation of cotton is not even attempted.

It is a hopeful sign that the natives themselves are beginning to plead for education of a broader sort that will enable the more progressive and intelligent peasants to escape the fate of slaves of the soil, and it is probable that within a few years the Dutch government will respond and the prosperity and happiness of Java will be enhanced, for the Dutch have moved slowly, but surely, in the direction of altruism during their long occupation of the East Indies. They first appeared in 1595 under the lead of Cornelius Houtman who, after adventures and imprisonment, had ferreted out the secret of the route around the Cape of Good Hope to the Indies which the Portuguese had discovered under Vasco da Gama in 1497. Thus it was that the trade which had made the port of Lisbon the richest in Europe, now fell into the grasp of the Dutch East India Company, a corporation which became so powerful that it regarded itself as independent of even Holland's laws, and passed statutes adverse to the interests of its mother country, practically excluding Dutchmen not in the employ of the company from occupying land in the East Indies.

The methods employed in exploiting the natives, while more humane than those of the Portuguese, were still little above those of medieval Venice, and thus it was that, having thoroughly over-reached itself, the company failed in 1796 for \$50,000,000.

The natives, goaded to desperation by generations of injustice, broke out into insurrection, which Holland, having been overrun by the French, was powerless to quell.

Then came the picturesque Bonapartist, Marshall Herman Daendels, who governed the island from 1808 to 1811. By force of arms he reduced the power of the native chiefs to a shadow, the substance being maintained in European hands. The great road which he built throughout the entire length of Java from east to west, in the course of two years, is the result of his iron will, the head men of the villages being threatened with death unless they completed their task in time. Moreover, it was Daendels who caused old Batavia, "the white man's graveyard," to be practically abandoned as a residence by Europeans, and moved the capitol farther inland to a healthful site.

Daendels sought, also, to systematize the custom of "forced crops" which had been the rule of the old Dutch Company, at least in places

and under various forms. About two fifths of the land suitable for coffee was set apart and the natives were forced to farm it, the entire crop raised thereon going to the government. On the other three fifths of the coffee area the natives might raise their own crop, but they were forced to sell all to the government at a fixed price much below its actual value.

This autocratic career of Daendels was, however, cut short by the English conquest of Java, which resulted in the able administration of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles between 1811 and 1815, wherein important and lasting reforms were instituted in the direction of "fair play" for the natives. Suffice it to say that with Raffles a spirit of effective altruism was manifested for the first time during European occupation of Java. In 1816, Java, together with many other East Indian islands she had lost, was returned to Holland; the Dutch profiting greatly by the results of the reforms brought about by the French and English.

Backslidings into old schemes of exploitation there have been, however, as when the government under Van den Bosch, which was in control from 1830 to 1839, took from each native a fifth part of his land upon which he was forced to raise for the government crops of coffee, indigo, sugar, pepper, tea or tobacco. In addition, the natives were forced to pay so heavy a land tax upon their remaining property that many of them defaulted and the government thus acquired the immense tracts which it still holds. In twelve years \$830,000,000 in taxes was wrung out of the down-trodden natives who, in order to escape starvation, were forced continually to clear and cultivate virgin soil; despite which the extortionate nature of Van den Bosch's plan was such that famine broke out in 1849 and nearly 500,000 victims perished.

The conscience of Holland was at last aroused, and the system of forced culture has been gradually abandoned, especially since 1870, so that to-day it is no longer a burden upon the natives in so far as their agricultural produce is concerned, although the system still dominates the conduct of the mining industry.

This system, cruelly unjust as it was, had certain good effects. It forced upon the natives habits of industry which they retain to-day, and also by greatly increasing the area of cultivated land it permitted an enormous population to be supported in health and comfort, if not in luxury. In 1816, there were only about 4,500,000 natives, while to-day there are nearly 30,000,000 in Java.

Steady progress in liberal reforms has been manifested by the Dutch since 1870. The island is governed through the direct agency of seventeen native regents who, however, are in each case subject to the "advice" of a Dutch Resident and owe their appointment to Holland. In most respects, however, the natives appear to be self-governing in so far as their immediate affairs are concerned and, indeed, the Regents are

permitted considerable "play" if they conform to the spirit of civilization and to the customs of their race.

One thing the Dutch have done which we ourselves might well emulate in our government of the Philippines, and that has been the appointment of commissions composed of the best-trained scholars to study and report upon native languages, folk-lore, customs, arts, religion and history. Many authoritative volumes, unfortunately all in Dutch, have as a result been published upon these subjects and thus the officials sent out from Holland are already prepared to grasp the true inwardness of every native thought and act.

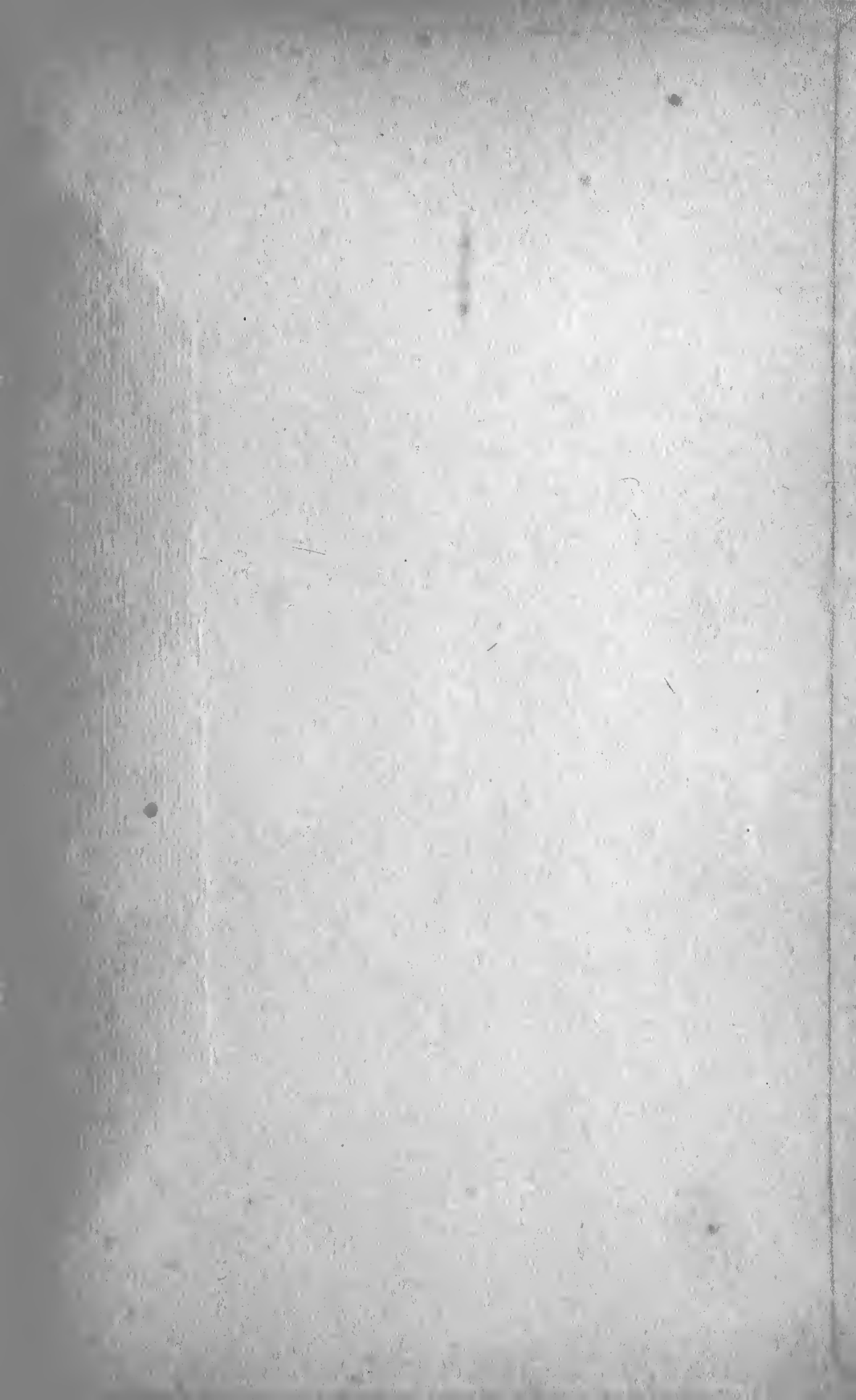
Intending officials in the civil service of the Dutch administration in the East Indies must pass an examination in many subjects relating to the East Indies, and must speak Malay, the official language, and one other native tongue before being permitted to qualify for any position of executive importance. The Dutch, in short, are trying to become the "big brothers" of the natives and a happier and more hopeful relationship is year by year developing in the East Indies between the white master and his brown ward.

This large-minded standpoint has been achieved slowly for, with many setbacks, it is the result of 300 years of association. Yet from this fact alone one may the more safely regard it as a final triumph of the right, and not as a mere transient, semi-sentimental, dip into altruism. It savors of fair play rather than of charity, and of mutual respect based not so much upon fear as upon understanding.

Narrowly self-centered, unaltruistic, and even predatory, the spirit of the Dutch government may have been in the past, but throughout it has been consistent in attempting to develop among the natives the habit of industry.

Under many a kindlier rule native races have lost ambition and have withered to extinction in the vile repose of apathy. Thus in all the world Java is the best example illustrating the fact that given habits of industry, a race can survive the ruin of its independence, its hope, and its pride, and multiply despite a conqueror's exploitation of its resources.





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